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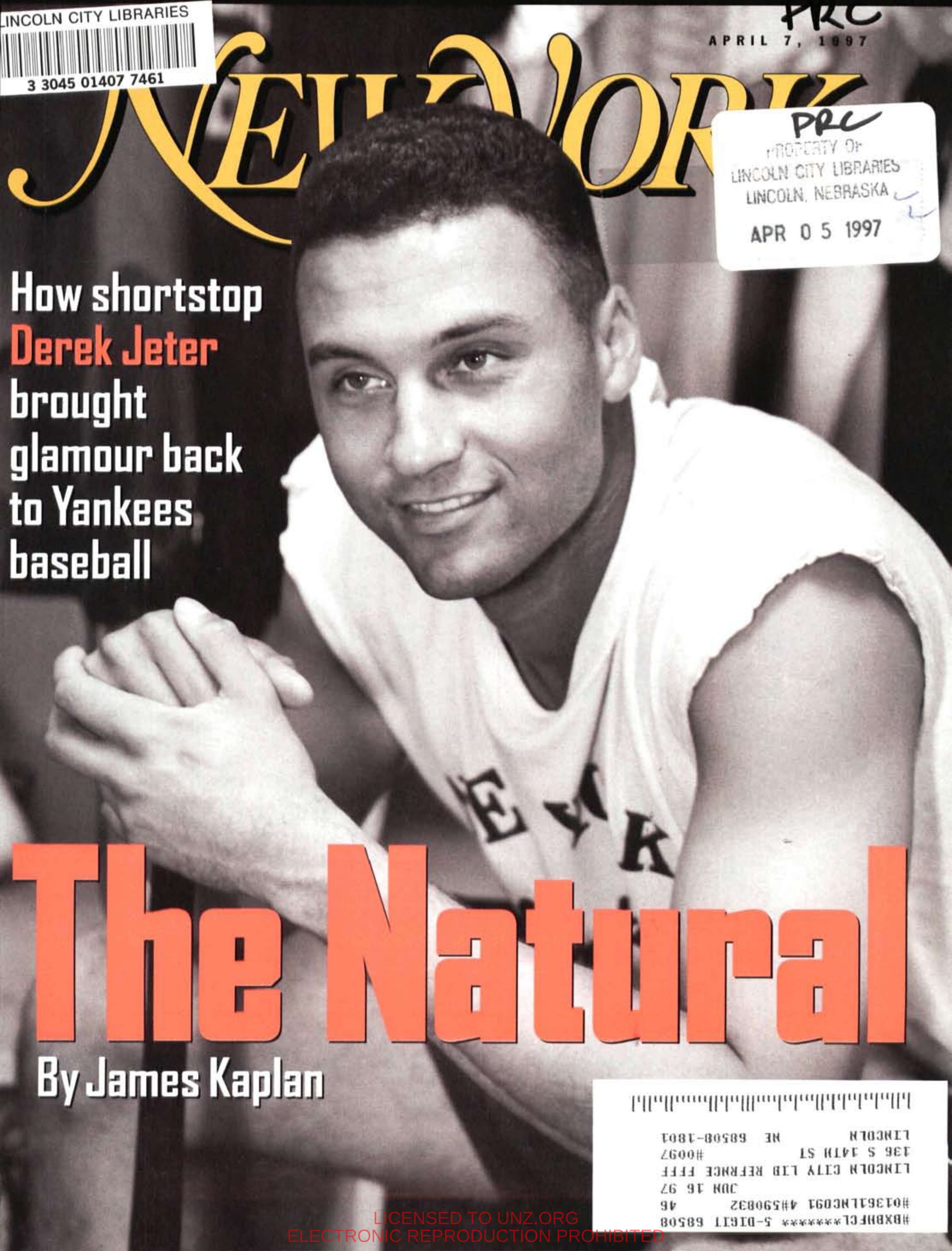

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## The Natural

By James Kaplan

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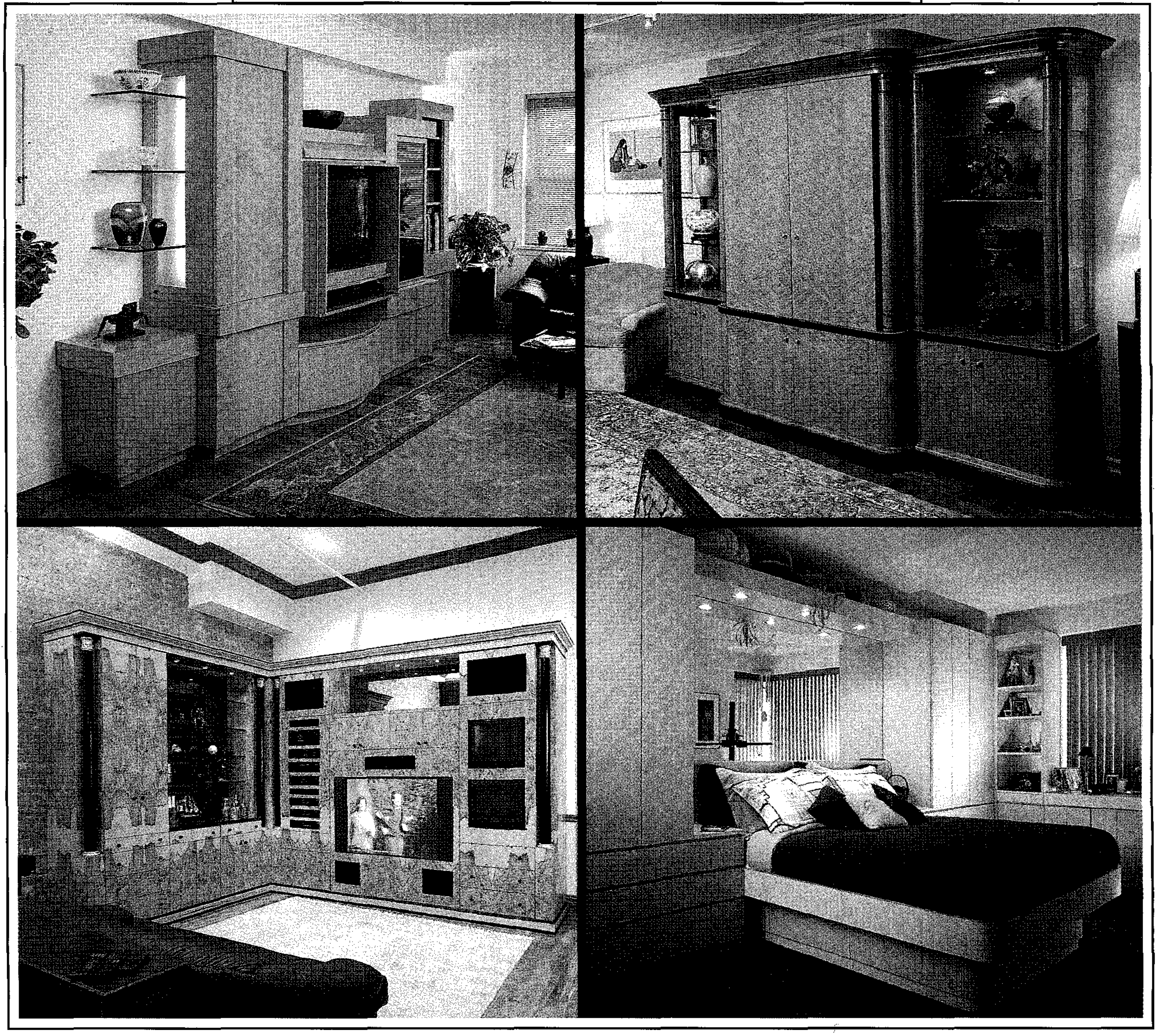

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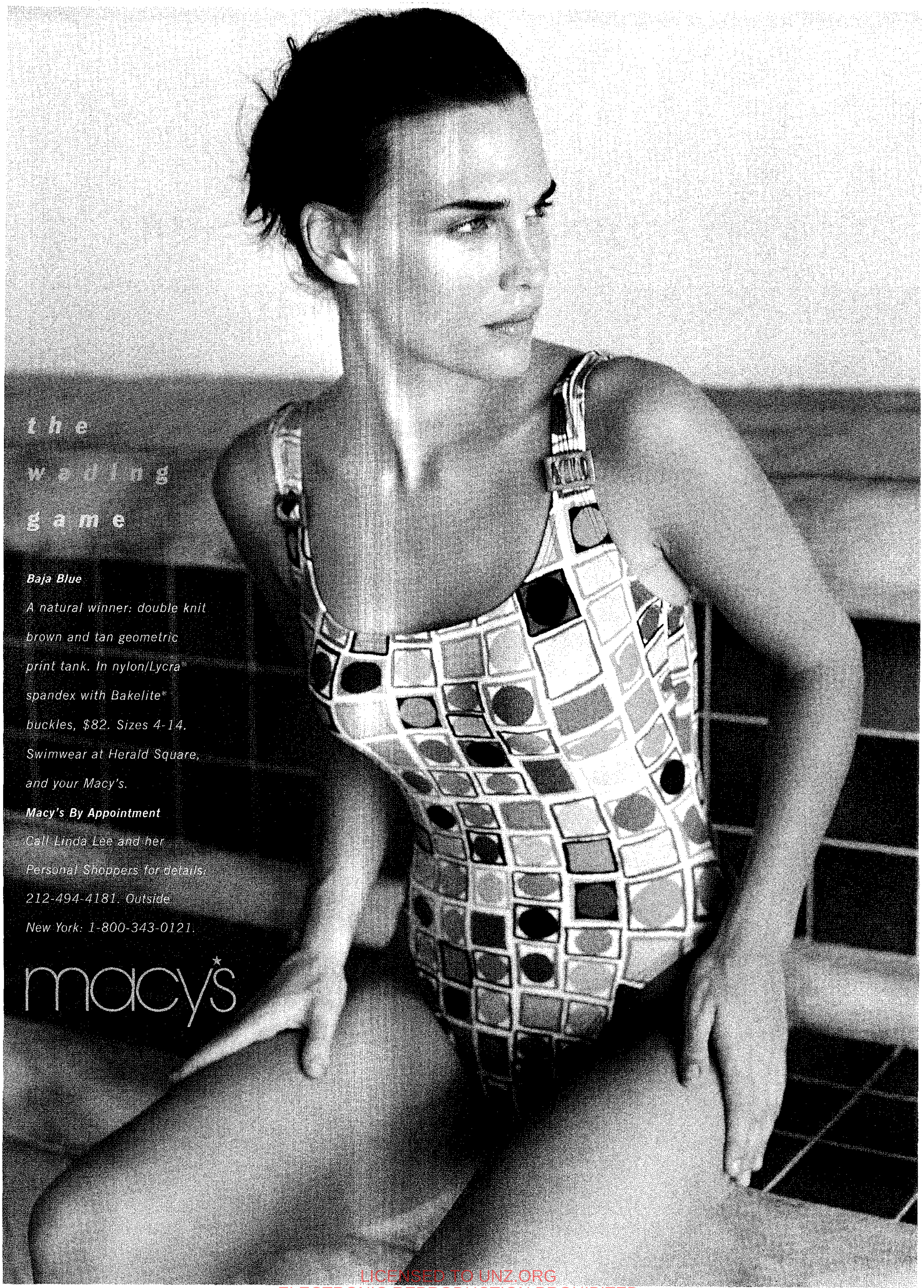

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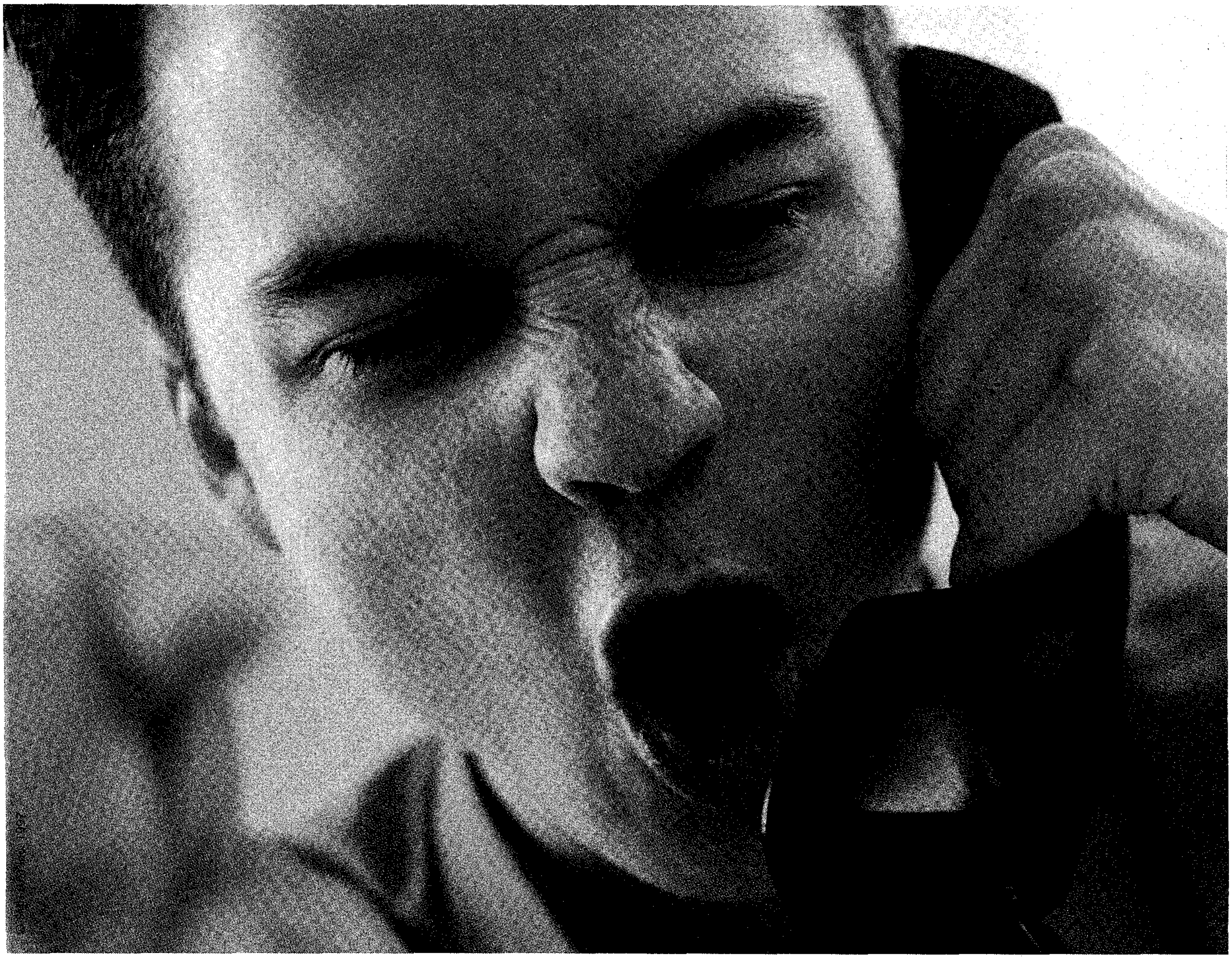

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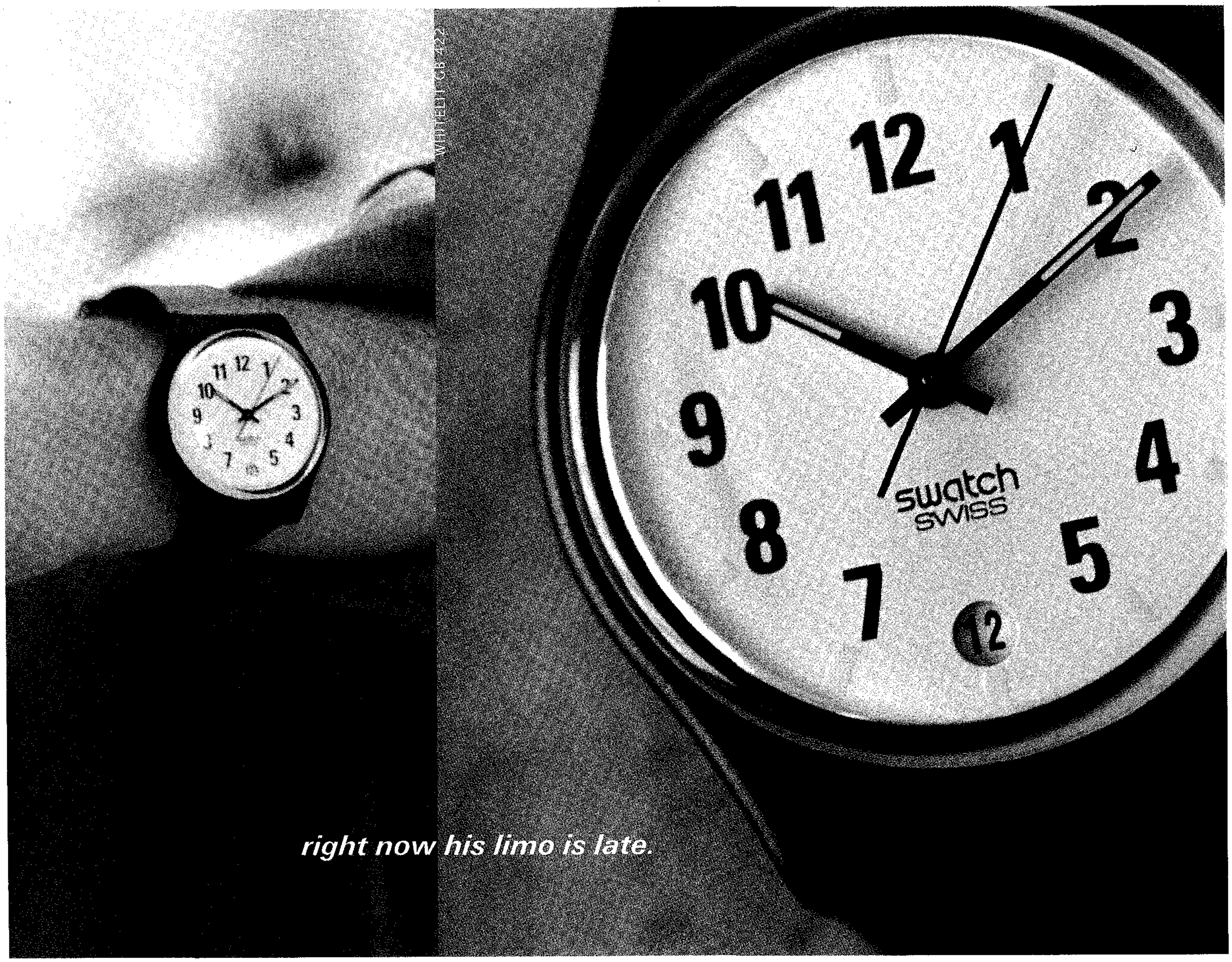
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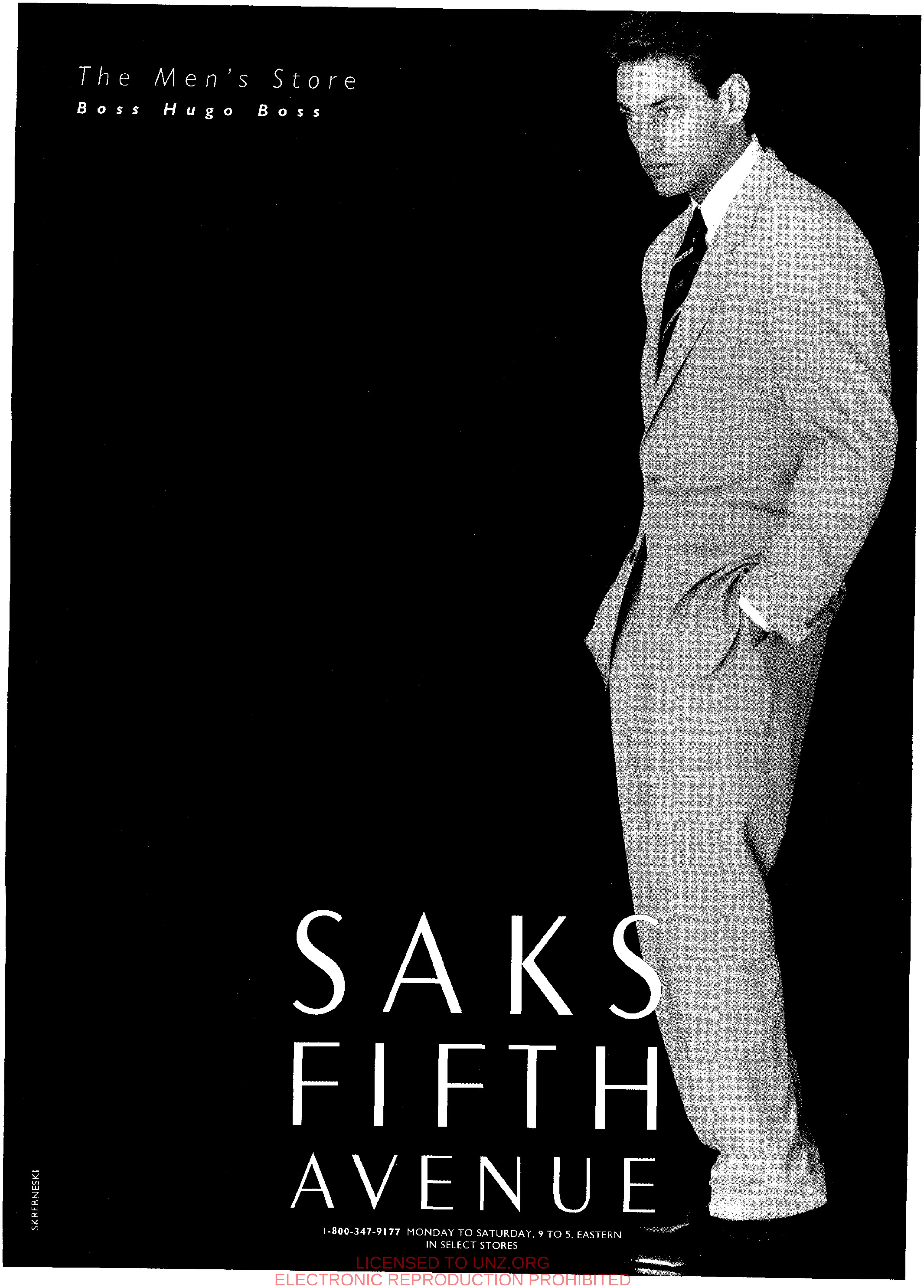The Men's Store
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# Contents April 7, 1997

> *"I grew up a Yankee fan, and my dream was to play shortstop for the New York Yankees. So getting to play shortstop for the Yankees is the best job in the world."*
>
> DEREK JETER, PAGE 24

## 24 Beau Derek

### By James Kaplan

Ruth, DiMaggio, Mantle, Jackson, Mattingly—and now Jeter? After his 1996 season, which made him Rookie of the Year (and Most Eligible Yankee Bachelor), people started believing that this disarmingly sweet 22-year-old could be a superstar. And his precocious charisma might even score him the big endorsements that rarely go to players of what used to be known as the national pastime.

## 32 Among the Believers

### By Craig Horowitz

As the violence in Israel rages and the rocks crash against her front door, Shani Horowitz and a small band of ex–New Yorkers are holding the line in Hebron. From Pelham Parkway to the perils of the West Bank: an inside look at life among the besieged settlers in Judaism's second-holiest city.

## 40 Doubles Take

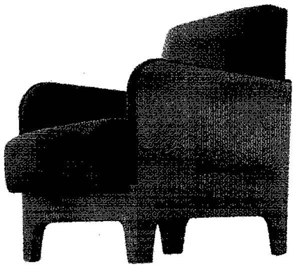
### By Melinda Blau

Not everyone in the new generation at Doubles, the private club in the Sherry-Netherland, is in the *Social Register.* But they're preppy and polished, and don't mind dancing alongside Mom and Dad.

## 46 Overdrive

### By Rebecca Mead

Paula Vogel's *How I Learned to Drive* offers the season's funniest portrait of a child molester—alternately charming and repellent—and his complicit almost-partner.



## 48 Wormley Turns

### By Rene Chun

Eames is overexposed. Aalto is overpriced. Robsjohn-Gibbings is *over.* Who's the newest name in old furniture? Have a look at the work of Edward Wormley, the postwar icon of tomorrow.

## Gotham

**15** Johnny Pizzarelli channels Johnny Mercer; don't smoke on top of a cab; ode on a Grecian neighborhood

## Departments

### 20 The City Politic
### Michael Tomasky

Come November, Rudy Giuliani may have a surprise constituency: liberals!

### 22 Technology
### Matthew McCann Fenton

Silicon Alley companies, and venture capitalists, put aside their dilettantish ways and grow up

## Marketplace

### 52 Best Bets
### Corky Pollan

The return of Wallabees; polka-dotted Provence porcelains; weighty dogs

### 56 Sales & Bargains
### Dany Levy

Insider trading: Decorators' sources, designer undies, and a downtown Sanctuary

## The Arts

### 57 Movies
### David Denby

Devilry in all its forms: Ford and Pitt show their acting chops, while Jim Carrey just melts down

59

### 59 Theater
### John Simon

Plummer depths: The star of *Barrymore* is, like his subject, a talent for the ages

### 61 Art
### Mark Stevens

Bird brains: John James Audubon's works convey personality as well as facility with feathers

### 63 Classical Music
### Peter G. Davis

That party for Lenny: At Symphony Space, Bernstein gets the extravaganza he deserves

## Cue

**65** Broadway's Bach; Wendy Wasserstein's *Daughter;* viniculture's new spinner; versifiers' annual recognition; Squirrel Nut Zippers' alterna-swing

100
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81

## Misc.

**Letters** ........................................9
**Intelligencer** *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* ................11
***New York* Competition** *by Mary Ann Madden* ..............107
***Guardian* Crossword** .................108
**'Cue' Crossword** *by Maura B. Jacobson* .............108
**Classified** ....................................96
**Strictly Personals** .....................103

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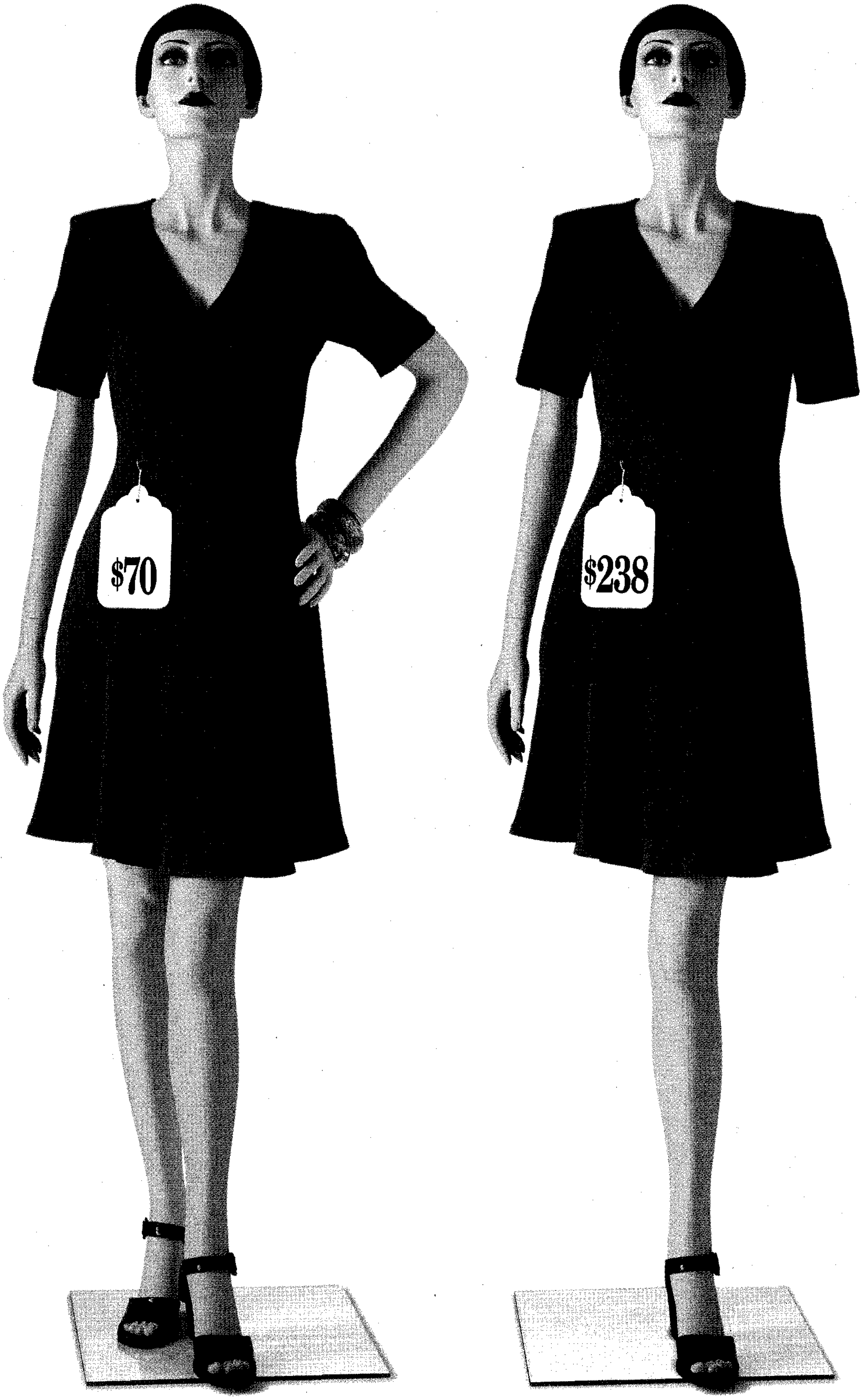

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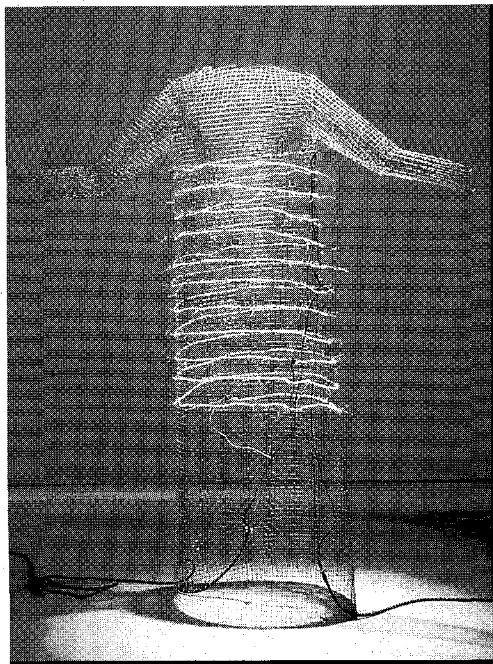

Jana Sterbak, *I Want You to Feel the Way I Do...(The Dress)* (detail), 1985.
Metal structure, incandescent filament, and projected text.
National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa. Photograph: Paul Orenstein

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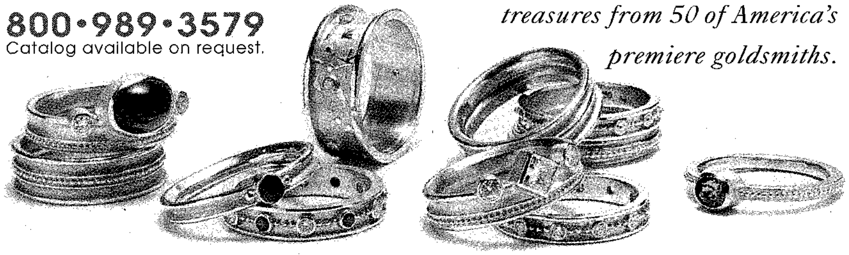

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## LETTERS APRIL 7, 1997

# The Real Deal

*Brokers who go the extra mile; the Upper West Side reaches its saturation point; when is a short story not a screenplay?*

I AM THE ATTORNEY FOR THE SELLER IN that $10 million deal Michele Kleier refers to in Peter Hellman's "Power Brokers" [March 17], and one incident involving the same client should be a footnote to her summary. Michele, my clients, and I were at an evening meeting negotiating and reviewing the contract for the purchase of a co-op apartment. I lived on Long Island and had to catch the last train, and warned everybody that if the last item couldn't be settled in fifteen minutes, I would have to leave. Michele pleaded with me not to go, especially since I had finally offered a compromise and all that was needed was for me to dictate the actual words. Because she was nine months pregnant, her husband refused to let her go anywhere without a cab waiting downstairs to take her to the hospital. She remembered that my client also had his chauffeured car downstairs. So I dictated the settlement and left for Penn Station in my client's car. The parties signed the agreement after I left, and as promised, Michele took my clients home in her cab. She then proceeded to the hospital, where she delivered her baby that very morning.

*Sherman S. Lawrence*
MANHATTAN

PETER HELLMAN OBVIOUSLY DID NOT CONsult Harlem residents or brokers when selecting the "No. 1 in Their Niche" slot. If he had done any research, it would have been impossible to overlook the *oldest* Harlem-based, African-American-owned firm, Edward Sister's Realty, from whom my mother bought her brownstone. In addition, the *largest* Harlem-based, African-American-owned firm—Webb & Brooker, from whom my cousin purchased her home—was omitted. He did not consult broker Willie Kathryn Suggs, who is also African-American and a Harlem homeowner. The broker you mentioned as the best in Harlem operates from an office well outside of the selling area—that should have been your first clue.

*Nancy Nelson-Ewing*
MANHATTAN

*Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor,* New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

I READ "POWER BROKERS" LATE AT NIGHT, and when I finally fell asleep, I had this terrible nightmare. I had died, and after some travail, I arrived at the Pearly Gates, but to my dismay they were not what I had been taught to expect. Instead, I saw in front of me the magnificent entrance to a gigantic apartment complex guarded by Edward Lee Cave and Alice Mason, who was holding Fluffy. I thought to myself, *I can't afford this place,* so I said to them, "I think I'll go to hell." To this, Cave replied, "But this is hell"; Mason echoed, "But this is hell"; and Fluffy yapped.

*Leonard I. Kulseth*
KUTZTOWN, PENN.

## No Parking

WE WOULD LIKE TO CORRECT SOME ERRORS in "Railroaded" ["Cityscape," by Hugo Lindgren, March 17]. Contrary to Richard Kahan's statement, neither the City Planning Commission nor the City Council *approved* moving the Miller Highway. They couldn't, because it was never part of the Riverside South Environmental Impact Statement and therefore not part of the seven-month review process. They *did* approve a Riverside South plan that contained a park with the highway in place.

The five "civic" groups saved Donald Trump. The press conference held on March 5, 1991, announcing the deal—8.3 million square feet of development in return for a park—was a performance for the banks and the New Jersey Casino Control Commission. The five civic groups never represented the community, which overwhelmingly opposed Trump's project, as did Community Boards 4 and 7 and all of the West Side elected officials. Trump made no concessions to the civics, unless you consider a wall of towers a concession. Riverside South bears no relation to the civics' drawing of brownstones and fifteen-to-eighteen-story buildings on the site.

Brendan Gill wrote a scathing letter to the New York *Times* in 1995 in which he stated, "I cringe whenever the Municipal Art Society, on whose board of directors I have had the honor to serve for several decades, is mentioned among the backers of the Riverside South project on Manhattan's West Side." The community cringes with him.

*Madeleine Polayes*
*President*
*Coalition for a Livable West Side*
MANHATTAN

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY TRUMP'S PROJECT to boost the already congested Upper West Side population with potentially 11,000 new residents was approved at all, especially if the justification was to gain a little park. How does a small park under a highway offset 11,000 people? If Kahan hopes that public outrage is enough to stop this project, he'd better find a way to cultivate and mobilize it before it's too late.

*Timothy MacCallum*
MANHATTAN

## Writer's Rights

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA SAYS IN HIS *Zoetrope* "Letter to the Reader" that screenplays are boring to read, nobody likes them, and he loves short stories ["The Culture Business: Directing Literature," by Vanessa Grigoriadis, March 17]. Yet, when you read just a few paragraphs of the stories in *Zoetrope,* you realize they all have hooks—deceit, sex—much like screenplays. Theme is more important than setting, character, plot, or language. He may love stories, but he loves (so far) just one kind of story.

I think it's great that some writers are being paid well for difficult work—crafting a story. I'm just worried about the editor's intent. I know money talks, but I'd rather he be up front about what he wants—income from someone else's art. And then he should grant a percentage from the movie's gross, pay market prices for rights to commissioned work, or, in generous support of the literary form he so dearly loves, respectfully let the short-story writer keep the rights.

*Amy Holman*
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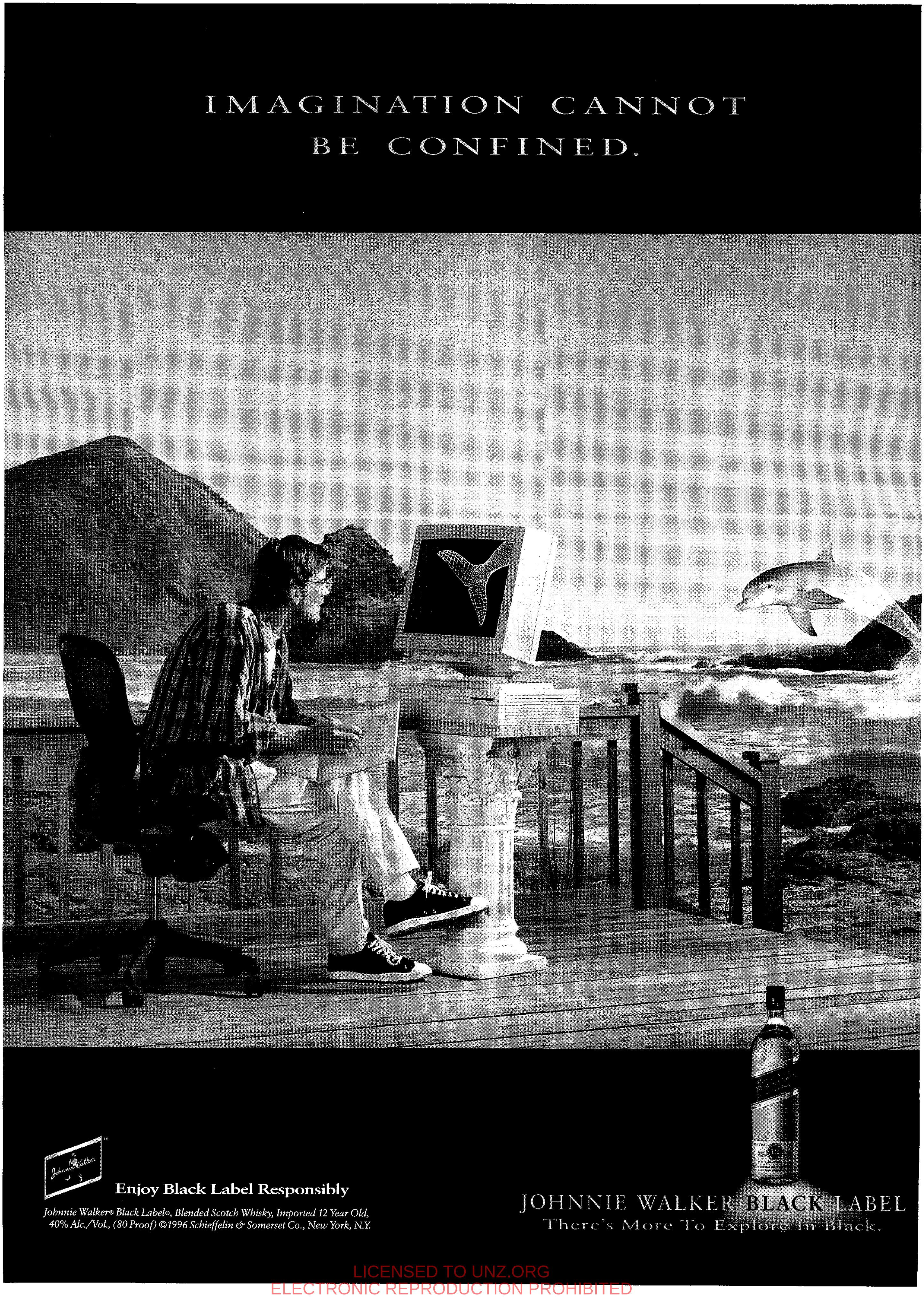

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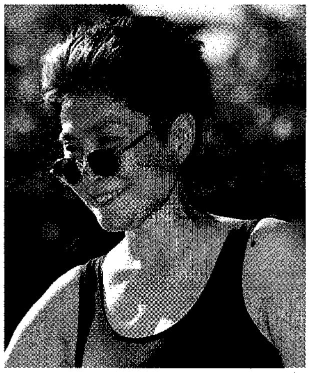
# INTELLIGENCER

## DON'T WORRY, YOKO, KYOKO'S BACK

Remember the flip side of John Lennon and **Yoko Ono**'s *Cold Turkey*? The song was *Don't Worry, Kyoko*—a tribute to Ono's frantic search for her young daughter, who was whisked away and hidden by her custodial parent, filmmaker **Anthony Cox,** in 1971. Turns out that the world's most famous missing daughter was quietly reunited with her mother a year and a half ago. Ono hinted at a reconciliation in a 1995 *Daily Mail* interview, saying, "Now Kyoko is 30 and living here in the States. We've spoken on the phone, so that situation is a little better." But Ono didn't tell the press when she actually met her daughter, for the first time in 24 years, a month later at Christmas. Last year, Kyoko attended her mother's concert in Hiroshima, and she's expected at Tramps on April 3, when Ono performs with **Sean Lennon** and the band Cibo Matto at a benefit concert. "She's here all the time, and they have a very nice relationship. They speak every day," reports Ono's spokesperson. The spirit of reconciliation, however, does not seem to encompass Cox himself. Ono's ex, who lives "very simply," according to a source close to him, has been periodically trying to peddle eight hours of original Lennon-Ono footage in Hollywood. He's been offered millions for the film but can't close a deal because Ono won't give him rights to the material. "If she would, he'd be set for life," sighs the source. Ono's camp dismisses Cox's tapes as "a home movie" that isn't ready for prime time.



**Yoko Ono:**
**Mother-and-child reunion**

## IT AIN'T THE LIMELIGHT

Club promoter **Michael Alig,** who has been awaiting trial for the murder of club kid Angel Melendez, has repeatedly expressed fear for his safety should he be sent to Rikers Island. Now that he's there—after three months in a federal facility—his fears appear to be justified. After Alig's first night at Rikers, his mother, **Elke Alig,** reported that her son had already been severely beaten by two guards. Mrs. Alig told writer **Anita Sarko** that two corrections officers had kicked Alig repeatedly in the stomach and then proceeded to beat him with their fists. According to Sarko, Mrs. Alig said the officers believed Michael was "a ring leader, the head of some sort of prison gang," and also taunted him about his homosexuality. Mrs. Alig said the only information her son was able to gather about his tormentors was the badge number of one and the last name of the other. Calls to the Rikers public-affairs department went unreturned, and Mr. Alig's lawyer, **Gerald McMahon,** refused to comment, except to say that "there is always some adjustment period when being brought into a new institution."

## AIRING DIRTY DISHES IN PUBLIC

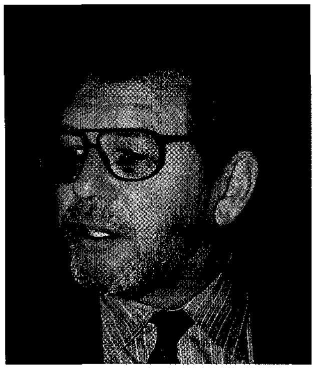
Their charity events may be filled with beautiful people, but behind the scenes at DISHES (Determined Involved Supermodels Helping to End Suffering), things aren't so pretty. Former model **Bonnie Pfeifer** founded the organization, which is supported by celebrities such as **Marla Maples Trump** and **Veronica Webb,** to raise funds for pediatric AIDS. But a few months ago, board chairman **Robb Matzner** became concerned that instead of focusing on raising money, DISHES executive director Pfeifer was merely "using the project as a platform to become a celebrity." In a letter to Pfeifer, he expressed his dismay that "you are using the Board to make you the Supermodel that you never were." Soon after, the board of directors requested and received Pfeifer's resignation and brought in administrator **Will Cottam** to inspect the books. Cottam's estimates showed that in 1996, a meager 22 cents of every dollar raised went to beneficiaries. Responds Pfeifer, who has since withdrawn her resignation, "One hundred percent of ticket sales went to charity. There are a lot of ways to manipulate numbers." Counters Cottam, "Ticket sales are a small portion of our overall take." Adds Matzner, "Bonnie is no more qualified to organize this than I am to perform open-heart surgery."

## *PENTHOUSE* SPIN CONTROL

The current public-relations man for *Penthouse* may soon be doing some serious damage control thanks to the former director of publicity for *Penthouse, Omni,* and *Longevity.* **Dane Hall,** who left the **Bob Guccione** empire in 1992, is currently writing a novel called *Naked Agendas.* The book, which is set at a porn magazine, revolves around the personal life of a powerful publisher who, like Guccione, is determined to start his life anew, and whose much younger wife, like Guccione's wife, **Kathy Keeton,** is facing a life-or-death medical situation (Keaton's breast cancer went into remission in 1995). But the book's main character is the magazine's director of public relations, who has to contend with sexual advances from a top magazine executive, assorted cen-

**Bob Guccione:**
**Too close for comfort?**

Photographs by Henry McGee/Globe Photos.

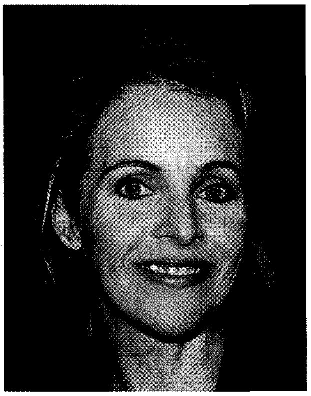


**Pete Hamill:**
**The sensual editor**

**Amber Valletta:**
**Runaway model**

## HAMILL'S TOUCH IMPACTS THE *NEWS*

New *Daily News* honcho **Pete Hamill** is really putting his editorial imprint on the paper. First, he hired *Ad Age's* **Keith Kelly** to go up against the *Post's* new, heavy media coverage. Then he sent a memo to the news department begging for more life in the paper. "We don't have to put every story through a rewrite process that hammers everything flat," he instructed. "We can have stories with attitude, sass, drama and personality in the newspaper . . . We should encourage sensual writing." Hamill made his crowning pet peeve clear—"Never, under any conceivable goddamned circumstance, use *impact* as a verb"—and also asked that the words *angel* and *miracle* be banned. Presumably, he'll make an exception for **Norman Mailer,** whose next novel, *The Gospel According to the Son,* a first-person retelling of the life of Jesus Christ, will be serialized every day for a month in the *Daily News* beginning in early April. Pete Hamill didn't return phone calls.



**Claudia Cohen:**
**A re-Ron**

terfolds, and other frisky employees at the publication. While a *Penthouse* spokeswoman says she is unaware of the project, Hall maintains he has received inquiries about the novel from attorneys at General Media, Guccione's parent company. "I have some very pleasant memories from *Penthouse,* but they are equally matched by unpleasant ones," says Hall. "But I am *not* writing Bob's bio—although someone should."

## THE FASHION NO-SHOWS

Looking for last year's hottest models at next week's fashion shows? You may be disappointed. The fashion world is buzzing that **Amber Valletta,** whom Elizabeth Arden signed last year to a multi-million-dollar contract, is nowhere to be seen these days, missing the Paris collections and not scheduled for any New York shows. When asked where his reportedly troubled client has been hiding out, Valletta's agent would say only, "She's not at the shows because she's got other work to do." **Guinevere van Seenus,** the embodiment of heroin chic in **Jil Sander's** recent campaign, is apparently also out of the spotlight, having reportedly put on too much weight to appear in any of the upcoming shows. "Poor thing," sighs an industry insider. "Now she probably weighs a whopping 115 pounds." Van Seenus's agent claimed the New York shows hadn't been booked yet and was therefore unaware of whether Van Seenus would be working.

## D.D. ALIVE; FORMER WIVES

**REPORTS OF MY DEATH:** "**Kenny Lane** called me as if the sky had fallen," laughs fashion doyenne **Eleanor Lambert,** the mind behind the annual Best Dressed list. This year's ballot had an unfortunate error: Listed under "Deceased Members of the Best Dressed Hall of Fame" was Mrs. John Barry Ryan III, more commonly known as **D. D. Ryan,** the former *Harper's Bazaar* editor who is not only alive but was just at Mortimers last Monday night. "D.D. isn't dead, and her ex-mother-in-law is," says Lambert. The late **Mrs. John Barry Ryan II's** formal name is only a single digit away from D.D.'s, leading to the obvious typo. Coos an apologetic Lambert, "Did you talk to D.D.? Say I haven't buried her yet, and give her my love."

**THE EX-WIVES CLUB:** Guests at **Larry Gagosian's** dinner party for the Hong Kong millionaire **David Pang** at his Beverly Hills gallery last week may have felt an overwhelming sense of déjà vu as they looked around the room. There was **Mick Jagger** huddled in a corner with **Bianca** (possibly chatting about their grandchildren), and **Ron Perelman** entering the room with **Claudia Cohen** on his arm.

*Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.*

## KARL LAGERFELD'S PRIVATE PARTS

When the editors of *Visionaire,* a quarterly fashion-and-art magazine, were putting together their upcoming "Diamond Issue," they should have warned a few of the photographers not to get too carried away. The idea was to re-create all 52 cards in a deck, and **Karl Lagerfeld** landed the plum gig to shoot the ace of diamonds. Lagerfeld told editors he was flying in a model from Germany and would be featuring an 11-carat diamond from H. Stern. But when the editors got Lagerfeld's photos, the pear-shaped stone was dangling from the tip of the nude model's penis. "Looking at this guy—I would have flown him in, too," laughs a *Visionaire* spokeswoman. "I have no idea how Karl got that rock to stay on there." The editors took the safe route and selected a photo of the model's face, with the same gem transformed into a teardrop. The urge to disrobe must have been contagious, because although the editors flew in a gold-leaf Givenchy outfit to shoot **Iman** as the queen of diamonds, the photo of the Somali supermodel shows her primarily in the buff, except for an elaborate headdress and diamond-encrusted choker. A 4-carat diamond delicately glued to her nipple was later omitted "for artistic reasons."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos; Thomas Lau/Outline; David Allen/LGI.

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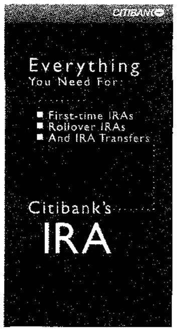

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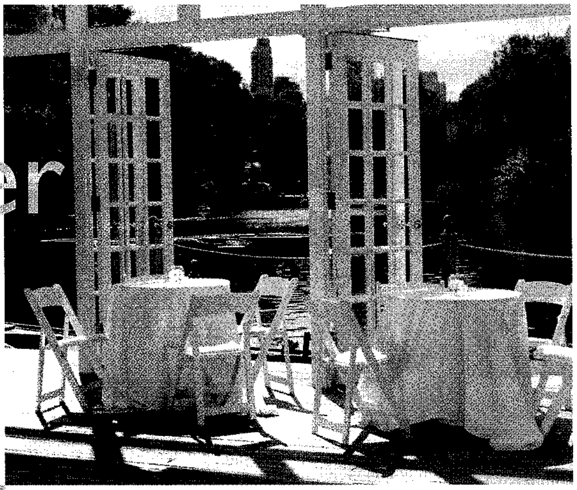
# 1997summer entertainingfair



## fair weather

New York Magazine's *Summer Entertaining Fair* will present innovative ideas — for outdoor weddings, graduation celebrations, backyard barbecues, and elegant evenings on the terrace. Attracting the city's culinary experts, the Fair will offer advice, sampling and demonstrations from renowned restaurateurs, professional event organizers, and New York's food and beverage editors. This is the ultimate environment to taste, mingle, discover, and gain inspiration for warm-weather fun.

theboathouse

tuesday,may20,6-8pm

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## taste fest

- Delicious food, wine, and spirit sampling
- The "Smoke & Sip" verandah
- Informal modeling of summer's hot fashions
- Signage and displays
- Live music

## hot tix

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Space is limited, so register early!

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# GOTHAM

I'd rather be a lamppost in New York than the mayor of Chicago—*Jimmy Walker*

Advertising

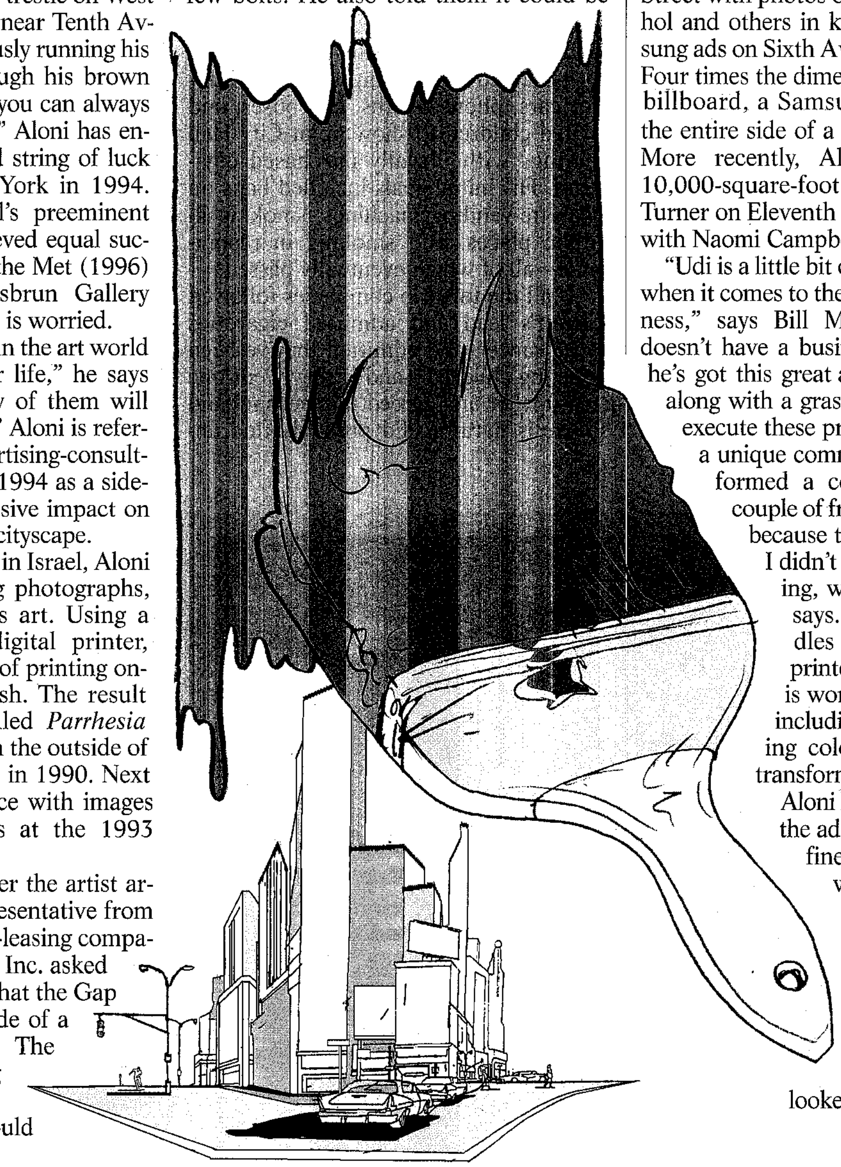
## UDI ALONI'S MEGA BILLBOARDS: WHAT'S ART GOT TO DO WITH IT?

'AT THIS POINT, I'M WONDERING if I've made a deal with the devil." Thirty-seven-year-old Udi Aloni is standing underneath a train trestle on West 22nd Street near Tenth Avenue, nervously running his fingers through his brown hair. "I worry, but I think you can always get out at the last minute." Aloni has enjoyed an unnervingly good string of luck since he moved to New York in 1994. Considered one of Israel's preeminent young artists, he has achieved equal success here—with shows at the Met (1996) and at the Nicole Klagsbrun Gallery (1995) in SoHo. But Aloni is worried.

"None of my colleagues in the art world know that I have another life," he says sheepishly. "I think many of them will turn their noses up at me." Aloni is referring to Mega Art, an advertising-consulting business he started in 1994 as a sideline that has had an explosive impact on both the industry and the cityscape.

While he was still living in Israel, Aloni began digitally combining photographs, paintings, and text in his art. Using a new, sixteen-foot-wide digital printer, Aloni perfected a method of printing onto lightweight plastic mesh. The result was a massive piece called *Parrhesia* ("Public Realm"), hung on the outside of the Museum of Israeli Art in 1990. Next came a 100-foot-long piece with images of the Dead Sea Scrolls at the 1993 Venice Biennale.

A couple of months after the artist arrived in New York, a representative from the Manhattan-based sign-leasing company Transportation Display Inc. asked him to help mount an ad that the Gap wanted to hang on the side of a building on 57th Street. The owners of the building were worried that an outdated billboard frame would damage the building façade. Aloni explained how the ad could be created on mesh and mounted on a simple, almost invisible frame that would require only a few bolts. He also told them it could be made in such a way that the company could change it easily every month. TDI was convinced and flew him to San Francisco. "Gap was skeptical," Aloni says. "But at this point, it was this great challenge to me." When he offered to do it free, Gap agreed.



With Aloni's help, massive photo-quality digital print ads began appearing on the sides of buildings all around the city, hung flat like posters against the wall. The effect was startling: First, Gap ads on 57th Street with photos of stars like Andy Warhol and others in khakis. Then the Samsung ads on Sixth Avenue and 26th Street. Four times the dimensions of a traditional billboard, a Samsung ad covers almost the entire side of a twelve-story building. More recently, Aloni helped erect a 10,000-square-foot Hanes ad with Tina Turner on Eleventh Avenue and a Polo ad with Naomi Campbell on Houston Street.

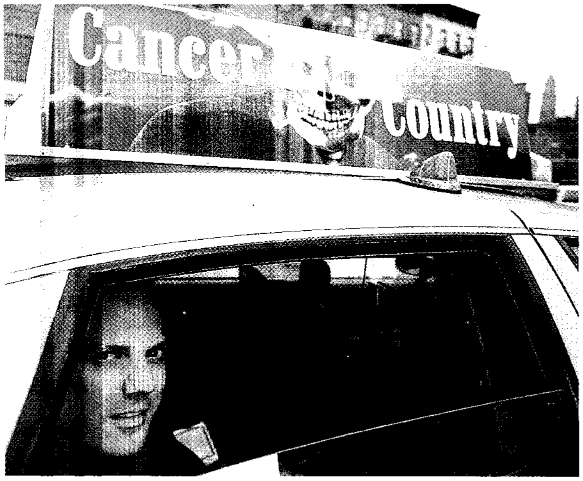
"Udi is a little bit of an accidental genius when it comes to the sign-production business," says Bill Murphy of TDI. "He doesn't have a business background, but he's got this great artistic take on things along with a grasp of the mechanics to execute these projects that makes him a unique commodity." And so Aloni formed a company. "Actually, a couple of friends formed it for me because they were worried that I didn't know what I was doing, which was true," Aloni says. Now Mega Art handles most of the mesh-printed ads in the city and is working on new projects, including huge, quick-changing color ads that could be transformed in hours.

Aloni has nothing to do with the ads themselves, which is fine with him. Still, he worries that Mega Art has tainted his "real" art: "Frankly, some people can be purist snobs. If they know I also worked in business, it would affect how they looked at my art."

NORMAN VANAMEE

**Vice**

# THE LATEST HACKWORK ON THE ANTI-SMOKING FRONT



Anti-smoking crusade: Joe Cherner's come, and gone.

DESPITE WHAT YOU MIGHT EXPECT, JOE Cherner doesn't hate tobacco. He doesn't even hate tobacco companies. But he's spent the past decade doing everything possible to subvert their messages. "The way they go after children is reprehensible," he said, heading west on 43rd Street the other day. The recent admissions by the Liggett Group merely confirmed what he and others have long thought to be true. "They always say, 'We don't want children to smoke.' But the only people who ever start smoking are children."

Cherner created the parodies of cigarette ads—one featuring a haggard, leering woman, smoke in hand, next to the legend VIRGINIA SLIME; the other bearing the word CANCER in white letters against a red background, à la Marlboro—that have been displayed on the roofs of some New York City taxis since January. This day, he was on his way to a taxi fleet in Hell's Kitchen, where his latest counter-ad was about to be posted.

Cherner is the president of SmokeFree Educational Services, which he formed ten years ago at the age of 29 after a brief, lucrative career as a trader for Kidder Peabody. He draws no salary, and by his own estimate he's contributed at least a quarter of a million of his own dollars to the SmokeFree cause. Cherner has never inhaled, but a housekeeper at his home in Maryland suffered from her addiction and died while he was in business school at Columbia University.

"I looked around at all the things that bothered me," he said, having vowed to use his success to do good, "and with tobacco, you have all the right on one side and all the money on the other."

Cherner has photographed Newport employees distributing cigarettes to minors and shown the photos to members of the City Council, the State Legislature, and the governor; brought cancer victims to shareholders' meetings held by cigarette companies; sold stickers printed with anti-smoking slogans that supporters plastered over cigarette ads on subway cars, phone booths, and buses; and invited children to show up at City Hall hearings with illegally purchased cigarettes. His initial goals included bans on cigarette-vending machines, smoking in public places, and smoking in restaurants—all of which eventually passed.

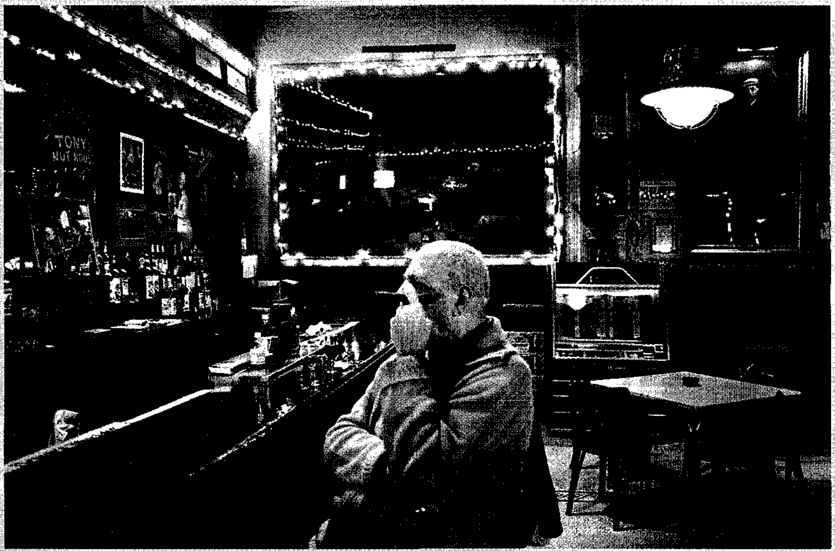
"If all the tobacco companies followed Liggett's lead and admitted cigarettes cause cancer, and admitted they've been targeting children—and if they went one step further and agreed that secondhand smoke is harmful, I'd probably find another cause," he says. "But Liggett represents only 2 percent of the industry, and there's no way the rest are going to give in easily. So our fight continues."

Cherner entered an unpaved lot filled with cabs across the street from a Salvation Army rehabilitation center. Workers were taking Luxotica eyeglass ads from the taxis and replacing them with Cherner's ads, which depict a grinning death's head wearing a cowboy hat and a red shirt, set against a blue background and the slogan CANCER COUNTRY.

"How do you like these?" Cherner asked some men who were switching the ads. One remarked that the quality of the paper and glue wasn't up to the standards of the ads made by Kool. "Of course not," Cherner said. "They've got all the money in the world." A man wearing a leather cap pointed to the CANCER COUNTRY ad and asked, "Marlboro, right?" The activist nodded. "I'll bet you anything," Cherner said, "when Marlboro sees these I'm going to be hearing about it."

COLIN MOYNIHAN

## SHOT



**Mulberry Street at Broome Street, 1 A.M., March 23,** *photographed by Michael Ackerman.*

**Broadway**

# *DREAMY* JAZZ MAN AC-CENT-CHU-ATES THE POSITIVE

JOHN PIZZARELLI DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE producers of *Dream* were in the audience at the Algonquin that spring night a year ago; when they came up after the show and asked him to star in their Broadway musical about Johnny Mercer, he nearly waved them off with a boyishly skeptical "Yeah, sure." Producers don't generally drape $6.5 million Broadway musicals around the shoulders of unknown cabaret performers.

Musicians already knew him, of course, for the Pizzarellis are New York's first family of jazz—"the Italian Marsalises," they've been called—a rhythm dynasty starting with the legendary Bucky, 71, six decades in the business, the greatest seven-string guitarist in the history of American music, and continuing with his two sons, singer-guitarist John, 36, and bassist Martin, 33, the tempo-perfect heartbeat of John's trio.

Described by D.J. Jonathan Schwartz as already "one of the four or five best" guitarists in the world, John has lately made warp-speed progress as a singer. It's not too much to say, in fact, that John's already surpassed the overhyped Harry Connick Jr. and the narrowly archivist Michael Feinstein, his only two generational rivals, as a jacket-and-tie jazz-pop singer.

Photograph by Ronnie Andren.

It was all but inevitable, given his lineage. While a jazz musician's life is typically nomadic, the Pizzarellis maintained an almost respectable, dinner-at-six suburban household frequented by studio guys and band members and pickup players as well as stars: "It's not about glamour or the spotlight or stardom," says John. "It's about that fraternity of musicians, the way Dad immersed us in the profession as a daily part of our lives. That's where I came from; that's what I want to belong to."

*Dream* is a hybrid, neither a book musical nor a revue. A score packed with 52 songs by the self-described "huckleberry poet" (from a catalogue of more than 1,000) includes "Skylark," "Fools Rush In," "Blues in the Night," "Satin Doll," "One for My Baby," "That Old Black Magic," "Laura," "Days of Wine and Roses," "Moon River," and "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—a pantheon of pleasures.

**Jazz masters John Pizzarelli and his dad, Bucky.**

Though he began as a guitarist, John has been winning a lot of acclaim these days for his singing. His is not a big voice, nor a tonally rich voice—he still leaves a lot of his nose in his songs—but he has the emotional expressiveness lyricists hear in their heads, and phrasing so impeccable, audiences hear the punctuation. If every voice has its own narrative, John's ranges from the jaunty to the wistful, from debonair pizzazz to snuggling by the fireplace. He's particularly adept—maybe ruefulness at his recent divorce has something to do with it—at the melancholy that so often enriches happiness. It doesn't hurt that he looks a bit like an Italian JFK Jr.

Says Les Paul: "That boy sure knows how to sell a song." Rosemary Clooney: "He's got a little damage in his voice, but I hope he never loses it. It's so sexy!"

It's early in the new year, and Bucky's in the audience for John's first set at the Oak Room. When John asks him to come up for a solo, Bucky waves him off with an affable shake of the head, so John virtually drags him onstage. Bucky slowly slips John's guitar over his shoulder and, as the son beams from his father's seat, strums "It's Been a Long, Long Time" so mellifluously it might be Mozart. When someone tells John, after the standing ovation for Bucky, that he's only the second-best guitarist in his family, he grins. As father and son embrace, Bucky says, with a smile wider than a mile, "I guess you can't beat blood." ROSS WETZSTEON

FOOD

# Gascon *Hommage*

Every year around this time, Laurent Manrique suffers the expatriate's deep longing for the winter-ending, clean-out-the-larder meals of his native Gascony. In particular, he hungers for the simple but intensely flavored dishes, all featuring truffles, that his grandmother, Aurélie, prepares in the hearth of her little auberge in the village of Roques (population 28). This year, instead of crying in his Bergerac, Manrique, the chef at Peacock Alley, joined forces with a fellow homesick Frenchman, Sylvain Portay (late of Le Cirque and currently at San Francisco's Ritz Carlton), to produce a truffle feast for ten friends at the East Side apartment of TV Food Network anchor David Rosengarten. The meal required little more than the basics: a handful of simple ingredients and a roaring fire that filled the Rosengarten living room with smoke as the chefs poked and prodded and moved food closer to and farther from the flame.

Golden truffled chickens sizzled in the hearth over a pan of roasting garlic and potatoes; an iron kettle bubbled with the ineffable aromas of game and truffle. We began with a thick garbure, or cabbage-based soup-stew, that had been simmering for hours and included just about everything you could expect to find in the Gascon winter larder: cabbage, onions, garlic, a butt of jambon de Bayonne, plump tarbais beans, duck confit, duck innards (which, I was informed after I had eaten them, included the testicles), a whole foie gras as ruddy as a calendar painting of the Sacred Heart, and masses of black truffles. We slurped and, per tradition, rinsed the bowls and sipped them clean with a splash of 1990 Madiran Montus.

By way of a "light" transitional course, the chefs retrieved foil-wrapped truffles they'd buried in the ashes. Some were moist and steamy, like chocolate-colored chestnuts. Tragically, half of them were burnt almost to a crisp; a surfeit of such precious fare is unimaginable under any other circumstances.

Next came the chicken, medallions of truffle slipped under the golden-brown skin lending a heady perfume to the breast meat and served with roast potatoes and whole garlic. A salad of frisée, baby arugula, and watercress was lightly wilted with hot truffle-laced vinegar that was used to deglaze the pan in which Manrique and Portay had prepared lardoons and croutons. To accompany it, they presented an entire wheel of brie that had been sectioned like a layer cake with truffled mascarpone cheese between the layers. For dessert, the chefs poached quince (a winter fruit in Gascony) in a port-and-truffle broth, filled the quince halves with prunes and truffles, topped them with a dollop of vanilla ice cream, then showered the ice cream with soft and nutty chunks of braised truffle.

**Not just another chicken dinner: Chef Sylvain Portay, in truffle heaven.**

"I would like to have a restaurant that does this kind of cooking—just an open fire and food," Manrique said, smoking a cigar and swirling a snifter of armagnac during his first break of the evening, "instead of 95 graduates of the Culinary Institute chopping vegetables all day." PETER KAMINSKY

Photographs: top, Steffen Thalemann; bottom, Connie Childs Rosengarten.

# Good Girls' Do

*At the Rainbow Room for the crowning of 'Teen' magazine's Miss Teenage America 1997.*

**By Ariel Kaminer**
**Photographed by Patrick McMullan**

**Top, Brooke Allen, Miss Teenage America 1997, and runner-up Felicia Kuo. Above, Prince Pavlos and Princess Marie Chantal of Greece at the party for the International Asian Art Fair.**

VIEWED BY THE IMMUTABLE LOGIC OF HIGH-school cafeterias, the Miss Teenage America awards—a banquet for some of the most popular girls in the whole country—falls pretty near the center of the universe. But this was no ordinary lunch at the cool kids' table, for these were no ordinary popular girls. Rather, they were young women who had launched anti-tobacco crusades, counseled peers against premarital sex, or founded national service campaigns at the age of 12. In short, they were Andrea Zuckermans, not Kelly Taylors. "Sometimes people will say, like, you should really, you know, smoke weed," Sabrina Sirianni said, "and you're like, why?"

Over the past few days, they'd been made over and dressed up and whisked around town, and they'd even participated in focus groups on important issues such as hair care. ("We agreed that there should be more stuff for curly hair," said Alison Jacobs.) But today, at last, the moment of truth was at hand; ascending the podium, Donna Hanover thanked them all, and named Brooke Allen the winner. "It's not often that it's the cool thing to do to be a leader," she said, choking back tears. At the back of the room, publicists were already distributing fact sheets about her.

As the TV cameras closed in for the kill, the other finalists exchanged e-mail addresses and reflected on the value of the experience. "I know someday I'm going to open *Time* magazine and I'm going to read about them," said Tina Tahmassebi. "It's not even hypothetical. It's, like, definite." Today, the frizzies; tomorrow, the world.

**Clockwise from above left, Virginia Graham, Kenneth Jay Lane, Alexandra Theodoracopulos, Carolina Herrera, and Johnny Galliher at the Boys' Town of Italy Ball, honoring Herrera and Steve Florio; Elaine Paige at her final performance of *Sunset Boulevard;* Father Peter Jacobs, Anne Jackson, and Nancy Friday at Elaine's for *Entertainment Weekly's* Oscar party; Amory Houghton III and Stephanie French at the opening of the Whitney Biennial.**

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**Literature**

## CURSE OF THE VERSE: A POET LAUREATE ELUDES QUEENS

IF YOU'RE AN AGING POET, IT'S MORE THAN likely you spend your nights at readings in converted factory spaces and your days poring over the lyrical musings of college undergrads. So when Queens decided to name its very own poet laureate, you'd have thought the bards would have come running to stake a claim on the rare shot at acknowledgment. Queens has been asking for applications and nominations since last November. Well, the official deadline has passed, as has the special, extended deadline, and how many hungry wordsmiths have applied for the post? A cool two dozen.

The eligibility criteria seemed simple enough. Applicant-nominees were expected to have lived in or had a "strong connection with" Queens for five years. Otherwise, all they needed to supply was a "significant publication record in English" (a bunch of those artsy journals) and "published or unpublished poems inspired by Queens." It was probably the last stipulation that kept the minstrels at bay.

Which isn't to say Queens itself is off the writers' map. The Spirit That Moves Us Press just published *Patchwork of Dreams,* an entire anthology devoted to Queens. Spirit chief Morty Sklar knows plenty of Queens poets, but none who want the Queens-poet-laureate moniker. "You'd have to be up to creating poems for all occasions," he said. Mentioning Rita Dove, ex-laureate of the entire nation, Sklar said, "The demands on her were so great, her whole life was that for a while." That's for sure: I called Rita Dove requesting a two-minute phone interview. Three days later one of her people called back saying sorry, but Rita Dove was "booked for absolutely every second."

One of *Patchwork*'s poets, Yala Korwin, lives in Queens and knew about the Q.P.L. but was not interested in the position—too busy, she said. If all the published poets in Queens are too busy to fill the position, then why have a poet laureate there at all? I asked Kimiko Hahn, one of the six judges who will ultimately choose the Q.P.L. "Because Queens needs to acknowledge its literary heritage," said Hahn. "And besides, it's sexy."

Dennis Nurske, poet laureate of Brooklyn, nominated Hal Sirowitz for the job. Sirowitz fits the bill perfectly, living in Flushing, teaching in Fresh Meadows, his last collection published by Crown. "Telling someone you're a poet is like telling someone you're crazy," he admitted. "But I'd like to do it. Nurske's been teaching workshops for inner-city kids. I'd like to. I'd be very available."

IAN SPIEGELMAN

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MICHAEL TOMASKY

# A Serious Affair

*This year, white liberals aren't just foolin' around with Giuliani—they really like him. And they may not notice, or care, if their black allies are left in the lurch.*

AS THE EXPERTS SLICE UP THE ELECTORAL PIE FOR THIS year's mayoral election, the pieces end up looking something like this: White ethnics, outer-borough Jews, and maybe a decent chunk of Hispanics to Rudy Giuliani; the rest of Hispanics (which is to say, most of them), virtually all blacks, and white liberals to the Democrat. This is how it's always worked, and this is how it must remain, right?

Think again. A few weeks ago, a New York 1 poll surveyed attitudes toward the mayor. The results, for Democratic partisans, were bracing, to say the least. Among Jewish voters, fully 83 percent said they approved of the job Giuliani is doing, and just 10 percent disapproved. Seventy-six percent had a favorable impression of him, and 67 percent praised his effective leadership. Giuliani beat Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer 78 percent to 13 percent among Jews, and Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger (Jewish herself) 70 to 24. Finally, if you find the foregoing unpersuasive, 64 percent actually said they believed they'd like the man if they had a chance to know him.

Now, "Jews" and "white liberals" are not exactly the same thing. "Jews" includes the aforementioned outer-borough folk, whose voting habits are more conservative than their Manhattan counterparts'. And "white liberals" includes the smattering of Episcopalians and such others as are granted a little more leeway than the Holy See bestows on his flock. Nevertheless, historically speaking, they're fairly close to being the same thing. Lo and behold.

Can it actually be true—Rudy Giuliani, standard-bearer of liberalism? It's happened elsewhere, and it can happen here.

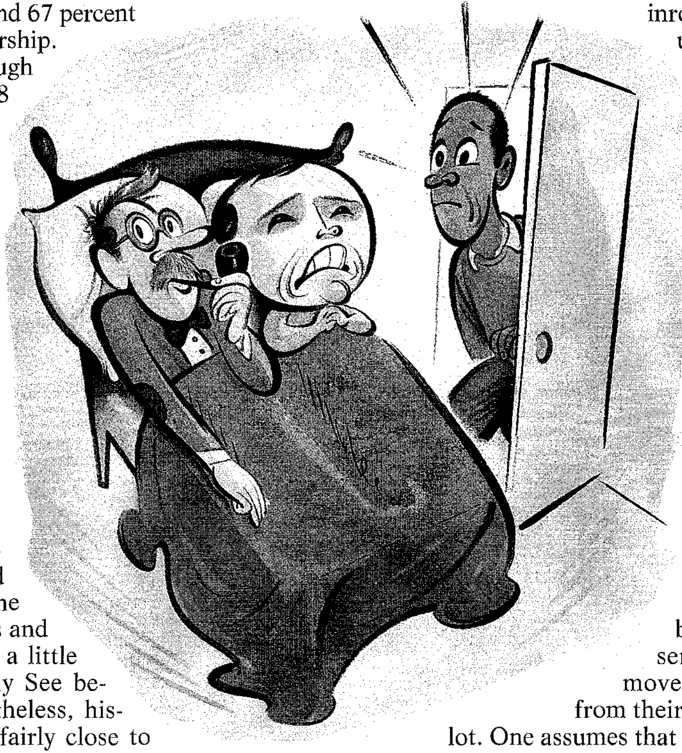
Obviously, the white liberals who are also Democratic Party activists will vote Democratic. I refer instead to a much larger infantry—white Manhattan (and Park Slope, Brooklyn Heights, etc.) professionals who are registered Democrats and who, for instance, wouldn't conceive of voting Republican in a national election. Some of them have already voted for Giuliani once, but one suspects there'll be more this time.

"They say, 'Gee, look, Giuliani—we don't like him,' " says state comptroller Carl McCall. "That's how they always start. But look at what he's done. Streets are clean, crime is down. Those are the two things they always say."

"It's a very interesting scenario in this district," says Democratic assemblyman Scott Stringer, who represents—guess where—the Upper West Side. "Fascinating. They have not fully gone to Giuliani, but they're teetering."

"What that New York 1 poll says is that much of Manhattan has joined the outer boroughs," says Cooper Union professor Fred Siegel.

Finally, here's political consultant Phil Friedman, twisting Irving Kristol's oft-quoted definition of a neoconservative: "A Giuliani voter is a liberal who doesn't want to be mugged."



Meanwhile, Giuliani has made no such inroads among black voters. Polls usually show that Giuliani's black support will be a little better than his dismal 5 or so percent in 1993, but only a little.

Which means that we are, potentially at least, looking at a fairly important historical cleavage. White liberals and blacks have often voted, to greater or lesser degrees, similarly in recent municipal elections. They supported John Lindsay in 1969. Both backed Ed Koch in 1977 (but only 1977). Finally, a huge majority of blacks and just enough Jews came together to elect David Dinkins in 1989.

That changed, of course, in 1993. And what we could be seeing this year, some observers believe, is a larger-still movement of white liberals away from their traditional end of the parking lot. One assumes that Messinger, at least, could hold her own against Giuliani on the Upper West Side (her home base). But crime in the two Upper West Side precincts has dropped by 47 and 50 percent. "Ruth will do well," says Upper West Side state committeeman Justin Brasch, who wanted it known that he's endorsed Messinger. "But otherwise, yeah, we're going to have a big problem."

None of this should be surprising, really. As political scientist Jim Chapin notes, "the same thing has happened in Philadelphia and Chicago and Los Angeles." In Philadelphia, Democratic mayor Ed Rendell's reign has produced a similar white liberal–black divide. In Chicago, Richard M. Daley, another fairly conservative Democrat, has now won over the Lakefront liberals who opposed him originally. And in Los

Illustration by Eric Palma.

Angeles, Republican Richard Riordan is about to be re-elected (next week, in fact) with the lion's share of white-liberal support against—Tom Hayden. And just last month, in St. Louis, Democratic challenger Clarence Harmon pummeled Democratic incumbent Freeman Bosley. Harmon got 94 percent of the white vote, Bosley 84 percent of the black vote. Both men are black, but their different appeals produced the same split.

In Chicago, pol watcher William Grimshaw of the Illinois Institute of Technology observes that the white-liberal diaspora is a matter of "material things taking precedence over ideology." That's a five-dollar way of saying that maybe, at least when it comes to local politics, white liberals just aren't that . . . liberal anymore. "The black conception of reform amounts to redistribution," he says, "whereas white liberals don't need that."

Need? Uh, most of them don't even *want* that anymore; social and cultural attitudes, not economic ones, tend to define white liberalism these days. Among blacks, though, economics is still visceral: For blacks, civil service remains a vital ticket to middle-classdom, and, since proportionally more blacks than whites are poor, social services take on more importance.

And, of course, blacks view crime reduction differently. There are hundreds of young black men alive today who might not be if Rudy Giuliani weren't mayor. But there are hundreds more of them in jail, or being roughed up by cops who feel a stronger sense of ownership of the streets. Wariness of cops, which every black person knows well enough, is alien territory to whites. "White liberals have never experienced it," says Dennis Walcott, president of the New York Urban League. "They can only observe it."

That this chasm does not portend good things for liberalism is self-evident. But, at the end of the day, white liberals in the city have the money and the power and the pricey apartments, and they call the shots. Blacks, generally, do not, and so they'll suffer increased political isolation if any of this comes to pass.

And the Democratic candidates? Simple: One of them has to figure out how to assure whites he or she will be fiscally prudent and tough on crime, and to assure blacks he or she will be more fiscally lavish and tough on bad cops. How would you like to be the one who had to find a way to finesse that? ▬

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# Silicon Allies

*Some tech investors may be ducking for cover, but a handful of heavy-hitting venture capitalists are betting millions on New York's most promising cyber start-ups.*

YOU MIGHT THINK THE RECENT SOURING OF TECH stocks has cooled the investment community's ardor for the Internet, but you would be wrong. "There's more money out there than before," explains Robert Fish, a partner at Coopers & Lybrand who tracks venture capital and new media, "but it's a different kind of money." He characterizes the first phase of investment in new media, which pretty much expired by the end of 1996, as "a desperate drive to get in on something, anything. Now the interest is both quieter and deeper."

Quieter in that it's taking place behind closed doors rather than at giddy networking fests like the CyberSuds events that used to draw deal-hungry crowds in Silicon Alley. Quieter, also, in that the most significant deals are no longer being rushed to the initial-public-offering market five minutes after conception. And deeper in that money—in the form of venture capital—is being allocated in chunks of millions of dollars (in some cases tens of millions) rather than the few hundreds of thousands that young investment bankers, on the scent of a quick buck, were throwing at anything with the word *Internet* in its prospectus as recently as last summer. Fish describes this transition as going from "saturation to maturation."

This new sobriety is summed up by Fred Wilson of Flatiron Partners, a venture fund formed last summer by Chase Bank and Softbank (Japan's largest vendor of computer software) and named for the Manhattan neighborhood that has become an incubator for new-media start-ups. Wilson, who heads the fund along with fellow managing partner Jerry Colonna, notes that "the party isn't over, but it's definitely going to be more sedate from here on in. The three-kids-in-a-loft phase is finished." Brian Horey, of the venture-capital firm Lawrence, Smith & Horey, observes, "This is a pattern typical of emerging industries, in which an informal, scattershot approach gives way to a much more methodical, deliberate process."

And that has brought a new wave of money to Silicon Alley. A report issued in February by Coopers & Lybrand found that seed money flowed to New York's new-media industry in 1996 at better than twice the rate it did in '95. Total venture-capital investment in New York–based software, electronics, and multimedia start-ups topped out at $111 million last year, up from $49.5 million the year before. This expansion is all the more dramatic because it took place in a year during which the flow of venture capital to other industries in New York all but dried up. Coopers & Lybrand estimates that venture investment in health-care companies, for example, was down by 40.6 percent in 1996, and consumer-goods companies received 96.3 percent less than in 1995. Based on preliminary numbers, Fish expects that overall new-media investment will increase once again in 1997.

Wilson and Horey are typical of a new breed of New York–based investors who are bringing serious money to serious companies. They both head up new firms that are focused almost exclusively on new-media ventures and plan to invest primarily in the New York area. And both bring career-long experience to the business of investing in start-ups. Before helping to found Flatiron, Wilson, 35, spent ten years at Euclid Partners (famed for helping to provide seed money for Freeloader Software and Biosite Diagnostics); Horey, 37, has been investing in new ventures (through a succession of firms) for seventeen years. Both convey, in manner and appearance, a businesslike demeanor that gives no quarter to the gold-rush mentality of the recent past.

**Smart money: Fred Wilson and Jerry Colonna are stalking Silicon Alley's best and brightest now that "the three-kids-in-a-loft phase" is over.**

Wilson's approach is minutely specific. "We're looking for companies in one of four lines of business: advertiser-supported content, business-information services, electronic commerce, and technology. We're here because the first three of those businesses have traditionally been centered in New York, and this city is emerging as a leader in the fourth." Horey concurs that this is the logical place for an investment firm that focuses on new media: "New York is now a serious player, largely because the reservoir of talent and content is greater here than anyplace else."

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

By last fall, Yoyodyne, based in Irvington, New York—but with close ties to Silicon Alley—had built a successful business out of developing advertising-sponsored online games that are played through e-mail. But the firm had taken the concept of e-mail-based games about as far as it could go when founder Seth Godin had an idea for an entirely new Web game that could be played instantaneously, in real time.

It's called Game Ticker, and using the framing technology of browsers like Netscape 3.x and Internet Explorer 3.x, it creates a separate window on your computer screen in which games are played continually, automatically. The game can resemble a slot machine, or a text-driven quiz, or just about anything else, but whatever form the game takes, a new round is played every 60 seconds. Because the game window changes visibly with each round, and because you have a new chance to win something each time, you are motivated to look over at that game window once a minute. And every time you look over, there's a new advertisement at the bottom of the frame.

Making Game Ticker work, though, required lots of money. Enter Flatiron. After a three-month gestation period last summer (which is a lightning courtship, by traditional venture-capital standards), Wilson agreed to commit $4 million to Yoyodyne. That helped to transform the company from a 12-person marketing operation that included a few technical people into a full-fledged development shop with a staff of 40. And almost as quickly, it transformed Game Ticker from an intriguing idea into a technology that works. And one that major advertisers are now signing up for. Users who browse a page such as the Happy Puppy game site (http://www.happypuppy.com) or Geocities (http://www. geocities.com) will be able to click on a button to launch Game Ticker, which will then run continuously onscreen.

Lawrence, Smith & Horey's decision to put $2.25 million into AdOne Classified Network last December (which came in the wake of an earlier cash infusion, in August) was based on similarly rigorous criteria. Horey explains, "We're interested in companies that are clear leaders in their niche. We want to invest aggressively, but only in businesses that are building a franchise."

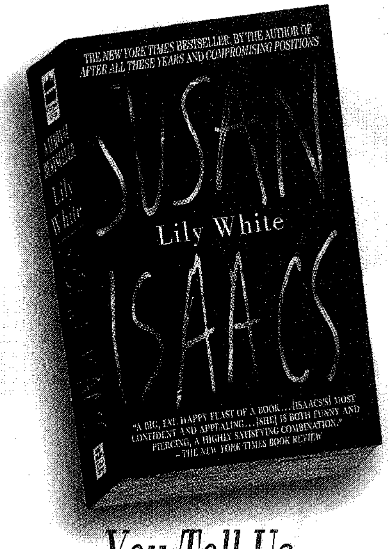
The AdOne Classified Network, which publishes online classified advertising from more than 200 newspapers with a combined audience of 21 million readers, is the leader in Web-based classifieds and clearly fits Horey's profile. Containing as many as 150,000 classified ads per week, AdOne's database enables users to isolate the specific notices they want to browse, using criteria like "New York City" and "Honda." Annual sales at the 23-person firm, which is housed in a TriBeCa loft, are projected to approach $1 million by the end of 1997.

But continued growth in an increasingly crowded field was going to require a new level of funding. Says AdOne's 28-year-old CEO, Stephen Brotman, "We had a lot of tempting conversations with venture funders who promised to make us all rich really fast, but we wanted to go with an investor who envisioned a five-to-seven-year relationship rather than five to seven months. We were looking for players who knew the bubble was going to burst." Brotman found that player in Brian Horey. "Some of the companies that are competing in our niche raised a few hundred thousand dollars at the end of last year, instead of a few million," Brotman says, "and now they're bleeding to death."

Horey agrees that it's the committed, long-term relationships that will pay dividends regardless of whether tech stocks are in or out of favor: "We talk to these guys several times a week; we sit on their board. In addition to handing them money, we're helping them find talent and devise strategy."

And Flatiron and Lawrence, Smith & Horey are hardly alone. More seasoned financiers are suddenly paying much closer attention to the Silicon Alley entrepreneurial community. Patricof & Company, which has been funding start-ups for 27 years, recently pumped several million dollars into both Audible, Inc. (which markets recorded content, like talking books, over the Internet), and Medscape, a leading online information service for physicians. Euclid Partners (Wilson's old firm) has invested several million dollars, in partnership with AT&T, in the online business-information vendor Multex Systems. And even venerable old E.M. Warburg, Pincus & Co. has taken a stake in EarthWeb, which develops chat and bulletin-board software.

"These guys have been raising the bar, in terms of credentials and experience," says Coopers & Lybrand's Bob Fish. "And because of it, we're seeing more and more transactions in the double digits of millions of dollars, which puts this industry at the threshold of a new plateau. And that's a good thing." ▬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# Local Hero

Last season, shortstop Derek Jeter emerged as the hottest rookie the Yankees have had since Mantle. The kid from Kalamazoo has Steinbrenner smiling and teenage girls swooning—but can he become a superstar? **BY JAMES KAPLAN**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JESSE FROHMAN

DEREK JETER IS SIX FEET THREE INCHES TALL AND 195 pounds, broad at the shoulders, narrow at the hips. Praxiteles would have been impressed. The smooth café-au-lait skin of his long, broad face is sunburned red. His kinky brown hair is cut rookie-cop style, buzzed around the sides, short on top. A heavy gold chain hangs on his thick suntanned neck. Jeter is in a batting cage on a practice field in Tampa, on a winter morning long before the start of the season. Amid the mingled aromas of cut grass and Flexall, as teammates and coaches banter and traffic streams along the highway beyond the outfield, he stands in the cage, wearing a blue-on-white New York Yankees T-shirt and baggy gray shorts over dark-blue compression shorts, holding his bat high behind his head and facing the practice pitcher, who's behind a safety net on the mound.

"Can you stand a little heat?" the pitcher asks. "I'm really wild today."

"Today?" Jeter says.

There's a slight, innocent sneer in his white, lopsided smile, a draw-poker challenge to his long-lashed, green-eyed stare. It's the look of a very young man regarding the beckoning world with caution and a certain ironic distance. It is also the look of a young man holding a handful of aces. In the cage, his eyes fixed on the red seams of the Rawlings cork-centered baseball as the practice pitcher releases it, his lanky body jittering as he prepares to swing, he resembles a Thoroughbred colt in the starting gate, itching to *get at it.*

Jeter sets as the pitcher throws, then takes a smooth whistling cut and cracks the ball high, high, out over the left-field fence, toward the weekday-morning traffic. He hits the ball out toward the cars three times in succession: three pitches, three homers.

"Whoo!" says Tino Martinez, the Yankees' first-baseman. "You could start today."

Martinez, the star brought in from Seattle to replace Don Mattingly, is a disarmingly modest, pleasant-looking young man with massive forearms. He looks like pure capability. At bat, he is a proven commodity. And yet his stance has none of Jeter's electricity. One's eyes wander away from Tino Martinez when he stands in the cage. Derek Jeter attracts attention wherever he goes. After batting practice, he leans on the chain-link fence, chatting with two white-shoed grannies.

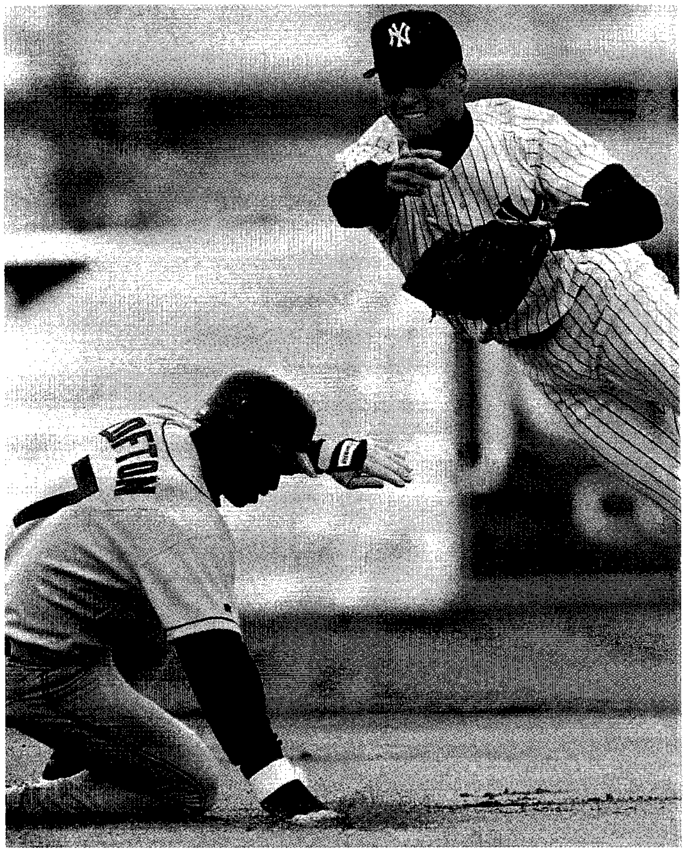
"These are my girls," the shortstop says, in his rich, boyish baritone.

The grannies giggle. "We've been following him from the beginning," one says.

IT HASN'T BEEN SO LONG. JETER SIGNED WITH THE YANKEES ON JUNE 27, 1992, the day after his 18th birthday, and—partly because the team badly needed a shortstop, and partly because Jeter had the whiff of stardom about him—came along amazingly quickly in the minors. Notwithstanding the Yankees' reputation for squandering their own homegrown talent—George Steinbrenner is notoriously impatient with rookies—Joe Torre brought Jeter up for full-time work less than four years after he signed.

And then lightning struck: The young shortstop batted .314, knocked in 78 runs, and was chosen American League Rookie of the Year; the Yankees won the Series. Whatever any of them might have told you, the women who threw handwritten marriage proposals to Jeter during the Yankees' October victory parade through Manhattan weren't merely inspired by his youth and good looks. His athletic prowess was an important part of the picture, as was his World Series ring. Jeter was in the right place at the right time, with the right stuff. But is it the stuff of superstardom?

Derek Jeter hit a famous home run in the playoffs against Baltimore last October, the ball that was grabbed away from outfielder Tony Tarasco by a boy in the stands. The homer added to the ten that Jeter hit in his glorious first season, a number that, as the euphoric haze of the world championship wears off, takes on a certain sobering quality. On the day he signed with the Yankees in 1992, Derek Jeter weighed 159 pounds—"in my shoes," he says. The Yankees listed him at 175. A hundred and fifty-nine pounds is not an impressive figure, especially in this era of power-hitting shortstops, an era for which iron man Cal Ripken Jr.—six feet four and 220 pounds; twenty-plus home runs per year for eleven years running—has set the standard. Through weight-training, Jeter has bulked up to 195, but he wants to weigh more. "I'm *weak,*" he told me, that morning in Tampa. "I need to get stronger."



**Everyone expected he would hit decently—it was Jeter's dependable glove that was the real surprise last year.**

It struck me then as a curious statement: He looked not even remotely weak. But it was clear that somehow, in the merciless arena of top-flight major-league baseball, as well as in the hard light of his own high ambition, Derek Jeter felt . . . challenged.

It was and is, after all, the beginning of his second season under the most demanding boss in baseball, on a team under palpable pressure to repeat a nearly impossible feat, in the most vociferously critical sports marketplace in the world. To make matters worse, Jeter is slated to bat leadoff—which means he will have to learn to be patient at the plate and take more walks. He'll also be anchoring a slightly iffy infield, a fact that will put pressure on him to improve upon last year's total of 22 errors. As early as January, New York's army of sportswriters was starting to natter about Jeter, polishing up old battle-axes like "sophomore jinx" and "sophomore slump."

But no one demands more of Jeter than Jeter himself. "I don't set my sights low," he says. "I didn't go into my my first year saying 'If I hit .250, I'll be satisfied.' I set goals for myself, but I don't tell people. When I was in high school, I told myself, 'I want to be High School Player of the Year.' " And he got it—de-

Photograph by AP Wide World.

spite the fact that, coming from the snow belt town of Kalamazoo, Michigan, he was up against Florida and California players who got to practice year-round. "In '94," he says, "I told myself I wanted to be Minor League Player of the Year." He got it.

What's he telling himself about 1997? Jeter shakes his head: He doesn't tell people. And yet however he has set his sights, Alex Rodriguez has to be standing square in the middle of them.

Rodriguez is the Seattle Mariners' phenomenal—and phenomenally young—shortstop. He's only 21, and he would have won Rookie of the Year honors by a landslide last season if he hadn't played for half of 1995 and so been ineligible. Rodriguez batted .358 in 1996 and hit 36 home runs. He, too, will be facing enormous pressure this season. Still, Alex Rodriguez has one thing that Derek Jeter doesn't have: a shoe deal with Nike.

IT IS A TRUISM IN OUR TIME THAT IT IS NO longer enough for a superlative professional athlete simply to be a superlative athlete. A multiyear, multi-million-dollar contract is part of the brass ring, but the other essential element is product endorsements. Michael Jordan has shown that the money a player can make from endorsing products can dwarf that player's salary, no matter how large the salary is. Many other athletes in various sports—football, tennis, golf, hockey, track and field—have followed Jordan's lead, and prospered mightily. But the one sport whose players have largely been left out of the money is, ironically, the one that was once known as the national pastime.

"Baseball players don't wear shoes that people see, the sport has had terrible labor problems, and in general it hasn't marketed itself well," says sports agent Adam Katz, who represents several top players, including Mo Vaughn, Sammy Sosa, and ex-Yankee John Wetteland. "How many baseball players have good national ads? Ken Griffey [Jr.], Alex Rodriguez, Barry Bonds, Ripken, Frank Thomas. Maybe one or two others. Now think about the basketball players that have national ads. Or the football players—and you don't even see their faces."

Things are slowly changing. Some baseball agents have been starting to get shoe contracts for their clients. Scott Boras, who represents Alex Rodriguez, landed the Nike deal for his client by overcoming the company's initial hesitation: "I pointed out to them that the type of shoes they're selling with Michael Jordan's name on them are not the shoes Michael Jordan is actually wearing. Baseball players only wear spikes during the game. That's not the sell. Michael Jordan is not selling something he wears, Michael Jordan is selling *something*."

**Even before the spring, New York sportswriters started to natter about Jeter, polishing up old battle-axes like "sophomore jinx."**

Image and charisma are what Boras is talking about, the sweet intangibles that can make any athlete wildly rich—especially if the athlete is a big winner. "The standout figures in endorsements in the last fifteen years have been Joe Montana, Magic Johnson, and Michael Jordan," Boras says. "All have won world championships multiple times; all are the best at what they do. When you talk about icons in baseball, Ken Griffey is the going rate. He hits homers, scores runs, and is a Gold Glove player."

For the moment, Jeter's image—in New York, a market larger than local but smaller than national—couldn't be stronger. "He's extremely bright, articulate, handsome, and he's a good guy," Adam Katz says. "Plus he's a very fine player, he plays in the center of the diamond, and he's in New York. All the things are there to create marketing opportunities, and he's on the way."

But is he? Some marketing insiders mutter ominously that he may be being undersold. Jeter and his agent, Casey Close of IMG, recently signed a shoe-endorsement deal with Fila—two weeks before the Yankees closed a $95 million, ten-year marketing deal with Adidas, under which Jeter almost certainly would have made far more. Are Jeter's relatively lowball endorsements for New York companies like Nobody Beats the Wiz giving the market at large the wrong impression—that he's strictly a local hero? "It's hard to get a young player who's not making that much money to turn things down," says Scott Boras. "Jeter did a thing for Pepsi; we turned it down. They wanted Derek and Alex to hawk things in a catalogue. We require a long-term, major endorsement campaign as opposed to print ads; we didn't want to lose all other drink endorsements for a one-year deal."

According to some marketing insiders, Jeter has a two-year window in which to establish a national presence. Much depends on the Yankees' fortunes. "Unless you're a brilliant player, the sun doesn't rise again," one agent says. Will Derek Jeter's sun shine for more than two years? Are he and his management being shortsighted, or are they merely getting what they can while they can?

A FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT THE END OF JANUARY: DEREK JETER IS IN the fourth-floor formalwear salon of the Giorgio Armani store on Madison Avenue, trying on tuxedos. On highly unfamiliar turf, amid the beige walls and minimalist décor and salespeople in black, as the sound system plays neo-disco, Jeter stands before a full-length mirror, regarding himself. His mouth is slightly open: He is fully concentrated on the black-and-white-garbed figure before him.

Jeter's face in the spotless Armani mirror is slightly off-kilter, and fully open. It is not the face he presents to the importunate press or his importunate fans. Just for a moment, it is possible to imagine, watching Derek Jeter watch himself, that deep inside, he is delighted with what he sees.

And yet this is something it would never do to admit, not even quite to oneself, in a world of men such as professional baseball, in a historical organization like the New York Yankees, in a sport where looks must be backed up by performance. It's all very well for Cecil Fielder to pipe up—as he did two weeks earlier when Jeter strode through the locker room of the Yankee Training Center in Tampa—"You not like us regular people; you a *star*." This was funny and affectionate, yet it also contained a barb, and a challenge. Big Daddy Fielder may not look like Derek Jeter, but he is the rock of the Yankees batting order, pulling down $7.2 mil this year (to Jeter's second-year $540,000).

It's true that not since the early days of Mickey Mantle have the Yankees possessed a young player of Jeter's traffic-stopping charisma, not to mention potentially national marketability. But on a World Championship team notable for being greater than the sum of its parts, Derek Jeter's uniqueness is merely part of the big picture. It is a bright flash that may, or may not, pan out. No modern team has ever pulled together the way the '96 Yankees, under Joe Torre's spectacularly graceful leadership, did. It is hard to imagine a less fruitful climate for self-admiration.

So grant Derek Jeter a moment of furtive, well-deserved narcissism: In any case, it passes quickly. In a blink, he becomes a big, bored boy, restive under the attentive ministrations of an Armani salesman named Jeremy, an angular and elegant young man with, perhaps, a dim awareness of who Derek Jeter is, and given to statements like "There are two schools of thought on cummerbunds." Jeter, who seems to have limited interest in cummerbunds, is staring suspiciously down at the patent-leather shoes on his feet. The shoes have bows on them. "This shoe—*no bueno*," he says.

He's talking to his buddy Jorge Posada, the Yankees' new backup catcher. Posada, too, is a very young man, from San Juan, with a sweet, big-nosed, jug-eared face that makes him resemble a friendly mouse in a cartoon. Posada is lolling in an armchair in jeans and a black leather jacket, doing nothing more than watch his famous friend try on tuxes. Jeter keeps ducking sideways and darting glances down the hall to the women's formal department, where several pretty girls appear to be being outfitted for a wedding, and then, when the girls vanish around a corner, back at himself in the mirror, where fleeting self-approval has metamorphosed into irony. Jeter shakes his head at his reflection. It's time, Jeremy announces, to decide on shirts. There are four different kinds. . . . Jeter tells Jeremy he'll take one of each. Armani can deliver them—along with tuxedo, belt and cummerbund, socks and bow-less shoes—to his hotel room tomorrow night, well ahead of time for the New York Baseball Writers' Dinner on Sunday, where Jeter will be honored as American League Rookie of the Year.

**Jeter has the Jock Walk: a shouldery swagger that says more about youth and athletic self-confidence than about personal arrogance.**

BACK IN HIS STREET CLOTHES (TAN CORDUROYS, beige knit fisherman's shirt, belted black leather coat), he goes downstairs, where he and Posada meet the Yankee driver at the door, then cross Madison Avenue mid-block. Jeter has the Jock Walk: a shouldery swagger that, in his case, says more about youth and athletic self-confidence than about personal arrogance. Nevertheless, it is not an inconspicuous walk. The nature of his fame in New York at this moment is that in surprise venues—places where Jeter just pops up, unexpected—it takes approximately 1.8 seconds before he is recognized, with a delighted smile, by a single passerby, and then roughly 1.3 seconds until, by a mysterious process akin to the behavior of schools of fish or flocks of birds, the recognition begins to spread among strangers on the street. Fortunately for Jeter, by the time this starts to happen on Madison he's safely ensconced inside a white Plymouth minivan, its sliding door closing with a solid Detroit *whunk*.

"They say to me, 'I don't want him on the street—don't let him walk around on the street,' " the driver says. Jeter shakes his head. Posada grins his mouse grin.

A moment of clarification. *They*, of course, are the New York Yankees, who are sensibly protective of their young superstar, all the more so at this moment, since Jeter is on his way to a sold-out event called the Yankee Fan Fest at the Coliseum.

On the other hand, he is also—here and there, now and then—a 22-year-old private citizen. Who, by the way, rents an Upper East Side apartment during the season, one of only two Yankees—David Cone being the other—to make his home in Manhattan. Did the notoriously control-hungry Yankees have any concerns about their marquee rookie's living in the big city? The official line is that they did not. Still, one wonders. For his part, Jeter is crazy about Manhattan. "I love to walk down the street, feel the energy," he says. It is possible to sense certain tensions among the various factions who feel they have a claim on Jeter: the Yankees, a notably un-self-effacing organization; the no less self-important International Management Group, of Cleveland, which serves as Jeter's agent, manager, and career guide; and even Derek Jeter himself.

Not to mention, in ever greater measure, the equally unretiring New York press. In the fabulous November following the Yankees' World Series victory parade through Manhattan, the rookie shortstop celebrated the Yankee win and his new fame with Posada and another buddy from minor-league days around town. He went to China Club, he went to Roxy; he flared his nostrils and drank in the adulation. But he didn't touch a drop of alcohol, let alone anything stronger. Safe in the fraternity of his pals, he enjoyed the smiles and adoring stares of beautiful women, but capitalized on his triumph—if at all—minimally. Derek Jeter's November was heady—he owned Manhattan—but its truth is considerably less Dionysian than was made out by the tabloid press, which took the irresistible clay of a large, quite handsome, quite young, and galvanically talented newcomer and evoked shades of Mantle and Martin in their youth.

"Listen," Jeter says. "During the season, I play baseball every day—that's all I do. During the off-season, when I go out, I have fun. But people make up a lot of stuff about what I'm doing when I go out. I've been at this place till this hour, that place till that hour, and I wasn't even there. Still," he says, smiling again, "New York's a lot of fun. I wouldn't want to play anywhere else."

Fun actual and imagined. Now the Yankee van driver joshes Jeter about Tyra Banks, and Jeter shakes his head. "Tyra Banks," he says. "Tyra Banks is [an] IMG [client], and I'm IMG. So I go to a Knicks game with my father, and Tyra Banks is in the seat next to mine. The next day all the papers have me goin' around with Tyra Banks, and they don't even mention my father." He shakes his head again. "That's the only time I've ever been with Tyra Banks."

More significant is that he was with his father. Jeter is extremely close to his parents and younger sister—he still calls home to Kalamazoo every night. It is a very tightly knit family, an interracial family (Jeter's father is black, his mother Irish-American), with a strong drive toward sobriety and achievement. Charles Jeter, who has a doctorate in social work, is a drug-and-alcohol counselor in Kalamazoo; his wife, Dorothy, is an accountant. Derek grew up in an atmosphere that was both loving and rigorous: Even as he was distinguishing himself as a baseball prodigy, bringing scouts and agents swarming into Kalamazoo, his parents demanded that he keep regular hours and a high grade-point average.

His upbringing certainly accounts for Jeter's extraordinary levelheadedness; at the same time, it has prevented him from

growing up too fast. His first year in the minor leagues, playing rookie-league ball for Tampa, was almost ruined by a severe bout of homesickness. "I was miserable," he says, unashamedly. "I had never been away from home except to stay over at my grandmother's house." He lost his confidence at the plate—he batted .202—and in the field. "I'd never struggled playing baseball before," he says. "I didn't know anybody—it was about as bad as it could be."

The van turns down Eighth Avenue. "Gonna be a mob scene over there," the driver says.

"It's Friday, twelve o'clock," Jeter says. "Aren't kids in school?"

"Derek! Derek Jeter!" Posada squeals, like a schoolgirl.

Jeter narrows his eyelids and puffs air out his nose. The van swings into the Coliseum's garage, and the men get out. Even the jaded security guys look excited to see the shortstop. Jeter walks into the Yankee lounge, a big, blank, windowless room with fluorescent lights, a few chairs and couches, a table along the wall containing a ten-foot sandwich. The room is slowly filling with Yankees old and new: Joe Girardi, Paul O'Neill, Bobby Murcer, Mel Stottlemyre. The air is choppy with charisma. Joe Torre radiates toughness and command, but also gives off a palpable sweetness: It's an odd, compelling mixture. He walks by Jeter, smiling as if at an especially pleasing son. "I had something to tell you, but I can't remember," he says, looking puzzled. "It must be my age."

Derek Jeter goes out into the main room of the Coliseum. At the rear of the big room, parallel to the wall, is a long row of folding tables, behind which will sit the players. In front of each man is a long, cordoned aisle, like a cattle chute, in which fans will line up for autographs. This, in sum, is the Fan Fest. For five hours a day, for three days in a row, the fans churn through the chutes; the players shake hands and write their names on various objects. It is a process both dehumanizing and strangely touching. An autograph is an odd artifact, both significant and meaningless, a memento of a transaction charged (but finally empty) for one party and cool and empty for the other. And, in these boom times for sports memorabilia, with fake signatures flooding the market, an autograph is even financially ambiguous.

Jeter sits down, and the floodgates open. The line before him is bulging, roiling, clamoring, extending all the way to the back of the room and out the door. It is, by far, the biggest line in the place. The lines are graphic representations of fame and popularity: Bobby Murcer and Mel Stottlemyre face modest queues; Bernie Williams's is somewhat larger. Jorge Posada sits before an empty aisle.

The P.A. system blares audio highlights from the '96 Series's final moments, interspersed with Eddie Layton fight songs and hortatory commercials for Fan Fest participants:

"The one! The only! Joe! Pepitone!!"

A perfunctory smattering of applause.

"Johnny. . . . Blanchard!" Nothing.

All the emotion in the room, all the adulation and passion, seems to have funneled into Derek Jeter's line. It's as though the Coliseum had been lifted and tilted and everyone had fallen over to one side: giggling girls and gawking boys and blushing middle-aged men and lecherously staring women, pushing forward, clamoring for their Instamatic moment, congratulating in New York voices:

*Der-ek!*
*Great yee-uh, man.*
*Great season.*
*You the man.*
*Jeter! Look this way!*
*Jee-ter!*
*Derek!*

A tough female security guard stands by the table, overseeing each transaction. "One item only!" she barks. "Quickly! Quickly!"

Behind the table Jeter sits (his body looking powerful even in a folding chair), smiling a small, mildly ironic smile, and signing, signing, signing. He signs bats, balls, photographs, programs, seat cushions, Wheaties boxes, home plates—even what appears to be a seat back from Yankee Stadium. He writes his loopy signature in blue or black marker (on light-colored objects), in gold or silver marker (on dark-colored objects). The fans have one almost invariable request: "Could you put 'Rookie of the Year'?" they ask. "Could you write 'R.O.Y., '96?' " This is part of the juju: the talisman must be complete.

"Next up!" the guard barks.

A woman plops an infant on the counter. Jeter stands up and puts his face next to the baby's for the Instamatic, giving a tight-lipped almost-smile (his full grins are strictly private affairs).

"You the father! You the father!" a fan yells. The almost-smile vanishes.

A pretty, busty, Hispanic-looking young woman with a tight green blouse edges in, gazing meaningfully at the shortstop, smiling helplessly. She hands Jeter an orange envelope. He glances at her; she backs off into the mob. He puts the envelope, which is marked PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL in flowing script, on the counter.

Now something catches Jeter's eye: a girl in the front of the crowd, maybe 12, staring at him and weeping. She's wearing a pinstriped Yankee jersey with a large *2* on it, Jeter's number. She's a skinny little creature, all quivering lips and puffy eyes, and she seems genuinely miserable. Jeter gestures to a male guard. "Bring her back," he says.

The girl is brought behind the counter. She can't take her eyes off Jeter, and she can't stop weeping. "Thank you so much," she keeps telling him.

"What's your name?" he asks.

"Danielle." She shakes her head helplessly. "I waited *three hours* to see you outside," she says, sobbing. "My friends told me I'd never meet you."

"They're at school—where you should be," Jeter tells her. He's smiling slightly, a little bemused by all this, but very cool, too. And the fans are still coming, the lame and the halt and the unlovely, faces filled with an unspeakable yearning. He turns away to sign a few balls, then swivels his chair back to Danielle. "You all right?" he asks her. "You sure you don't want any water? Some brownies or sandwiches or something?"

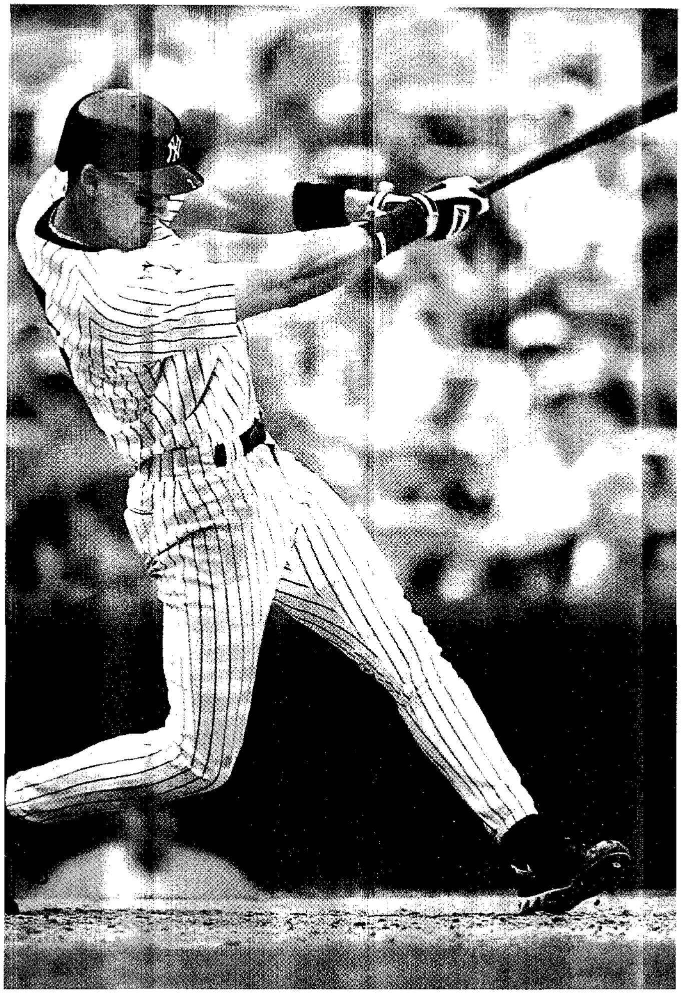
She shakes her head over and over, still staring at him. He goes back to signing balls and photos. "I could die now," Danielle says.

Now a guy puts two baseballs on the counter, glancing back furtively at the guard. Jeter signs both balls.

"Thanks, man," the guy says. "Have a great year."

Jeter turns to me. "He'll be booin' me if I go oh-for-two, right?" he says.

**When I ask Jeter whether he has a steady girl these days, he shakes his head glumly. "I need one," he says. "I need some help."**



AT THE END OF THE LONG AFTERNOON, JETER AND POSADA GET back in a Yankee van to return to their hotel, which is on Central Park South, less than a quarter-mile away. As soon as the van is out of the Coliseum and into 58th Street traffic, the driver turns to Jeter. "I'm sorry to inconvenience you, but could you sign a couple of pictures?" he asks.

Jeter does an infinitesimal double-take. "No problem," he says. The driver instantly produces a silver marker; Jeter signs the photos. The driver thanks him, then brings out two baseballs.

SATURDAY. YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, JUST BEFORE dropping Jeter off at his hotel, the van driver told a quick, nasty anecdote about a well-known former Yankee, also attending the Fan Fest, being so drunk the night before that he had to be carried into his hotel and deposited in the bathtub. (Why the bathtub?) In any case, it was not only a tale out of school but one out of the Yankee past, and, a year and a half after Mickey Mantle's death, one that failed to amuse: Jeter did not react.

The Yankee present, Derek Jeter–style, is significantly different. Tonight, after another hard afternoon at the Fan Fest, Jeter is going out on the town. This remarkably chaste event may be taken as a replay, in miniature and with slight variations, of last November. After he finishes signing autographs, Jeter returns to his hotel, showers and changes, and meets his parents and sister for dinner. Next, he and Jorge Posada and former minor-league roommate Sean Twitty—his companions of November—take a long white stretch limo (sprung for by Jeter) to a Toni Braxton–Kenny G concert at Radio City. They get out of the car and gawk around a little. When the crowd starts to gawk back at Jeter, he and his friends walk into the theater.

**With just ten home runs last year—too few for the upper crust of shortstops—Jeter bulked up over the winter.**

Jeter and his buddies look avid, excited—like three big college boys in the big city. Their seats are in row WW, remarkably far back from the giant stage. Jeter bought the tickets himself. The striking fact of the matter is that, for the moment, nobody—least of all Jeter himself—appears to be working Derek Jeter's reputation in the world at large. IMG can get him good seats at Knicks games, but that appears to be the sum of it. Would he ever mention his name over the phone to get a good restaurant table? "Never," Jeter says, firmly. "I'm not that type. I just go, and whatever happens, happens."

The show, heavily amped and choreographed, has an overblown, distanced feeling, as if it's taking place in a 747 hangar. Toni Braxton—a little like Whitney Houston with less range and more midriff—poses and pouts, her image projected on two giant screens on either side of the stage. But Jeter is pleased. He's a big Braxton fan; he's also very fond of Mariah Carey. One senses he has boyish crushes. Since he and a longtime hometown girlfriend broke up a year and a half ago, he's dated sporadically, but doesn't seem much interested in working his reputation in this respect either. When I ask, later, whether he has a steady girl these days, he shakes his head glumly. "I need one," he says. "I need some help."

During intermission and before Kenny G's set, there's a diffuse little security-controlled party in a dim downstairs lounge of the theater: the rumor is that Toni Braxton may show up. Jeter stands around, a bottle of Evian in his hand, talking to Dwight Gooden (also drinking water) and a couple of guys who work for the Yankees. Gooden, in a fancy white Nehru-collared shirt, looks strong and healthy, but he also has a wary, chastened air, as though being clean and sober beats the alternative, but isn't the most fun in the world. Neither is this party. Braxton never appears. Jeter and his friends go back upstairs, sit out a little of Kenny G's tootling, then exit between numbers and get back into the white stretch. Jeter's off to meet up again with his parents, who've just taken in *Beauty and the Beast.* Later, he and his two pals go to a club to sip sodas and listen to hip-hop music. They return to their hotel alone.

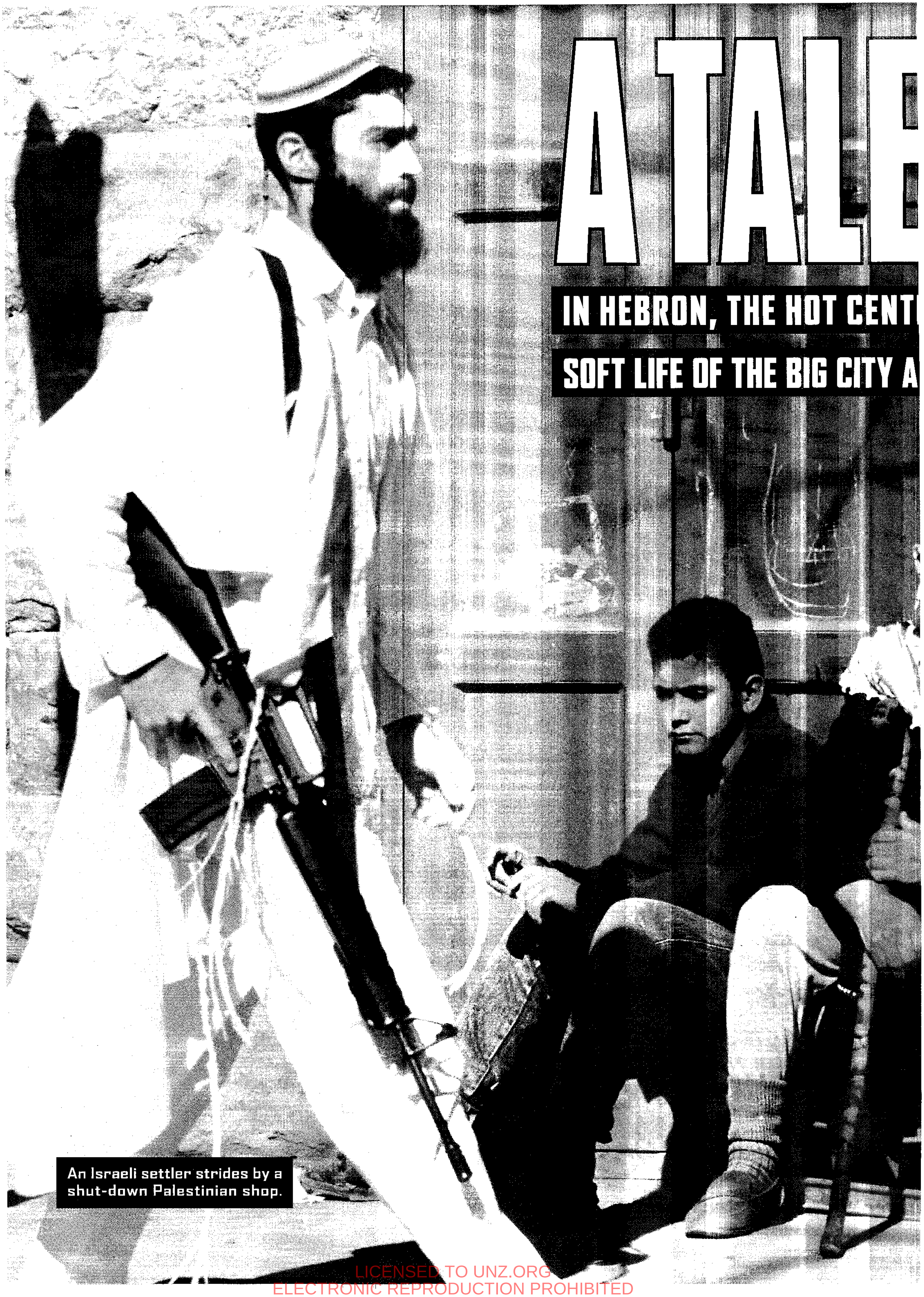
NEXT EVENING: THE BASEBALL WRITERS' DINNER, AT THE SHERATON. In his Armani tux, Jeter sits on the dais along with three dozen or so other luminaries of the present and past. The after-dinner speeches are by turns windy, funny, painfully inarticulate, haltingly sincere, and—in the case of Mrs. Jackie Robinson, who's here to note the fiftieth anniversary of her late husband's breaking the color line in baseball—eloquent. When it comes time for Derek Jeter to receive his award, he stands, with no visible piece of paper in his hand, and looks out at the audience. I remember now that in the Yankees' meeting room at the Fan Fest, he turned down a P.R. person's offer of a prewritten, shtick-laced script. "Naw, man," he said. "I can't say that stuff."

"I just want to say," Jeter tells the audience now, "that one of the main rewards of winning this award is the opportunity to sit up here next to a woman like Mrs. Robinson."

Who is this guy? Clean, graceful, polite, magnetic, and hugely talented: Is he too good to be true? Or is he good enough at all? Is he strong enough to carry on the athletic traditions of DiMaggio and Mantle, or is he just a passing gleam in the eye of a hero-starved city? The city expects much. Derek Jeter seems almost purposefully oblivious of this. "I think pressure is what you put on yourself," he says. "Nobody else can put pressure on you—no matter what the media says."

Perhaps. But the fact remains that if four young Yankees—Bernie Williams, Andy Pettitte, Mariano Rivera, and Jeter—live up to expectations, a new New York dynasty may be in the making. And—no pressure, Derek—but wouldn't that be fine? ■

Photograph by Focus On Sports.



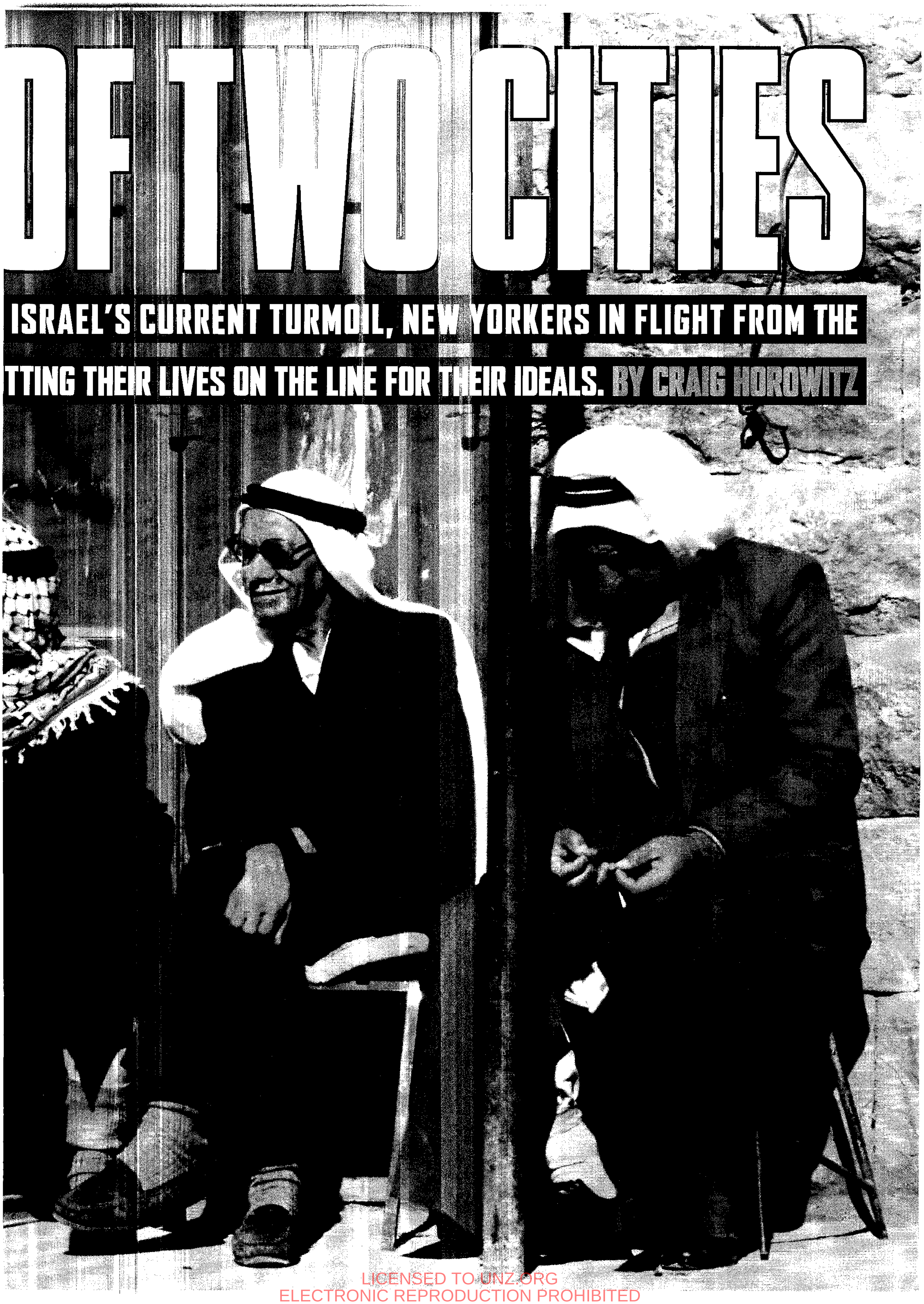
# A TALE

## IN HEBRON, THE HOT CENT
## SOFT LIFE OF THE BIG CITY A

An Israeli settler strides by a shut-down Palestinian shop.

# OF TWO CITIES

ISRAEL'S CURRENT TURMOIL, NEW YORKERS IN FLIGHT FROM THE
TTING THEIR LIVES ON THE LINE FOR THEIR IDEALS. BY CRAIG HOROWITZ



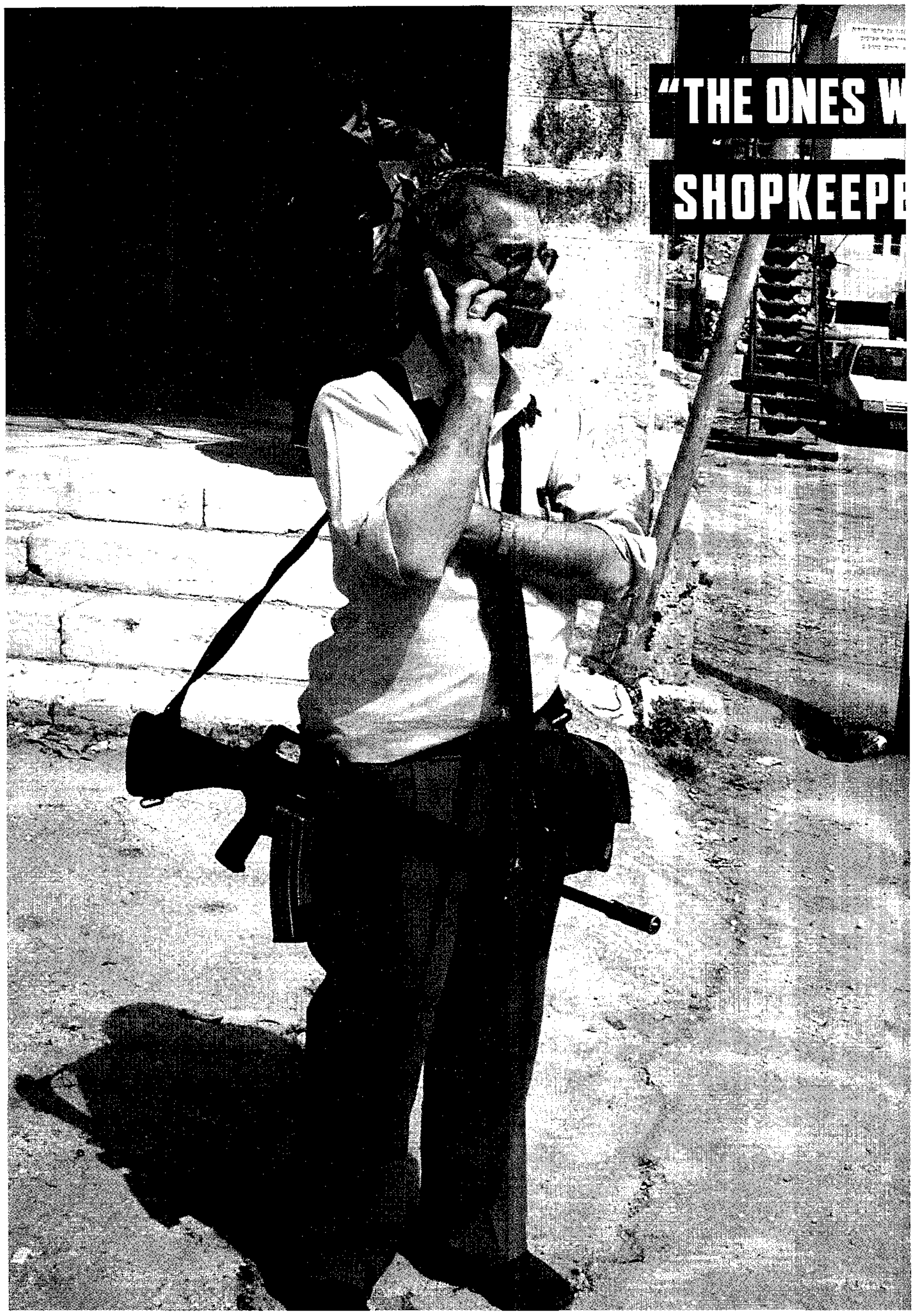
AS THE SURPRISINGLY strong late-winter sun warmed the Judaean mountains that surround the West Bank city of Hebron, Khalid Muhammed sat in front of his pottery shop smoking cigarettes and painting candlestick holders. Applying colorful designs to the delicate ceramic pieces was exacting work, but Muhammed seemed distracted. A handsome 28-year-old Palestinian with dark hair, black eyes, and skin the color of caramel, he put his brush down and stared across the road at a small group of Jewish tourists who had just come out of the Tomb of the Patriarchs. It was lunchtime, and their guide herded them off the street quickly and into a new tourist center paid for by Australian Lubavitcher and billionaire Joseph Gutnick. Before long, some of the visitors drifted back outside to enjoy the weather. Not one, however, ventured the fifteen yards across the dusty road to look in Muhammed's shop.

Perhaps, given Hebron's reputation for spontaneous violence, they were afraid to wander even a short distance from their group. Or perhaps they simply didn't want to patronize an Arab shop. Though business had been bad for quite some time, it had been, Muhammed said, nonexistent since the Israeli withdrawal from the city eight weeks ago.

Because Hebron is the only city in all of the West Bank where Jews actually live among the Arabs—as opposed to living in self-contained settlements near Arab towns—the Israelis have retained control over 20 percent of the city so they can protect the 540 Jewish residents. However, 20,000 of Hebron's 125,000 Arabs—including Muhammed—live or work in the area still under Israeli control.

"Since the agreement, things are very difficult," said Muhammed, whose father opened the pottery shop in 1964. "I am not against Jews. I have Jewish friends in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. I am only against those Jews who live here. Especially the ones who come from Brooklyn and New York," he said, leaning forward and rising a bit out of his chair. "They are the worst. They have no right to this place, no right, and they are the craziest."

Previous page, photograph by Kevin Lamarque/Reuters/Archive Photos.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHA BAR-AM/MAGNUM FOR *NEW YORK*

ABOUT A FIVE-MINUTE WALK FROM MUHAMMED'S shop, past donkeys pulling carts, wildly bearded Jews, men in flowing djellabas, khaki-clad Israeli soldiers, and Arab women wrapped from head to toe in the traditional dress of the faithful, is an ocher-colored building known as Beit Hadassah. It is one of four heavily guarded compounds in the southeastern part of the city that house the 54 Jewish families who live in Hebron. Standing in the courtyard, with a baby in her arms and surrounded by as many as a dozen small children running around playing—each of whom seems to need a word of encouragement, a kiss on the forehead, or a nose wiped every three or four minutes—Shani Horowitz hardly looks crazy.

A small, articulate woman from Pelham Parkway in the Bronx, Horowitz (no relation to the author of this article) has lived in Hebron for fifteen years under extraordinarily difficult conditions. Yet despite numerous violent encounters, Arab terrorism, the *intifada,* the vagaries of Israeli politics, deeply divided public opinion, and now the dictates of the Oslo Accords, her commitment to a Jewish presence in the city remains undiminished.

"Our government is putting a question mark on every Jewish place, even Jerusalem," says Horowitz, who wears no makeup and dresses in Orthodox-settler vogue—oversize long-sleeve sweater, three-quarter-length skirt, dark panty hose, and a floppy velvet hat. "If we wouldn't have been living here, then Hevron today would be totally *Judenrein,*" she says, using a term favored by

**ME FROM BROOKLYN AND NEW YORK ARE THE WORST," SAYS AN ARAB**

**EY HAVE NO RIGHT TO THIS PLACE, NO RIGHT, AND THEY ARE THE CRAZIEST."**

the Nazis to describe a place that's completely free of Jews. "That simply cannot happen. This is where it [Judaism] all began, and if we don't have the right to Hevron, then we don't have the right to Tel Aviv."

From Meir Kahane to Baruch Goldstein, the image of the New Yorker who moves to the West Bank and becomes a gun-toting, Arab-hating religious lunatic has become an indelible part of the Israeli tableau. But despite the appalling and tragic acts of a few high-profile, simple-minded fanatics, the New York settlers are a more complex story, especially given how rapidly the Oslo Accords are changing the face of the West Bank.

Horowitz certainly could have chosen an easier life. There are sandbags, concrete barriers, and a military post 30 feet from her door. The road in front of her house is bisected by a strip of large metal spikes to mitigate the threat of car bombs and drive-by shootings. She drives a car that has reinforced Plexiglas windows. Her painfully small, spartan apartment has only occasional hot water, and four of her seven children ride to school every day escorted by army jeeps on buses that have thick metal grates protecting their windows.

But when Shani Horowitz talks about her spiritual connection to Hebron and what it means to raise her family in Judaism's second-holiest city, it is clear she could never have chosen that other life back in New York. Her ice-blue eyes dance to the music that only a believer hears. "I am connected to the cave [the Tomb of the Patriarchs]. It's in my heart," she says. "I have an enormous sense of security because I know this is where we belong. To say that nothing's ever happened would, of course, be a lie. My brother-in-law was stabbed in the back and nearly killed one Friday morning as he walked alone up the hill to his house after praying at the cave. But he still walks up that hill," she says as a huge Purim banner hanging over the front of Beit Hadassah gently flaps in the late-afternoon breeze.

But when Purim began a little more than a week ago, there were fierce riots in Hebron. Palestinians angry over the Israeli government's decision to build 6,500 units of housing on an empty hillside in East Jerusalem took to the streets throwing rocks, bottles, and gasoline bombs. "The rocks were getting to my door," says Horowitz.

On Friday, her 14-year-old son Nathaniel had gotten off the school bus half a block from the house and was hit in the forehead with a stone. But once the nasty gash was stitched up and he had a day to rest, he was back outside on his bicycle and marching in the Purim parade—surrounded by soldiers in riot gear.

"Nathaniel now feels stronger than ever that it's important to be here," says Horowitz, 37, whose husband runs a Yeshiva high school in Kiryat Arba, a community of 6,000 Jews that borders Hebron. "The major challenge is keeping things normal and going on with your natural existence. If we're not gonna function here, if they realize they can throw rocks and we're gonna hide in our houses all the time, then forget it. My 5-year-old asked me, 'We gave them the whole city; why can't they give us peace?' Look, my kids don't feel caged in. It hasn't disturbed their life as children. Living here has taught them values. These kids know what's important."

HOROWITZ'S RELIGIOUS INTRANSIGENCE AND her unbreakable attachment to the land of the Bible can make her, depending on one's politics, either a hero or a nightmare. To those on the left, both in Israel and America, Horowitz and her fellow settlers are extremists who have distorted the Zionist dream, which was all about creating a secure place for Jews to live. Their insistence on settling all of Eretz Yisrael (the greater land of Israel) as defined by biblically determined boundaries—which will, they passionately believe, hasten the coming of the messiah and final redemption—threatens not only the brittle peace process but the very heart and soul of Israeli society.

Rabbi Eric Yoffie, who heads the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, which represents more than 1.5 million Reform-synagogue members, finds the settlers' zeal and their religious justification for it contemptible. "History has passed these people by. Not that they won't do everything they can to stop history's advance," he says. "There is nothing in Torah that requires us to maintain political control over those territories. I believe that this fanatic attachment to territory at the expense of other Jewish values is idolatry."

But Rabbi Eliezer Waldman, who was born in Israel, grew up in Brooklyn, and is now one of the community leaders in Kiryat Arba, holds the view that there are things worth fighting for no matter the cost. Jews have always had to struggle, Waldman believes, and if they were always asking, "Isn't it too difficult, isn't the practical reality too hard?," then they wouldn't be in Israel at all. Perhaps they wouldn't even have survived. "What's practical is determined by more than just statistics and day-to-day hardships," says Waldman.

Waldman does not take these positions lightly. He has lost five of his students in terrorist attacks and another nine in war. Recently, he caused a great controversy by

**New Jersey expatriate David Wilder is Hebron's official Jewish voice; settler Shani Horowitz has a tight grip on her 2-year-old daughter.**

stating publicly that soldiers should disobey their orders if asked to evacuate settlers as part of the peace process.

"Jews on the left ask, why give lives for sticks and stones"—territory—"and a bunch of old graves? This is shameful, it's nihilism," he says. "How is it that all other nations are willing to give their lives for sticks and stones? You want to compromise? Okay, let's compromise. I would give the Arabs Tel Aviv. I wouldn't give them Hebron. What is Tel Aviv? People forget that when our grandparents dreamt about Israel, they didn't dream about Tel Aviv. They dreamed of Jerusalem and Hebron and Shechem [Nablus] and Tiberias. The land of the Bible."

But the battle now is about more than just territory. While the settlers are certain they have suffered only a temporary setback because of Oslo, they are fighting on another front as well. They believe they are the vanguard in a kind of holy war to determine the character of Israeli society. Is it enough, they ask, for Israel to be just another Western-style capitalist country with a thriving economy and an often-restless population? They are emphatic that it is not. In a post-Zionist Israel struggling with a spiritual emptiness among its young—and an enthusiastic embrace of American values that has brought drugs and other problems—Shani Horowitz and her peers (many of them American expatriates) believe they stand for a return to traditional Judaism as well as a kind of rededication to the state of Israel.

"A lot of the idealism that led to the creation of this state and the ability to repeatedly defend it has faded away," says David Wilder, 43, who grew up in Bergen County, graduated from Case Western with a degree in history, and today works as an official spokesman for the Jewish community in Hebron. Wilder, who was raised in a Reform Jewish family and now has six kids of his own, has lived in Hebron for sixteen years. "Many people really don't understand what they're doing here anymore. They've lost sight of why the Jews returned to Israel."

The settlers are convinced that sooner or later, they will be proved right. Israelis will eventually recognize the need to put meaning and purpose back in their lives beyond the chase for material success and instant gratification. This shift could come, the settlers say, when the threads of the already badly frayed peace process unravel completely.

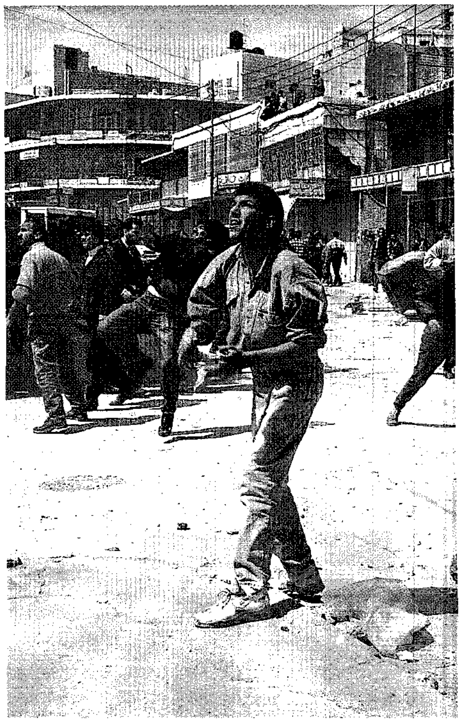
"Wherever I look, this doesn't look like peace to me," says Horowitz. "Not in Tel Aviv, not in Jordan, and certainly not here in Hevron." The terrorist bombings and riots ignited by the East Jerusalem housing project would never happen, the settlers say, if there were a real peace process. There would be disputes, there'd be give-and-take between negotiating partners, and then there'd be compromise. But this kind of exchange has been replaced by threats and actual violence. The settlers complain vehemently that every time the Palestinians don't get what they want, they turn to violence.

"The key question is not *if* Oslo will fall apart but *when,*" says Wilder. "I know that many of the ministers in the government who voted for the Hebron agreement were actually against it. But they believed if that agreement wasn't approved, the peace process would have come apart and there would have been war. And they felt this is not the time. Strategically, it would be better a year or two from now. There is a widespread feeling in the government that this is what's going to happen."

While comforting a toddler who banged her knee in the playground in Beit Hadassah's courtyard, Shani Horowitz adds: "I'm sorry to say it, but we're going to learn our lesson the hard way. I just hope it's with as little blood as possible."

HEBRON IS ONLY ABOUT 25 miles south of Jerusalem. It's easily accessible by a new road the Israelis built to reflect the new reality—it goes around some of the areas, like Bethlehem, now under Palestinian control. The city has traditionally been the locus of both Palestinian and Jewish extremism. On the Palestinian side, there is probably more support here for the fundamentalists of Hamas than in any other West Bank city (the reason for the intensity of the rioting here over construction in Jerusalem). On the Jewish side, Hebron is home to several former leaders of the radical, outlawed Kach Party and the most rabid wing of the now-disbanded settler group Gush Emunim, which in the eighties produced members of the Jewish terrorist underground.

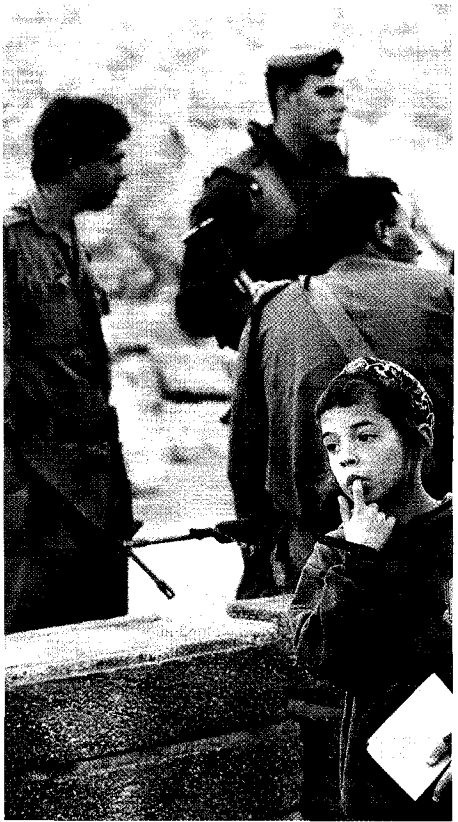
The city is a dour place. Dusty, choked by car exhaust, it seems to exist in some kind of a peculiar time warp. Settlers on cell phones with Uzis slung over their shoulders walk by men riding donkeys, and at least half the streets appear unpaved. Though the population is more than 125,000, there's not a single movie theater. And despite the long-awaited Israeli redeployment, the signs of hostility—even before the riots—remain everywhere. In the eyes of the Palestinians as they brush by settlers on the streets. In the Hebrew graffiti that scars the shutters



of Arab shops, which the owners, tired of cleaning, simply leave there. And atop the Jewish quarter, where there's a huge sign referring to the closed Arab vegetable market across the street, which screams in both Hebrew and English: THIS MARKET WAS BUILT ON JEWISH PROPERTY STOLEN BY ARABS AFTER THE 1929 MASSACRE.

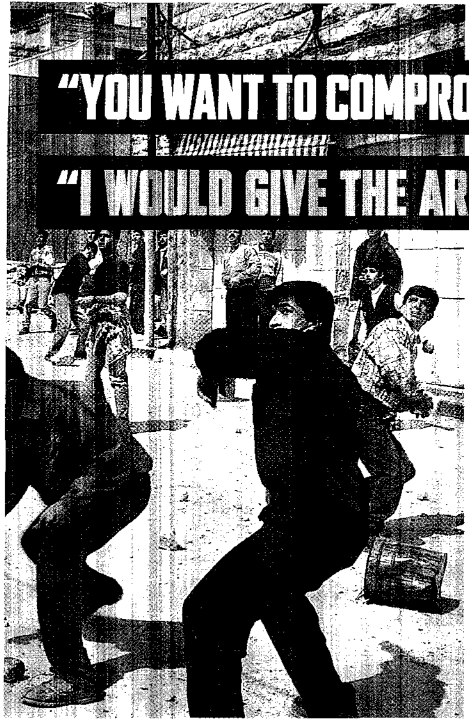
"The Jews pressure me to sell my shop," Khalid Muhammed said, offering me tea. "Every day, they spit at me and scream, *'Lech l'hizdayen'* ['fuck you' in Hebrew]."

Life for the Jews here is centered around four separate enclaves: Beit Hadassah, Beit Romano, the old Jewish Quarter (Avraham Avinu), and the hill-



**Top, Palestinian rock-throwers taking aim last week; bottom, men and boy outside Hebron's Beit Hadassah.**

**"YOU WANT TO COMPROMISE? OKAY, LET'S COMPROMISE," SAYS A RABBI. "I WOULD GIVE THE ARABS TEL AVIV. I WOULDN'T GIVE THEM HEBRON."**



side trailer homes of Tel Rumeida. Though the settlers would never describe it this way, it is a hermetic, almost airless existence, ghetto living in the extreme. This is especially true when there is trouble, like the riots that have taken place over the past ten days. Tucked in the midst of Arab houses and shops, each small Jewish enclave and its handful of families is heavily guarded by the Israeli Defense Force. Though there are no official figures—"as many as we need" is the response of an IDF spokesman—estimates are that it takes somewhere between 1,500 and 2,000 IDF soldiers to adequately protect Hebron's 54 Jewish families.

And while Jews can pray and study Torah in Hebron, for most everything else they go up the hillside to Kiryat Arba or even to Jerusalem. When Shani Horowitz says her kids lead a full life and do what kids do everywhere—piano lessons, karate, dance, arts and crafts—she is telling the truth. But for things like grocery shopping, fixing the car, and swimming, they go to Kiryat Arba—a verdant fortress ringed by IDF checkpoints.

Kiryat Arba is for Hebron's Jews what a fully developed suburb within a fifteen-minute walk of the city would be for Manhattanites. With trees, parks, and open space, it is a community of 6,000—about 60 percent are religious—who live in simple but pleasant three-story apartment buildings. It is a place to escape the grime and the density and the tense, hot-wired atmosphere of downtown Hebron.

Outside this protective cocoon, particularly on the access road, violent encounters are a part of daily life. One day when Washington Heights native Celia Ofer left her Kiryat Arba apartment to go pick up her husband, she got a rock through her windshield. She stopped the car and gripped her 9-mm. automatic. But the assailants had already vanished. "You don't carry a gun," Ofer says, "unless you plan to use it."

SIX THOUSAND MILES AWAY, IN THE CITY WITH the world's largest Jewish population, the fifth floor of the Marriott Marquis in Times Square is beginning to fill on a Sunday evening with men in dark suits and women in eveningwear. It's cocktail-party time. Inside the Broadway Ballroom, a band is playing and there are huge buffet tables of food. Before heading in, the couples stop at a reception area to check their seat assignments for dinner. Many of the men also take a few moments to *daven* (pray). Without any direction, the men gather together in groups of twelve or fifteen (the required quorum is ten), face the test-tube-shaped glass elevators (east), and begin their rhythmic rocking and chanting. Every ten minutes or so, one group finishes and another begins.

It is a fund-raising dinner for Yeshiva Shavei Hevron, the school in downtown Hebron that has a live-in student body of about 200 college-age kids (nearly half the Jewish population of the town). By the time the dinner begins, there are 640 people who paid $200 to attend. "Take a good look around," a gastroenterologist from Queens named Dr. Joseph Frager tells me. "This is the grass roots of American Jewry. These people are the heart and soul of every worthwhile Jewish cause."

Indeed, the mostly upscale, modern Orthodox crowd includes not only an all-star selection of Orthodox rabbis from the metropolitan area but a broad mix of people like Frager, who, in addition to his medical practice, runs the controversial Jerusalem Reclamation Project, which has a yeshiva and raises money to buy real estate from Arabs in the capital city. There are also people like former City Councilwoman and Giuliani running mate Susan Alter and her husband, Rabbi Gilbert Klaperman, who delivered the invocation at the inauguration of Mayor Dinkins; and real-estate investor Rubin Margules, the former owner of Brown's Hotel in the Catskills, who's the president of the Brooklyn chapter of the Zionist Organization of America. Giving the keynote address is Yisrael Meir Lau, the chief rabbi of Israel, who flew in solely for his appearance at this fund-raiser.

To understand the importance of the Jewish community in Hebron to much of the Jewish world, it is necessary only to take a look at the scope of the fund-raising. There are dinners, coffees, lunches, synagogue-based drives—even the sale of commemorative items like a silver Hebron medallion bearing the inscription 400 SILVER SHEKELS, which marks Abraham's purchase of the Tomb. There is also an extensive web of fund-raising organizations like the Hebron Fund based in Kew Garden Hills and the One Israel Fund.

"In my heart, I just can't imagine anything I could do now that would have a greater effect on the future character of the Jewish people for generations to come," says Queens lawyer Steven Orlow, who runs the One Israel Fund, which in 1995 collected more than $3 million.

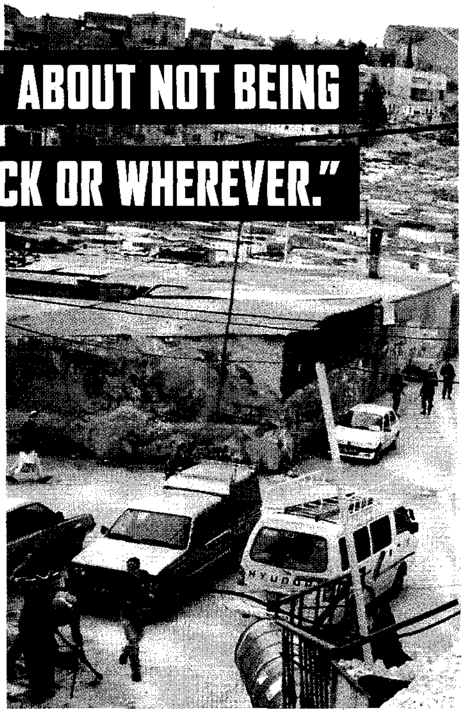
And the synagogue-based support effort is not limited to musty basement shuls in Brooklyn. It is enthusiastically embraced by congregations like the popular Ohab Zedek on the Upper West Side (sometimes called the 'Cozy O' by many of the young Jewish singles it caters to).

"I never take Jewish survival for granted," says Ohab's beardless, boyish-looking rabbi Allen Schwartz, 35, who is the child of a Holocaust survivor. Schwartz has had a number of events and speakers at Oheb in support of Hebron's Jews, including Shani Horowitz's husband. "I would fight with every fiber of my strength for the right of Jews to live anywhere," says Schwartz, who considers himself a moderate. "When you go to Hebron, you can still see the mezuzahs on the doorways in the Arab souk. The kind that were carved into the wood, not the ones you can just pull off. There is no question that it was Jewish property."

PERHAPS BECAUSE VIOLENCE IS A REGULAR part of their lives, the settlers can, at times, have an unnervingly matter-of-fact attitude about it. Celia Ofer, for example, remembers the night she was at home in her Kiryat Arba apartment cooking dinner when her 18-year-old son Dov walked in at a few minutes past eight. It was one week before his induction into the military, and the boy had spent the day in Jerusalem shopping. As soon as Ofer saw him, she knew immediately something was wrong. Her son's face was ashen, his shoulders slumped: "He said he'd just gotten off a bus that was attacked and two people were killed."

But as Dov told his parents what happened, his mother barely had time to listen to the story, let alone comfort him. As head of the women's division of the local burial

"I THINK JEWS WHO LIVE IN THE U.S. HAVE GUILT ABOUT NOT BEING HERE. THEY KNOW THEY SHOULDN'T BE IN TEANECK OR WHEREVER."



society, Ofer needed to get to the scene. "The moment he said people had been killed, I got into my car and drove out to the bus [only about five minutes from her apartment]. I helped get the bodies off and I helped clean the bus. It's very important [according to Orthodox dictates] that any blood or pieces of flesh or other body parts be collected and buried with the body."

Two days later, psychological-counseling services were made available at the Kiryat Arba community center for anyone who'd been on the bus. Not one of the teenagers showed up. Nor did the Ofers ever sit down as a family and discuss what had happened. "Kids have a way of adapting," says Celia Ofer, 45. "They see life as it really is. Our enemies are out there and they're not playing games. Don't forget," she adds, "it wasn't the first time. Dov's lost a number of friends and classmates."

Celia Ofer and her husband, Zvi, 50, who's from the Bronx, moved to Kiryat Arba near the end of 1976, and they have never looked back. "I was in New York last year and I couldn't wait to get home," says Ofer, whose parents were originally very unhappy about her move to Israel.

"When we were in New York, people's eyes would fill with tears when my daughter would proudly announce that she lived in Hebron. One older woman actually slid $10 into her hand. I think that Jews who live in the U.S. have guilt about not being here. They know they shouldn't be in Teaneck or wherever; they should be here."

What's wrong with Teaneck?

"God didn't say, 'Go to Teaneck,' " Ofer answers. "He said, 'Go to Eretz Yisrael.' Look, everyone has to make their own decision. I know that not everyone can live here."

THE TOMB OF THE PATRIARCHS, which Jews believe was purchased by Abraham for 400 silver shekels from a Hittite landowner, is said to hold the bodies of Jewish patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and their wives, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah. Abraham, the father of the Jewish people, is also revered by Muslims as a prophet. They believe that Abraham's son Ishmael—born to a woman named Hagar, Sarah's Egyptian handmaiden—is the patriarch of the Arab peoples.

The tomb is the source of the conflict in Hebron. Take it away, and you take away the city's critical significance. The tomb is the only place in the world where both Jews and Muslims pray. In fact, until Baruch Goldstein walked into the tomb on the eve of Purim in 1994 and massacred 29 Arabs during a prayer service, Jews and Muslims actually prayed in the same room (though rarely at the same time). Use of the building—which Muslims call the Ibrahimi Mosque—was carefully scheduled to keep the two groups apart. Since the killings, the sanctuary has been divided by metal doors with opaque Plexiglas windows. There are now separate entrances for Jews and Muslims on opposite sides of the building as well.

Hebron has a long pedigree of violence, but for Jews the defining act of carnage in this century took place in 1929. The grand mufti of Jerusalem, who later became an enthusiastic Nazi supporter, sent out word in late August of that year that the Jews were planning an uprising. Sermons were preached in mosques all over Palestine urging the Arabs to take preemptive action. On August 24, mobs of Arabs in Hebron armed with knives, pitchforks, and axes attacked the Jews. When it was over, 67 Jews, including women and children, had been killed and another 60 seriously injured. Many of the victims were tortured and hacked to death. Some had their limbs cut off. (It is a twisted piece of irony that those who try to explain or justify Baruch Goldstein's act of terror always mention that he believed an Arab attack on the Jews was imminent.) The remaining 600 Jews, many of whom were sheltered during the riots by their Arab neighbors, were ordered to leave Hebron by the British (Palestine was still under the British mandate).

In a small, eerily lit room in the basement of Beit Hadassah, there is a memorial to the victims of the '29 riots. It is a room of dark shadows designed to heighten the impact of the backlit black-and-white photographs of the dead. The pictures are arranged around a free-form sculpture made from pieces of the gravestones that were smashed in the city's old Jewish cemetery. There are also graphic pictures of mutilated survivors. The settlers make sure that every Jew who visits the city spends time in this room.

After the riots, there were no Jews in Hebron until 1968 (except for a brief period in the thirties when a small group came and left because of renewed threats of violence). Ten months after the Six Day War in 1967, in which Israel captured the West Bank, a handful of Jewish families returned to Hebron. Led by the notorious Rabbi Moshe Levinger, a key figure in the settlement movement who still lives in Hebron, the families, posing as tourists, rented the Park Hotel from its Arab owner for Passover. When the holiday was over, they refused to leave. The Israeli government, whose plan was to give the territories back, was now in a bind. While officials tried to come up with a plan, they moved the families to a military compound. Eventually, as a compromise, the government approved the building of Kiryat Arba next to Hebron. The first apartments were ready in 1971.

But the problems did not go away. At six o'clock one morning in 1975, a small, soft-spoken woman named Sarah Nachshon, who had been a member of the group that occupied the Park Hotel, woke to find her 5½-month-old baby lying in his crib not breathing. When the doctors pronounced her son dead, she wrapped him in a blanket, cradled him in her arms, and headed for the old Jewish cemetery in Hebron.

"God gave me this child in Hebron, and I believed I must bury him in the old city," says Nachshon, who lives in an apartment in Kiryat Arba filled with the religious paintings of her husband, Baruch. A tall, hulking Lubavitcher with a salt-and-pepper beard that reaches to the middle of his chest, Baruch was one of the models for the tortured Hasidic artist portrayed in Chaim Potok's novel *My Name Is Asher Lev.* "I wanted my child to open the eyes and the heart of the government so they should let us take back the area that belonged to the Jewish people."

Nachshon and several Yeshiva students drove into Hebron toward the cemetery. They were stopped at a checkpoint by Israeli soldiers who told Nachshon she did not have permission to bury

her son in the old city. "The commanding officer told me the government wants to give the city back," Nachshon remembers. "He told me, 'You should go bury your child in Kiryat Arba or Jerusalem.' "

Nachshon refused to turn around. She sat in the road for almost three hours. Nightfall was approaching. Finally, she took the dead infant in her arms and began to walk toward the cemetery. Beside her were the Yeshiva boys. The soldiers, completely at a loss, feverishly worked their walkie-talkies to try to get some help. They informed their superiors that they could not—indeed, they would not—stop her. "When I had walked about 100 meters, the soldiers came after me and told me the minister of defense had given his permission," she says. At the cemetery, the soldiers assisted her with the burial. The infant's name was Abraham.

But Nachshon wasn't finished. In 1979, Israel was negotiating its return of the Sinai to Egypt. The activists in Kiryat Arba were certain this meant it was only a matter of time before the government also gave away Hebron. With no Jews living in the city, there would be no major obstacles to making a deal. So at 3 A.M. on a cool spring night, fifteen women and 35 children still in their pajamas made their way to Beit Hadassah. Soldiers were on patrol in front of the building on Shuhadah Street, one of the city's main thoroughfares, so they sneaked around to an alley in back. They cut through the barbed wire and, using a ladder they'd brought with them, climbed in a window.

"Once we got inside, the children began to sing and a soldier heard them," says Nachshon while one of her ten children, all grown now, puts on his tefillin (phylacteries) and prays in a corner. "He came with a flashlight and said, 'How did you come in?' The children told him our father Jacob built us a ladder."

News of their maneuver broke the next day. The government wanted them out. The women told Prime Minister Menachem Begin they weren't moving. It was a stalemate. But life inside Beit Hadassah was grueling for the women, some of whom were pregnant, and the children. The building, which had been a hospital for Jews and Arabs before the '29 riots, had been abandoned since 1967, and it was filthy and filled with debris. There was no electricity or running water.

The standoff lasted more than a year. The government remained unbowed, even though some of the women were forced to give birth inside Beit Hadassah. Then, on a Friday night in May, fully thirteen months after the women and children had occupied the building, the stalemate broke. A group of Yeshiva students on their way to sing Sabbath hymns to the women were ambushed by terrorists who opened fire from a rooftop. When the shooting stopped, six students were dead and twenty were injured. The government lost its resolve, and for the first time in 50 years, Jews were allowed to live in Hebron again.

"All of the talk today of Hebron, all of the fighting, and the battles, and the *mishegoss,*" Nachshon says with a smile, "is because a group of hardheaded women went to this place in the middle of the night."

THROUGHOUT THE EIGHTIES, WHEN ISRAELIS were building settlements in the West Bank at a furious pace, those who supported this effort liked to say they were "creating facts on the ground." They meant, of course, that once the West Bank was densely populated with Jews, it would be extremely difficult to trade the land for peace. Today, there is a new set of "facts on the ground." Palestinians now control their own cities. They have their own security force. And despite the settlers' anger (and that of many other Israelis) at the way the peace process has gone, it seems unlikely that the clock can now be turned back. Though many of Hebron's residents would like to see the IDF reestablish control throughout the West Bank, that prospect is, at best, remote. And up until the rioting began a few weeks ago, it was possible to actually get a glimpse of what the future might look like.

From a military base in the mountains just outside Hebron, the IDF and the new Palestinian security force had been staging joint patrols (they were suspended on March 18 when the riots began). "It is very complicated," an Israeli soldier says about the arrangement. "But it is the army and there was an order. So we obey."

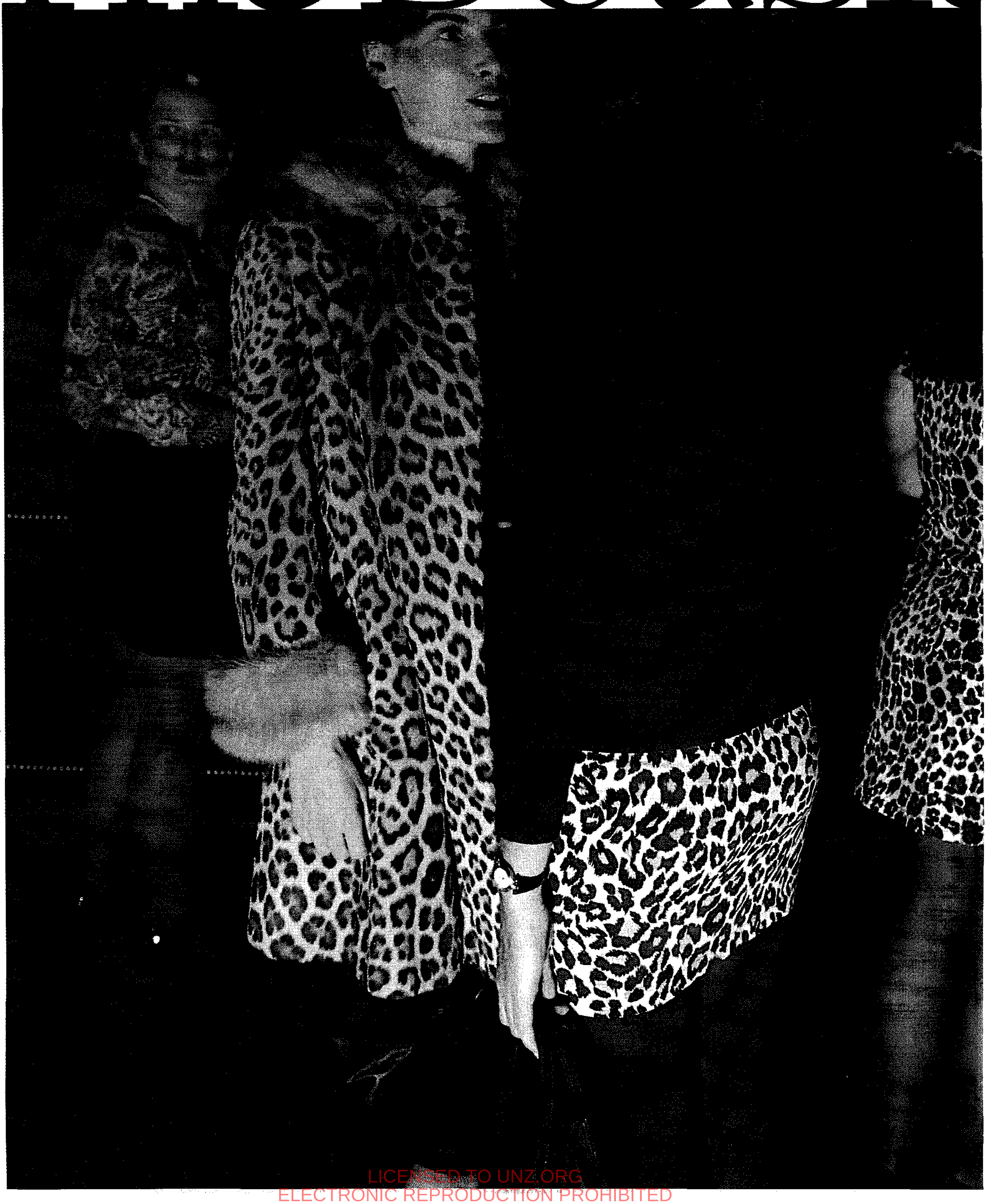
It was not, however, without its amusing moments. An Israeli soldier told me he had been passing time playing chess with one of the Palestinians. Every afternoon for two weeks, they would sit down and play and the Israeli would win. The Palestinian became very depressed. One morning the commander, tired of seeing his soldier looking so despondent, promoted him to an officer's rank to make him feel better.

"Look," says the Israeli, "they are not a real military. They have no rules, but they are learning slowly. When they first got their guns"—he takes his weapon off his shoulder and demonstrates—"they would keep the magazine in even when they were on the base. We tried to get them to understand it's *dangerous.* It could go off."

In the middle *(continued on page 72)*

**Top, construction in the Jewish quarter; bottom, Israeli soldiers guarding the Tomb of the Patriarchs.**

# The Double



# s Standard

## Most New Yorkers who smoke cigars and down gimlets do it with amused self-consciousness. But at the private club Doubles, there's nothing ironic about it. By Melinda Blau

YOU MAY HAVE TO LOOK twice, but just inside and to the right of the Fifth Avenue entrance to the Sherry Netherland Hotel, a cleverly concealed door blends into the lobby's ocher-tinted wood paneling. It is marked only by a discreet brass plaque engraved with a double-interlocking-D logo, reminiscent of Gucci's or Cartier's signature mark. Open the door, go down a ruby-red throat of a stairway, and descend to Doubles, a private club that represents the last authentic vestige of New York's café society. ■ On a typical night at Doubles, dark-suited men with women in little black cocktail dresses, couples ranging from their late twenties to their early sixties, dine quietly, often in groups of four or larger. But tonight, the music at Doubles is a few decibels higher, the attire slightly riskier, in keeping with the evening's theme—Lace, Leather & Leopard—geared to Doubles's "juniors." Down the staircase they file, the children and grandchildren of a diminishing breed of socialites whose New York roots run deep, and others who have

**Above, night lights. Left, the leopard brigade.**

Saba

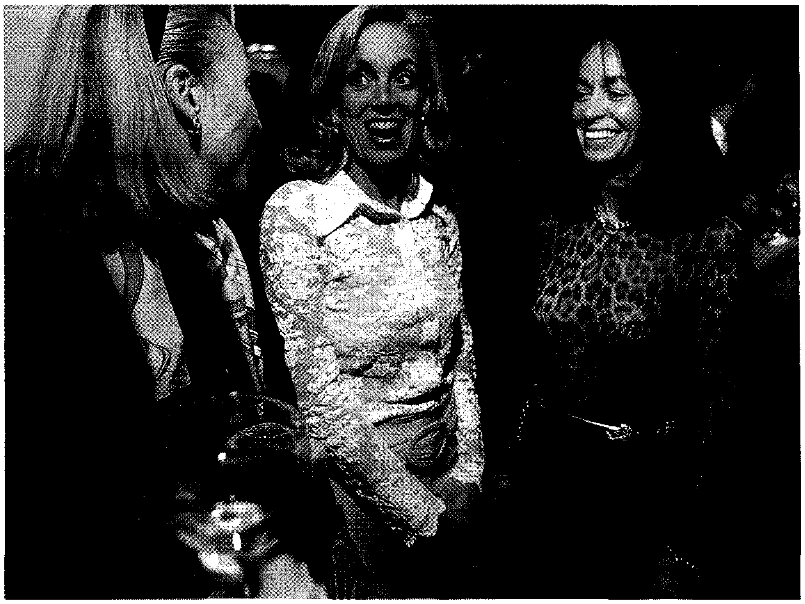
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK PETERSON
FOR *NEW YORK*

edged their way in over the years—college roommates with good jobs and better connections, friends from work with polished social skills and promising careers. Some arrive in full-drag leopard, others with only a silk scarf or bow tie to acknowledge the theme. Even the famously tasteful chairman of the board, Wendy Carduner—a trim 52-year-old who is indisputably the most influential woman at the helm of a New York club—has forsworn her usual Scaasi in favor of a sheer leopard blouse. "I hope people don't think I always dress this way," she says.

"Oh, look, there's Mark," says a blonde in a black top and a leopard mini, leading her husband toward a table set with a pink tablecloth and Villeroy & Boch china, strewn with gold and black Mylar confetti. A woman in a leopard headband table-hops with a camera in hand, calling for her friends' attention, commanding them to smile. Another in a leopard jumper complains about her real-estate lawyer. A svelte young woman gushes to her Park Avenue double, "I can't believe you're a mother now!" They're young, as racily dressed as they're ever likely to be, and yet they somehow share the mien and manner of people twice their age.

"I know I must sound like an old fart," says Nina Ford, 33, an interior designer at New York's Distinctive Designs, Ltd. "But there's something nice about dressing up and hearing Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett," typical early-evening fare at the club. Ford, who celebrated her 21st and 30th birthdays here (and will soon have her wedding's rehearsal dinner at the club), says, "Everyone wants to come back here for the major points in their life."

No one goes to Doubles looking for edge. It's formal (tie and jacket are mandatory), it's staid, and it's predictable. Behind the eight-foot-long concierge desk stands Charles, who's been there for twenty years and greets each guest by name. And if you're under 40, you're likely to run into your mother. But to those who grew up watching their parents don black tie every Saturday night, Doubles' starchy reserve evokes a time when "refinement and breeding meant something," as one young member puts it. "Many of us will not live as well as our parents and grandparents," she says wistfully. "But we can go to Doubles, swish our cognac, and imagine that it's another era."



**Allison Rockefeller, Rachel Hovnanian, and chairman Wendy Carduner.**

Upward of 250 people crowd the dance floor in the main dining room, chattering, pressing cheeks, delivering kisses in the air. Many of the evening's guests have known one another for years, schooled, summered, and wintered together, shuttling between New York, Palm Beach, Greenwich, and other society enclaves. Some—like Tara Rockefeller; Lisa Colgate Green, daughter of John Colgate; and Patty Johnson, daughter of Howard Johnson—have been coming to Doubles since they were kids, snacking on animal crackers while their parents downed martinis. This is their home away from home, their "country club in the city, without any athletic facilities," as Doubles is often described. Although it's by no means the only game in town—LeClub, for instance, is also private and is even older—Doubles caters to a more sedate clientele that craves its particular brand of kid-glove treatment. Says Merrill Duemler, 27, an associate designer at Alison Spear, AIA, "It's the last place where people who have grown up with each other, who travel in certain circles, can congregate in New York."

By eleven, many abandon the dance floor for the bar to down white wine, champagne, and vodka gimlets, and puff on cigars and cigarettes. Even at this party, considered one of the "wildest" of the year, the majority are at home by midnight.

While the media proclaim that debs, cigars, refined dining, and nightclubs with Victorian-style couches are "back," at Doubles they never left. Within the club's ruby velvet walls, there's no hint of the irony or winking self-consciousness that is part of the game at the slew of cigar clubs springing up around town. "At those other places, they're reaching, they're pseudo-conservative," says Carduner. "We *are* conservative."

THERE ARE DETRACTORS, OF COURSE. FRANÇOIS MARCHAND, TWENTY-odd years ago the manager at the short-lived private club Raffles and today owner of Le Relais and Le Colonial, says, "I know people sometimes go from my restaurants to Doubles in the evening. But it's amazing that they go there for lunch. It's dark, it's downstairs—a little bit too secluded. That's not attractive to everyone."

"The hip young people don't go there," insists Slim Hyatt, the former LeClub D.J. whom Peter Duchin calls "the first discotheque artist in New York." Hyatt worked at Doubles from 1984 to 1995 and considers it odd that Wendy Carduner fired him because—as she put it—she wanted "someone with younger appeal." Former member Donald Trump scoffs at the suggestion that Doubles is similar to Annabel's, London's private international club for socialites: "Give me a break!" And LeClub manager Joseph Olsheski also resents any comparison between the two. "We have the crème de la crème—some of the wealthiest people in New York—and they wouldn't dream of becoming members of Doubles."

The redoubtable Mrs. Carduner—which is how her staff refers to her—is quick to admit that Doubles isn't for everyone, especially those who don't want to put on a tie. "People say to me, 'The world has changed—where were you?' And that's the point. We're boring, straight, and square by today's standards—but that's what the people who come here want."

The original stainless-steel dance floor is gone now, in favor of more traditional wood. In the bar, trompe l'oeil adorns the walls—paintings of Italian themes, deliberately evoking the feel of a palazzo. "In the early days, people were looking for fresh," says Wendy's husband, Andrew, a successful entrepreneur who is consulted on virtually every club decision. "Now the club looks like the establishment that it is."

IN THE BEGINNING—1976—DOUBLES ROSE, RED AND RADIANTLY modern, out of the ashes of the ill-fated Raffles. Princess Martha Kropotkin speculates that real-estate and retail magnate Joe Norban, the social wannabe who bankrolled the venture with a million and a half dollars, opened Doubles to spite his cronies at

The basics of Doubles: Dinner, dress, and decorum.

El Morocco, for decades the unchallenged center of the *haut monde:* "He was a member and investor at El Morocco, but he wanted a special title on the board." When they wouldn't give it to him, he decided to rent the empty space where Raffles had been six years earlier. Norban hired cutting-edge designer Valerian Rybar to do the interior, wisely declined to use the Sherry Netherland's kitchen, and asked daughter Wendy to oversee construction. No one remembers who named the club Doubles—only that it was inspired by the short-lived backgammon craze of the times.

William Norwich, who dishes for the New York *Observer* and *Vogue,* recalls Doubles as "deeply glamorous. Around that time, Mrs. Vreeland was often photographed in her red living room, which popularized the color. It just seemed like the hottest thing. You'd find that Doubles ashtray—stolen late at night, thrown with abandon into a Gucci purse—in everyone's first apartment . . . if they were of a certain set."

"At those other places, they're reaching, they're pseudo-conservative," says Carduner. "We *are* conservative."

The club never would have worked, says Kropotkin, had Norban not shrewdly stepped aside. She explains, "He was a tough guy, extremely wealthy, very generous, but you know how New York is." She is emphatic on one point: "Earl Blackwell, not Norban, was responsible for all the members that counted."

The late Mr. Blackwell (not to be confused with Mr. Blackwell of "Best and Worst Dressed" fame), a graceful southern gentleman who never made it as an actor but won accolades for his masterly schmoozing, founded the *Celebrity Register.* "If anyone from Hollywood was in town, Earl knew it," Kropotkin explains. "He knew all the social people, too. In the days of Elsa Maxwell, it was a big cachet to have a celebrity at your party."

Between them, the ubiquitous Blackwell and his sidekick, Eugenia Sheppard, the social arbiter who wrote "Inside Fashion" for the *Post,* wielded tremendous power in New York. Blackwell's founding 40—which included society-page regulars like William B. Meyer, Norma Dana, Porter Ijams, Pat Buckley, Pat Patterson, Nan Kempner, Francis J. Kellogg, Nelson Doubleday, Oakleigh Thorne, the Duchess d'Uzes in Paris, and Lady Rothermere—each invited twenty of their most influential friends. Six months before the opening, Sheppard sealed the club's image by reporting, "Doubles will be as hard to get into as Fort Knox."

"If Earl had said, 'I want you to join the American Prison Association,' I would have," says charter member Nancy Holmes, who now writes for *Worth* magazine. "It meant I was still in the loop."

Blackwell curried younger members as well. Bachelor-about-town Chappy Morris, a private investor, now 47, had just graduated from Tufts when David Mortimer recruited him. Initial membership was only $150 for the younger set—no interview required. "Before it opened, the buzz was incredible," Morris says. "Other people were just dying to get in." He tells the possibly apocryphal tale of some up-and-comer who offered a Doubles secretary a fur coat to approve his application.

Mark Gilbertson, an aging alum of Lawrenceville and Rollins, now a fund-raising consultant, recalls walking through the club while it was under construction: "When Doubles finally opened, it had a lot of glamour. You were young, but you felt important, because they called you by name, knew what you liked. You could sign." The joke on the circuit, Gilbertson remembers, was that a good evening, one where you hit '21' and Doubles, was "a sixty-four"—an obscure backgammon reference.

In many ways, Doubles was very much like the competition of the time, sleek, dimly lit discos like L'Interdit, Il Mio, and Sheppard's, where the glitterati enjoyed their fifteen minutes of fame. But Doubles, born in the spirit of El Morocco, intentionally distinguished itself as a private club. It courted women members, paid attention to food and wine as well as ambience, threw parties for members' children, and offered a buffet lunch while other clubs slept. And although a string of high-profile managers and maître d's ran the club in its early years, Doubles had—and still has—the unique imprint of a (strong) woman's touch: that of Wendy Norban Carduner, whose role became increasingly important as her father took a backseat to the Beautiful People.

Fashionellas mingled with financiers at the dawn of Doubles, says the actress and socialite Arlene Dahl, who held a private party at the club when she opened in *Applause:* "Doubles quickly became a haven for celebrities who didn't want to be bothered by the press or by obnoxious people. Jane Russell, Jane Powell, and Dick Moore always came when they were in town." Divorced advertising legend Bill Free, 67, the man who gave us Fresca and the "I'm Barbara—fly me" campaign, joined shortly after the club opened. Those were the days when illustrious nonmembers like Ted Kennedy were politely turned away at the door. "If I were trying to bed some young thing, I might take her there to impress her," says Free.

**You might see your prep-school roommate at Doubles. You might also see your mother.**

The seventies ended with a whimper at Doubles, which was suddenly challenged by a new generation of arena-size dance clubs. Baroque was out; high-tech was in. *Dress code* became an oxymoron. "There was an awful lot of resentment," Holmes remembers, "about men not being able to wear Nehru jackets."

Andrew Carduner, who married Wendy in 1979, concedes, "There were growing pains. After the P.R. is finished, after the freebies are given, people have to keep coming on their own. You have to build a clientele, and that's when Doubles started to falter. It hadn't connected. It was just another place on the list. It didn't have a personality."

Enter, in full force, the Carduners, determined to rejuvenate the family club, to make it an extension of their own well-appointed living room. Wendy became chairman of the board in 1982, and with Andrew riding shotgun, she began to reinvent Doubles—not as the latest hot club but as refuge from the riffraff. She chartered buses for theater and museum happenings, and even sponsored a trip down the Nile.

Wendy also began to plan special dinners, like the Famous Chef series, featuring the recipes of Wolfgang Puck and other culinary stars. She went all-out on Valentine's Day, Halloween, and Christmas, tastefully embellishing the club with sparkles, tulle, color-coordinated candles. She launched her now-renowned theme parties—Glitter, Gold and Good Times, Denim & Diamonds, Casablanca Night, and, the most popular of them all, Lace, Leather & Leopard ("Lace" was appended only this year).

The Carduners added health-conscious selections to the menu, brought in better cheeses and wines, and on one occasion even served up caviar at cost. They stepped up their roster of children's activities—just as some of the early junior members were beginning to marry each other and have kids. They also made Doubles an acceptable venue for members' birthday parties, anniversaries, even wedding receptions. "To have such events at that kind of club was once unheard of," says Holmes.

"Wendy knew all of us," Daisy Soros points out, explaining how Doubles became the venue of choice. "She is one of us."

To keep young revelers happy, Wendy lured Slim Hyatt, who had done the circuit by 1984—LeClub, L'Interdit, Sheppard's, and Raffles—and knew all the regulars. "In those days," recalls Chappy Morris, "we went to Studio 54 and to the other downtown clubs like Xenon and Danceteria, too, but Doubles was the only uptown club. And because I was a member, it was always easy to get in. You certainly wouldn't have called it a 'drug scene' like some of the other places. I assume it existed there, but I never saw it, so people must have been very discreet."

The Reagan years, in Nancy Holmes's eyes, were "the most glamorous times" at Doubles, home to an urbane cadre of members who played croquet in Central Park. "All the top players from Palm Beach and Newport were there. We'd play, go home and change, and then go back to the club and party all night," she recalls. And at the annual Croquet Ball, spearheaded by the late Jack Osborne, Holmes reminisces, "we'd set up a course in the main dining room, complete with fake grass and wickets. Whoever got the ball through would win a prize. We didn't have a private croquet club, but we had Doubles."

If Doubles was in flux during the eighties, the city itself was also changing. "The Old Guard slowly started accepting people from the outside," observes socialite Norma Dana. In the elegant and energetic Mrs. Carduner, who had a far softer edge than her father, the Establishment found an unexpected compatriot. "We loved Wendy," says Dana. "She had a gentility about her that's very captivating. And we could see she was interested in keeping the club the way we wanted it to be."

Characterizing the prototypical Doubles woman, Mrs. Carduner in fact might be describing herself and the reason she's been so successful: "well-dressed, conservative, not the fashion

"The mainstay of Doubles are the New York Wasps who are cheap as nails and think SoHo is a place in London."

leaders but in fashion. Nothing—hair, jewelry, or clothing—is extreme or overboard." And in her staff at Doubles, whipped to perfectionist standards, members have a team of men willing to literally give the clothes off their backs—even their pants, as one waiter did when Daisy Soros's maid forgot to pack the lower half of her husband's tuxedo.

"She's a very clever girl," says Mark Birley, owner of the 30-year-old Annabel's, about Carduner. "She runs it very strictly. People who are not members are not let in no matter what. And she has never lost interest as she might have done—she's kept her hands on. And for that reason, she continues to be successful."

TODAY, THE 2,500-STRONG MEMBERSHIP HAS (A few) minority members, and spans different cliques and different age groups. The common denominator is that everyone is well-dressed, well-behaved, and, at a minimum, refined. "I wouldn't bring most of the people I work with to Doubles," confesses a sincere and serious 29-year-old who manages a fine-jewelry department. "Some of them probably don't even know what a supper club is."

"I don't know anything about the younger members, but there are three older types," Bill Free maintains, "the mainstay being the New York Wasps who go out to dinner four nights a week and think SoHo is a place in London. They're cheap as nails and find Doubles great for entertaining. The ladies like it because it gives them a chance to wear their finest and the lighting makes them look glamorous. Then there are the hotshots who have to belong to everything—Wall Streeters, wheeler-dealers, big money. They're in there trying to impress their dolly birds, smoking their Havanas and drinking Petrus. Finally, there are the out-of-towners—Californians, Texans, Europeans."

Many of the original Doublers don't go out much anymore, preferring quiet dinner parties to the din of canned music. And no one stays up as late. Kempner, who still lunches there with cronies, let her membership lapse a few years ago. "That has to do with age, dear," she says. "I don't go nightclubbing very much anymore. I had my day, and now it's my children's generation."

Not all the Gotham Golden Girls are so sanguine about stepping aside. "The new people aren't into the things we were born and bred to do," laments Kropotkin with characteristic candor. "They don't really care about society per se or the lack of it. In my day, you did things in great style and taste—things that it took money to do. But no one ever discussed money." Kropotkin also deplores what she calls "the shopping-bag set." When her generation reigned, she says, "you'd never walk into '21' or the Colony—or Doubles—with a shopping bag. You'd leave it in your limo, or at least you'd check it at the door!"

Such comments notwithstanding, Doubles must now depend on the new New York—and on younger members—to breathe life into the club. To that end, membership dues are scaled, with regular members (40 and over) paying approximately $800 a year, and associates (35–39), intermediates (27–34), and juniors (21–26) paying incrementally less. Events are reasonably priced as well. For example, the recent Leopard party, a full evening of cocktails, dinner, and dancing, cost members $50, their non-member guests $65.

Many of the newest additions to the roster are twentysomethings who segued into Doubles memberships as a rite of passage. "When I turned 21, my parents said it was time for my brother and me to apply," recalls Tina Murphy, 29, daughter of Nancy Sullivan, who is married to founding member George O'Sullivan.

Though it is probably a mere formality in some cases, even members' children have to submit the requisite two letters of recommendation. Years ago, young prospects suffered through group interviews that smacked of dance-school etiquette, rotating through a circle of Membership Committee representatives. But now the process, overseen by Carduner, is more streamlined and informal. "When they're asked why they want to join, many of them remember the club's *Nutcracker* trip or being at the Ghosties and Goodies party when they were kids," Carduner explains.

Other hopefuls find their way to Doubles via the outreach efforts of the Associates' Committee, co-chaired by Mark Gilbertson, who assembled the group four years ago to keep young members happy and to attract new ones. "Not everyone at Doubles is from the *Social Register,*" claims Gilbertson. "It's a whole mixed bag of high-quality people—polite, respectable, good company. Not all one type. Obviously, you can't be poor and join. But the club has remained a haven of civility. If they hadn't kept it private, it wouldn't have survived."

Young people join for the same reasons their parents did. Not so surprisingly, they're also as conservative and thrill-wary as their elders were twenty years ago. A 29-year-old venture capitalist who was given a Doubles membership as a graduation present says, "It was one of the more useful gifts I've ever received." He and his wife frequent '21' and Mortimers and are regulars on the charity-ball circuit. "But Lester Lanin is just not danceable for someone my age," he explains, adding that all his friends are members of Doubles, too. Though he didn't make it to Lace, Leather & Leopard, such a full-service evening at Doubles, he notes, costs far less than dinner and dancing elsewhere. "Besides, those downtown clubs, like System and Chaos, are crowded with a whole bunch of weird people. At Doubles, we can dance and we don't have to worry about security."

Twenty years from now, his son will probably be saying the same thing. ▬

**The lunch bunch at a benefit for the Central Park Conservancy.**

# DRIVE-BY SHOOTING

**PAULA VOGEL traffics in provocation. Her hit play *How I Learned to Drive* features a charming pedophile—and makes us the willing victim.**

**BY REBECCA MEAD**

IN THE CURRENT, CONFESSIONAL CLIMATE, WHICH HAS PROduced as its defining work Kathryn Harrison's *The Kiss*—destined to be the most talked-about unread memoir of the era—playwright Paula Vogel has a quick answer ready for anyone who wants to know whether her play, *How I Learned to Drive,* about a Lolita-like affair between Li'l Bit, a teenager, and Peck, her uncle, is based upon her own experience.

"I feel very much a part of Peck, as much as I do of Li'l Bit," says Vogel. The silver-haired, diminutive playwright is seated in the lobby of the Vineyard Theatre on East 15th Street, where her play is showing to rapturous reviews. "The 45-year-old, the epicure, the already jaded, the one slightly at a distance who notices the freshness of younger people and knows that it is something he can't ever get back again. That part, I think, is very much something I put into Peck."

Vogel, who is 45, an epicure, and already jaded, is also the founder and head of a celebrated drama-writing course at Brown University and the author of more than twenty plays, including *Desdemona, Mineola Twins,* and *The Baltimore Waltz,* which won an Obie in 1992.

But while Vogel has long enjoyed critical acclaim and the adulation of a small but dedicated following, with *How I Learned to Drive* she's broken out of cult status into broader popular and literary acceptance. The engagement at the Vineyard has already been extended, and her producers expect an open-ended Off Broadway run. A strangely sympathetic exploration of the subject of child molestation, Vogel's new play is a masterly composition of delicacy and humor in which the line between the utterly engaging and the entirely repulsive is crisscrossed over and over again. Li'l Bit, played by Mary-Louise Parker, is shown from the ages of 11 to 35 in an out-of-sequence string of scenes, in which her relationship with her uncle Peck—her mother's sister's husband—is gradually revealed. While the rest of what she calls her "cracker" family blithely discuss, over dinner, the size of her breasts, and wonder why on earth she'd want an education ("How is Shakespeare going to help her lie on her back in the dark?" asks her grandfather), Peck is the one person who seems to treat Li'l Bit with respect. But his efforts at nurturing her autonomy—teaching her to drive—have as much to do with his desire for her as they do with his wish to see her flourish and become independent. Peck, played by David Morse, is a charming pedophile, beguiled by his niece's not altogether artless attentions; in many ways, he's as winning to the audience as he is to Li'l Bit.

The parallels to *Lolita* are deliberate—"I had been thinking for a good twenty years," says Vogel, "what would it be like if a woman wrote *Lolita*?"—though surprisingly, she wasn't aware that a controversial new *Lolita* movie is awaiting release, and hasn't read novelist A. M. Homes's 1996 revisiting of the Lolita story, *The End of Alice.* But, pointing to the JonBenét Ramsey case, she notes that *Lolita* is very much in the air. "It is an extreme example of the sexualization of children," Vogel says. "At what age now are we stopping childhood?" In *How I Learned to Drive,* however, Li'l Bit is not portrayed as a hapless victim of a monster man; her complicity in the attenuated flirtation between herself and Peck is one of the most disturbing aspects of Vogel's unsettling play.

Also disturbing is Vogel's defense of Peck: One gets the sense that she's out to shock as well as to reveal a truth about the character she's created. "He is a wonderful teacher, because one of the lessons he gives is an ego formation of aggression and thinking ahead that allows her to reject him," she says. "He actually teaches her to destroy him, in a way. By saying, 'I want to teach you to drive like a man, you have to think ahead, you have to be aggressive, you have to think about what the other guy is going to do five steps before he does it'—that, in essence, is teaching her to think five steps ahead of what *he* is going to do. So in many ways, I see him as heroic."

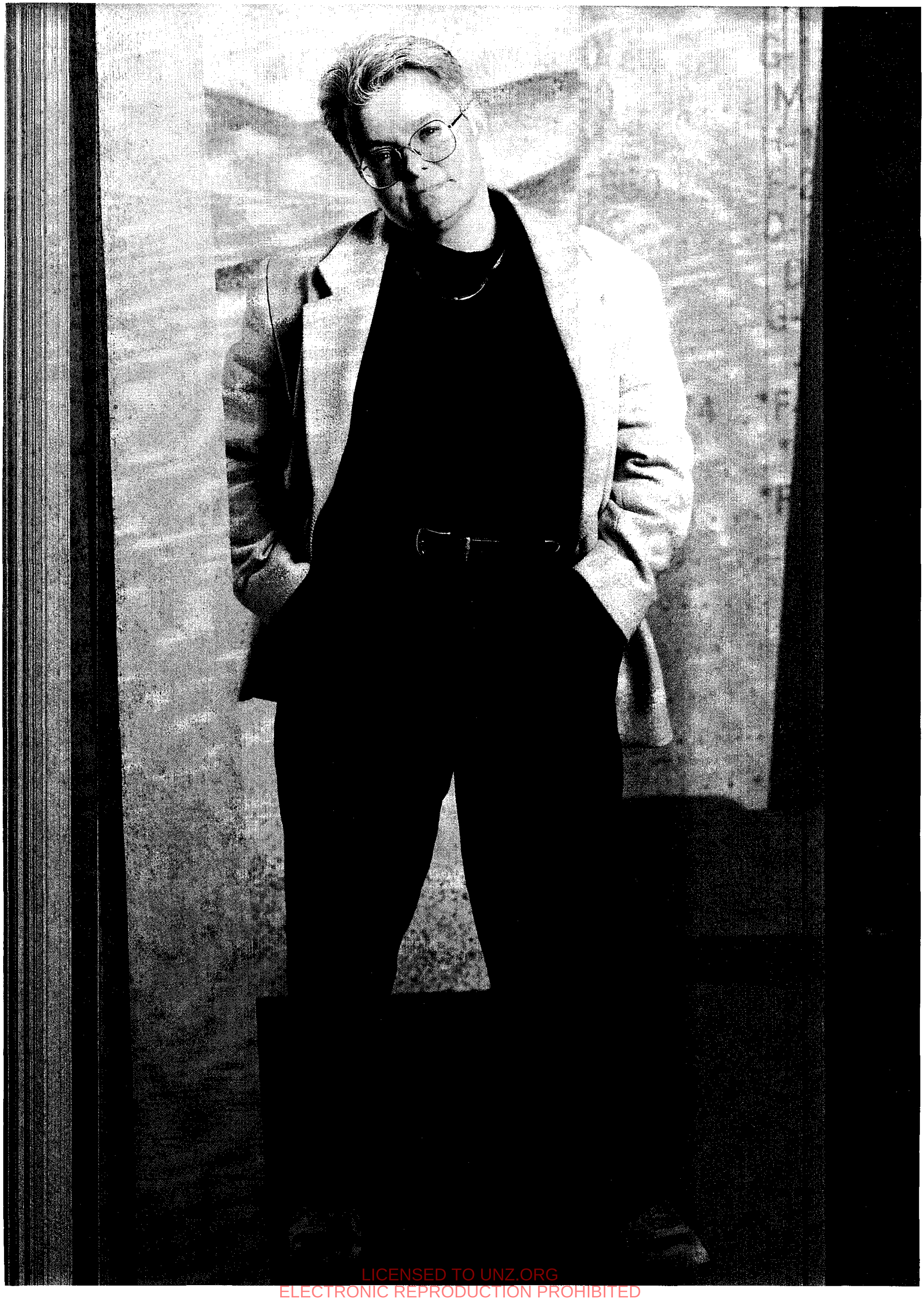
Vogel's own childhood was spent, like Li'l Bit's, in suburban Maryland, though the man who conducted Vogel through her adolescence was her brother Carl, two years her senior. "He, through some instinct, realized I needed a father"—Vogel's parents split up when she was 10—"and turned himself into a father figure. At high school, he put a book into my hands, *Sexual Politics,* and he said, 'It is something called feminism. You are going to read this book, because you have a mind and you are going to learn how to use it.' I was 17 when he brought me to my first John Waters film, and whatever he discovered was passed on." Although Vogel was for a long while engaged to marry a man, she now shares a home in Providence, Rhode Island, with a female partner and three cats. Like her friend Tony Kushner, Vogel lets her political concerns inform her choice of artistic material: lesbian motherhood, pornography, and AIDS. When, in 1988, Carl died from the disease, Vogel wrote *The Baltimore Waltz,* in which a schoolteacher and her brother take a playful vacation together—a vacation that, it is revealed in the course of the play, actually takes place in the teacher's imagination after the brother's death.

Having lost her second father figure, Vogel seems by now to have assumed a kind of senior, masculine authority for herself: Apparently given to pedagogy out of the classroom as well as in it, she enjoys playing the provocateur in conversation as much as she does in her dramas. She wears a mannish jacket and pants, swaggers when she walks, and keeps her gray hair cropped close to her head—startlingly like that of the actor who plays Peck onstage. Her hair changed color, she says, eleven years ago, on the day her brother told her he had AIDS.

"I woke up the next morning and my hair was turning silver. I remember thinking, *Oh, my Lord, it is true—your hair can literally turn white overnight.* I always thought that was a story. I decided not to color it, because in a way, it is my badge of courage, and I very much associate it with that time with him." In fact, Vogel recently had the last traces of brown taken out and replaced by silver.

"There is a line from Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest,*" she says, "where he talks about a widow whose hair turned gold from grief. I feel very good at this point; I feel great about the plays that are happening. I thought I would turn gray from joy." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL BECKERMAN
FOR NEW YORK



# REVIVAL OF THE

## The restless design community find

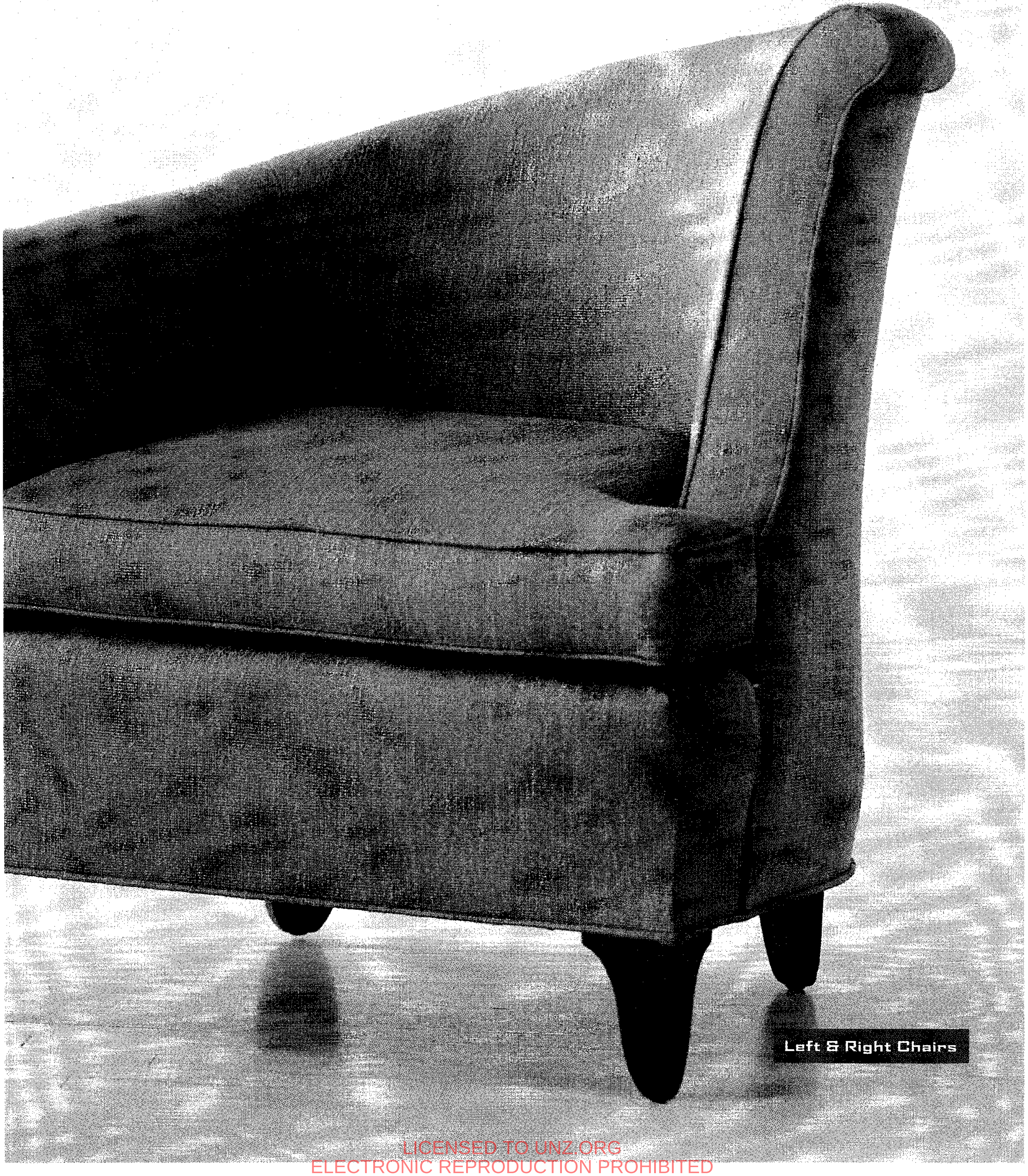
AT THE LIN/WEINBERG GALLERY ON WOOSTER Street, it was an opening straight out of *The Bonfire of the Vanities:* solemn waiters bearing trays of crostini wrapped with prosciutto, the cool notes of Miles Davis floating above the drone of a hundred conversations, guests spilling out into the street clutching plastic cups of Chardonnay while chauffeured Lincoln Town Cars idled curbside. ■ The only thing that didn't quite fit the picture was the reason for the gathering: an exhibition called "Edward Wormley: The Other Face of Modern-

### BY RENE CHUN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOSHUA McHUGH
FOR *NEW YORK*

# FITTEST

**new hero** in the late, great Ed Wormley.

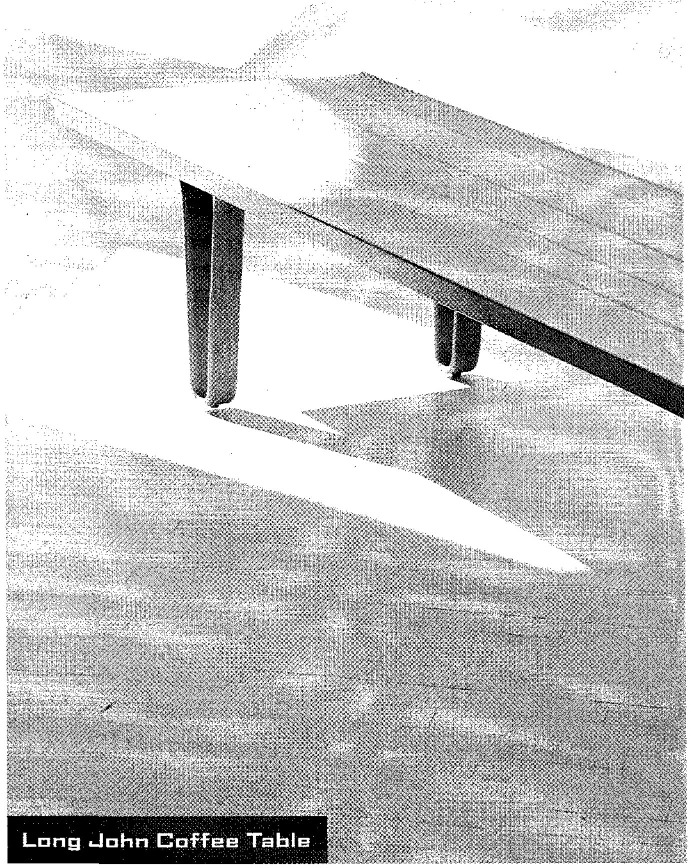


Left & Right Chairs

ism." Arranged in chronological groupings and separated by diaphanous scrims were 80 pieces of furniture, dating from 1932 to 1965. It was all simple, unpretentious stuff—the kind of pieces a couple of boomers might have furnished their first house with. No plywood compound curves floating in space à la Eames. No decorative aluminum tubing à la McArthur. No tri-level biomorphic coffee table à la Gibbings.

No matter. Wormley, the designer perhaps most responsible for bringing modern furniture to the mainstream, proved to be a genuine crowd-pleaser. "This is a rare combination of craftsmanship, good design, and style," gushed Barbara Deisroth, the director of Sotheby's twentieth-century-decorative-arts department. "Even *I* could live with this stuff." Near Deisroth, a young man wearing Gucci pony-skin loafers was a little more circumspect, whispering to his companion, "Who's Ed Wormley?"

Good question. Even many furniture dealers in town know little about the man who made the Dunbar Furniture Company one of the industry's most prestigious brands. From 1932 until 1967, Wormley was Dunbar's exclusive designer. His name appeared on every Dunbar ad, the editors of shelter magazines and newspapers lionized him, and he received countless awards. Between 1950 and 1955, MOMA featured more than two dozen Wormley pieces in its canon-making "Good Design" exhibitions.


**Long John Coffee Table**

Wormley was always too traditional to be as hip as Saarinen, Bertoia, and Eames, but he borrowed from the modernists in subtly appealing ways. His furniture is characterized by sober lines, excellent proportions, and unsurpassed workmanship. Signature touches include two-tone veneers, tables inset with Tiffany glass tiles, hairpin legs, upholstered seating bent into free-floating angular units, and laminated plywood used to wrap legs and frames.

**"Wormley wasn't designing for his peers or oth**

**Occasional Table**

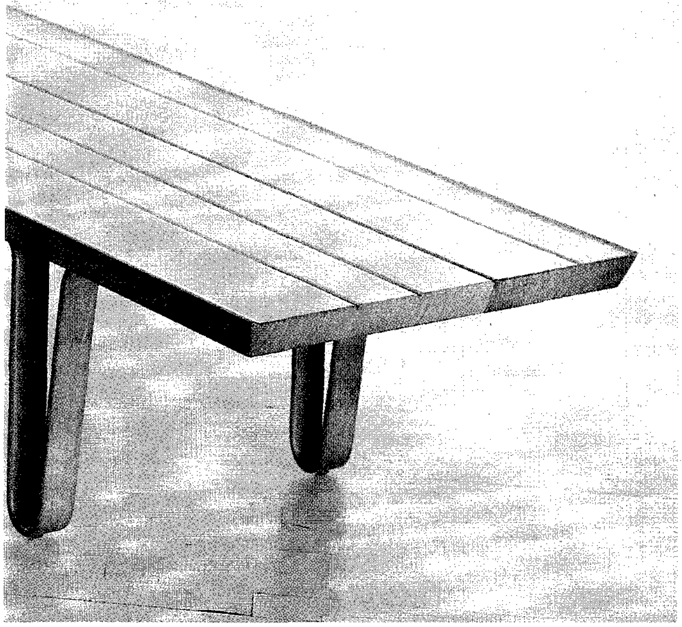
Even today, most custom cabinetry cannot compare with Dunbar's obsessive attention to detail. Sofas and lounge chairs had maple upholstery frames with corner-block joinery, nine-way hand-tied coil springs, and hand-stitched upholstery. Case pieces featured dovetailed corners, solid-brass hardware (produced at Dunbar's own foundry), and three-step hand-rubbed finishes. Even drawer interiors were hardwood—Dunbar used no "secondary woods." If bentwood laminates were involved, Wormley insisted on 21 layers (Aalto might use three to five layers, Eames five to seven).

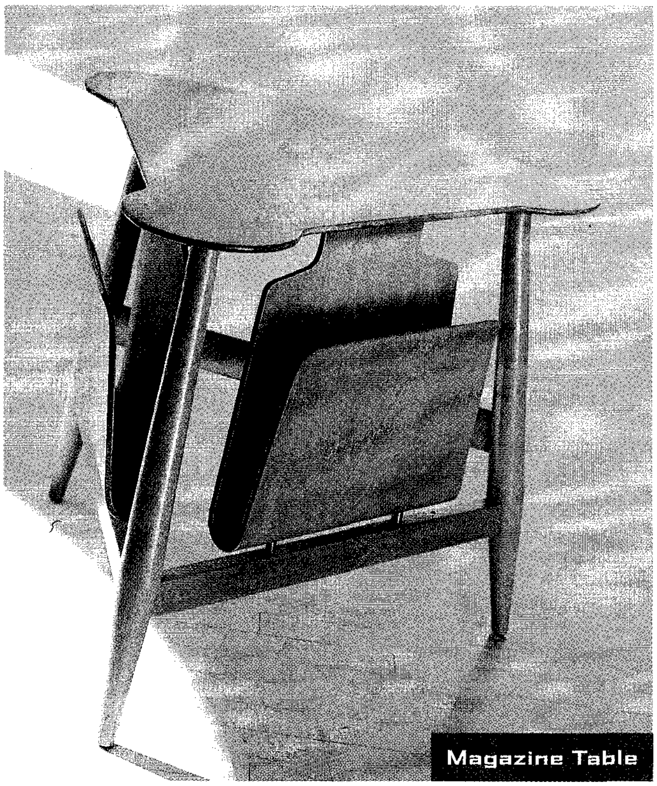
None of this came cheap. A side chair from the 1956 Dunbar catalogue retailed for $220. You could pick up a Herman Miller Eames chair that same year for $58.

The Wormley revival can be traced back to March of last year, when the Braswell Gallery in Norwalk, Connecticut, auctioned off the designer's estate. Wormley had died in 1995, virtually penniless but with a huge design collection. Nearly 1,500 lots, including a great deal of furniture, went on the block. The infusion of new inventory on the market piqued interest and fed demand. In the past year, prices have risen steadily, and 26th Street–flea–market merchants, who once referred to certain pieces as "Dunbar," now refer to them as "Wormley by Dunbar."

Museum curators are following the Wormley trend closely. MOMA has had two Wormley pieces in its permanent collection since the fifties. The curators at the Dallas Museum of Art are hoping to acquire a Listen-to-Me chaise (Wormley's only well-known piece), and the Houston Museum of Fine Art, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are all quietly making inquiries.

New York's haute design community, meanwhile, is smitten with the rediscovered Wormley. Designers William Sofield and



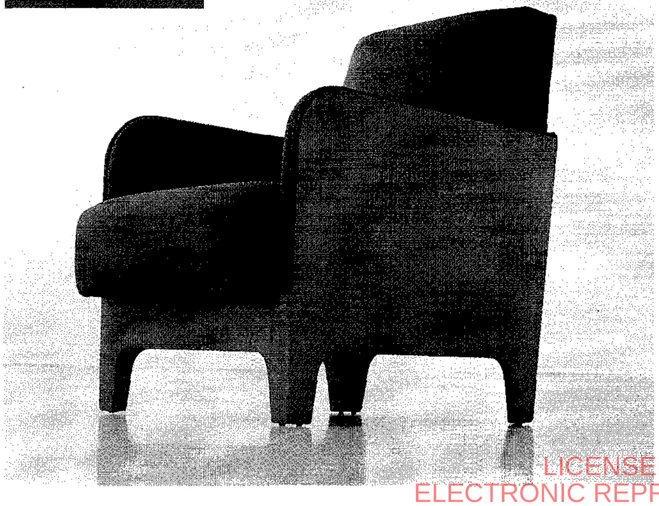


Magazine Table

**signers. He was designing real furniture for real people."**

La Gondola Sofa

Lounge Chair



David Howell have purchased basket-weave sideboards recently, and *House Beautiful* ran a piece on Wormley in its March issue. Need an endorsement? Designer-of-the-moment Thomas O'Brien deems Wormley's work "warm and inviting."

What makes Wormley so hot now? For one thing, his understated designs complement the prevailing minimalist aesthetic. Unlike much of the modern furniture out there, Dunbar pieces never overpower the surrounding architecture.

More important, after working their way through the twentieth-century modernists, New York's furniture cognoscenti have grown bored. And Wormley's output is a collector's fantasy; he created thousands of different designs but never mass-produced them. The average run was 12 to 24 pieces, and he also did a considerable amount of custom work.

Still, not everyone is buying into the Wormley hype. "It's boring and conservative," says furniture dealer Jeff Greenberg. "Wormley's not a true modernist. None of his stuff is worthy of being in a museum." Fellow furniture dealer Mark McDonald concurs: "I've never had anyone ask me for a Wormley piece, and I don't suspect I ever will. My clientele is a bit more sophisticated than that."

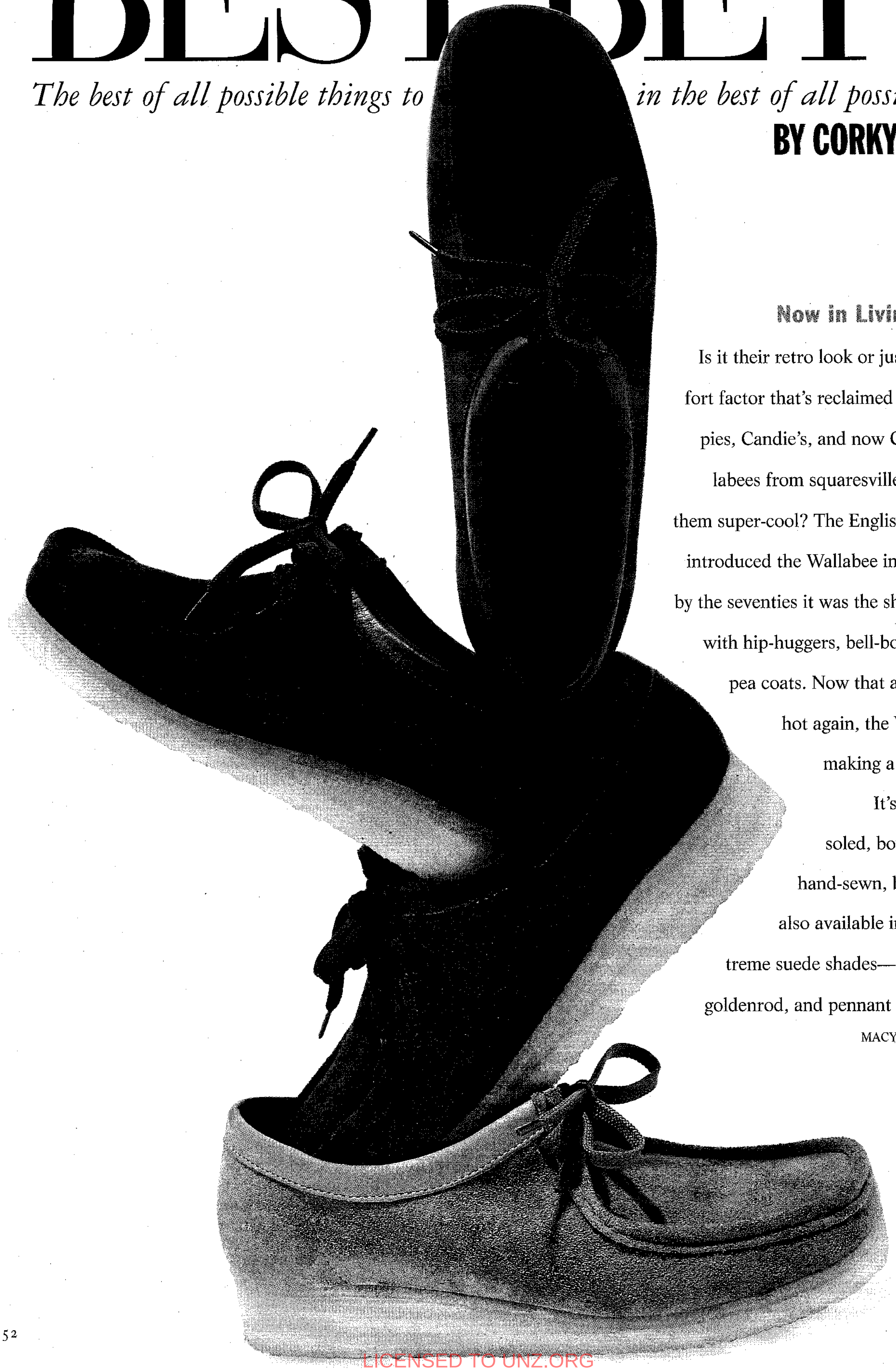
But Larry Weinberg of Lin/Weinberg dismisses such criticism outright: "Those are typical design-snob comments," he says. "You have to realize that Wormley wasn't designing for his peers or other designers. He was designing real furniture for real people."

Author Judith Gura is also pro-Wormley—so much so that she is writing a book about the Dunbar designer. "Wormley's great tragedy is that he didn't invent the Eames chair," says Gura. "He didn't devise new forms or experiment with new materials. But Wormley gave an alternative direction to modernism, one that offered a new aesthetic without abandoning the past. Take away Wormley, and America would still be into Chippendale reproductions." ■

# BEST BETS

*The best of all possible things to* *in the best of all possible cities*

**BY CORKY POLLAN**



## Now in Living Color

Is it their retro look or just the comfort factor that's reclaimed Hush Puppies, Candie's, and now Clarks Wallabees from squaresville and made them super-cool? The English company introduced the Wallabee in 1966, and by the seventies it was the shoe to wear with hip-huggers, bell-bottoms, and pea coats. Now that all three are hot again, the Wallabee is making a comeback. It's still crêpe-soled, box-toed, and hand-sewn, but now it's also available in rather extreme suede shades—lime, plum, goldenrod, and pennant blue ($90).

MACY'S/*Fifth floor*

## See Spot Stop

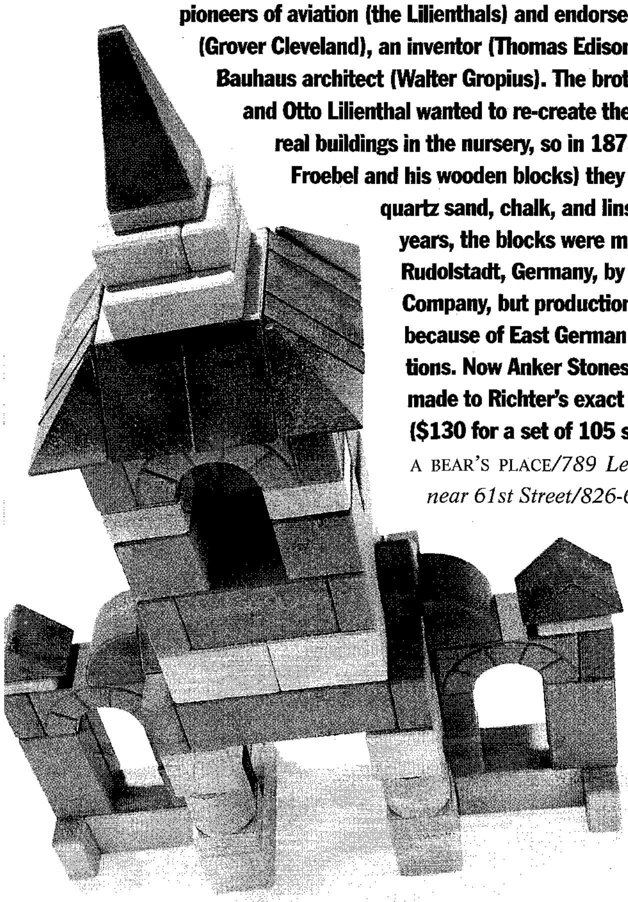
Even at flea markets and country tag sales, vintage canine door stops can cost a bundle. But who really needs old ones to hold a door open when the Grass Roots Garden has clones that could pass for antique? No lightweights, these cast-iron stops are made from the original molds, then hand-painted by an artist who begs anonymity. There's a Scottie, a pointer, and a Boston terrier in the litter ($33 to $48).

THE GRASS ROOTS GARDEN/*131 Spring Street/226-2662*

## Anker Men

**Name-droppers, take note: Anker Stone blocks were created by the pioneers of aviation (the Lilienthals) and endorsed by a president (Grover Cleveland), an inventor (Thomas Edison), and a Bauhaus architect (Walter Gropius). The brothers Gustave and Otto Lilienthal wanted to re-create the look and feel of real buildings in the nursery, so in 1875 (one-upping Froebel and his wooden blocks) they made blocks of quartz sand, chalk, and linseed oil. For 60 years, the blocks were manufactured in Rudolstadt, Germany, by the Richter Company, but production ceased in 1963 because of East German trade restrictions. Now Anker Stones are back, still made to Richter's exact specifications ($130 for a set of 105 stones).**

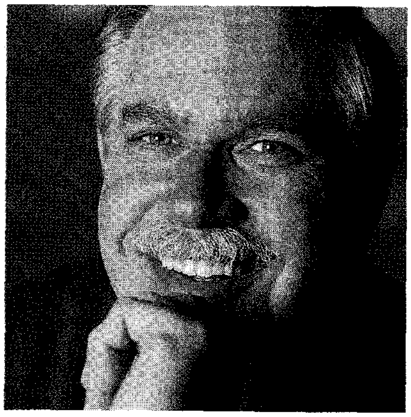
A BEAR'S PLACE/*789 Lexington Avenue, near 61st Street/826-6465*



## Toujours Faience

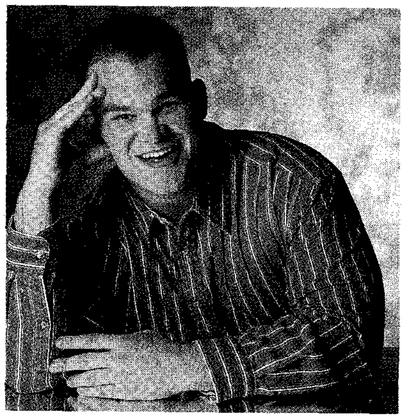
Provence now seems to be best known for lavender, aïoli, honey, and Peter Mayle, but once faience was a major factor in its preeminence. This earthenware has been produced in Moustiers and Marseilles since the sixteenth century, so these faience pitchers have a stellar history. They're hand-built, hand-glazed, and hand-decorated, and their shape is traditional to northern Provence; their warm colors are a gift from the south. They come in three sizes ($58, $88, and $112) and four color combinations.

POTTED GARDENS/*27 Bedford Street/255-4797*



*"It's important to believe my family's safe."*

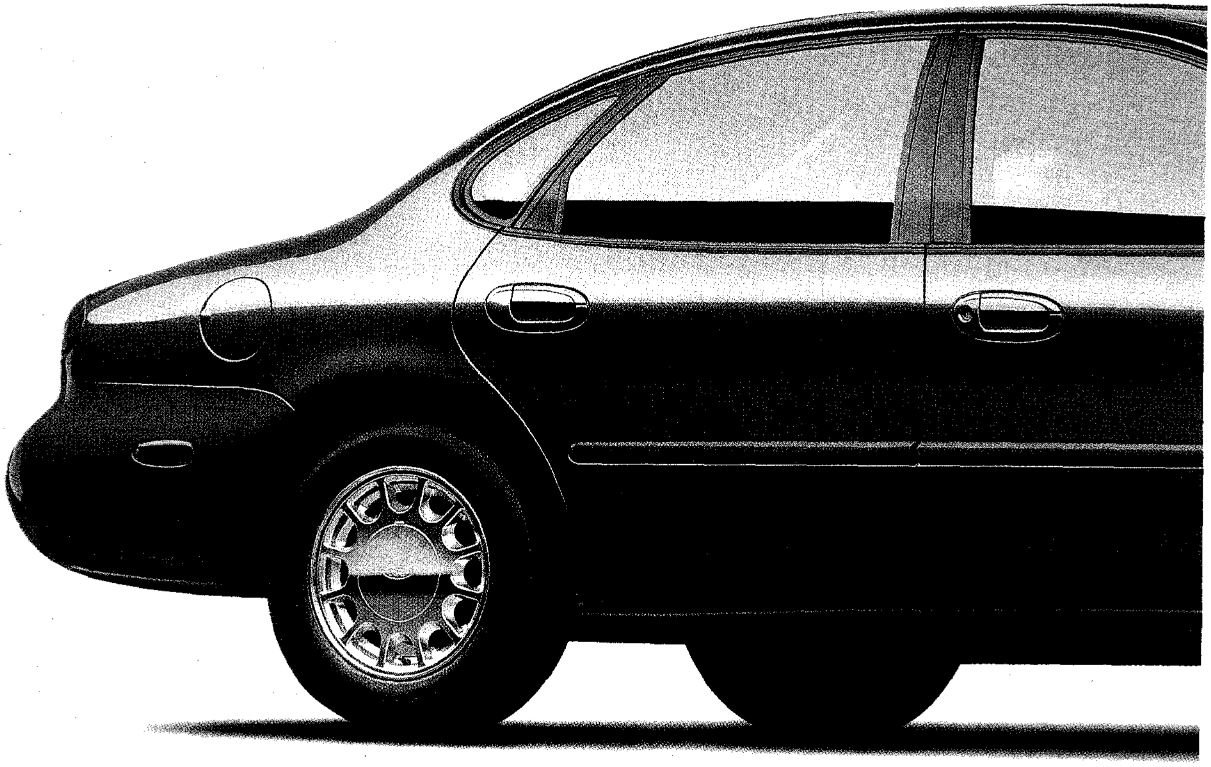
Wesley Howard
Loyal Ford Owner



*"It feels safe. It gives me peace of mind."*

Jay Seifer
Former Import Owner

# TALK ABOUT A



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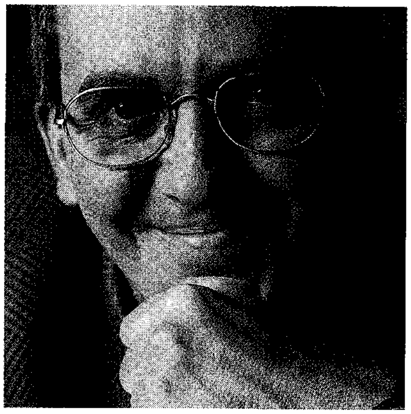

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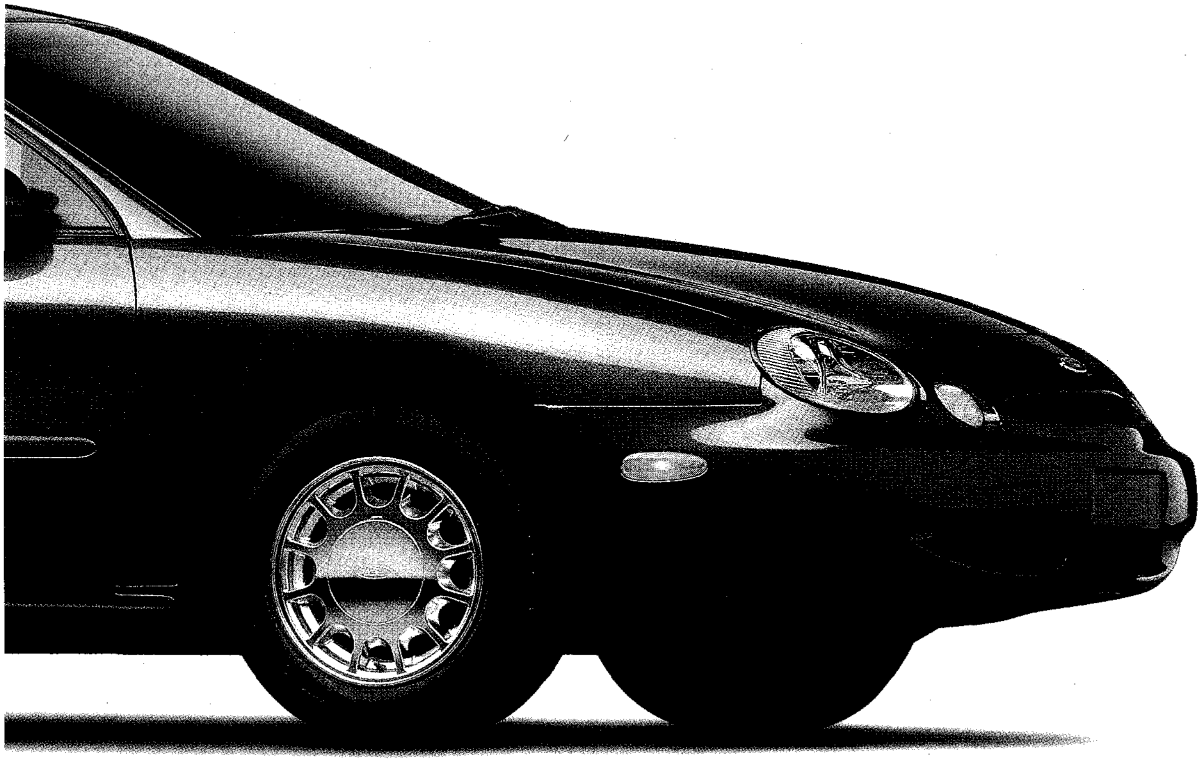

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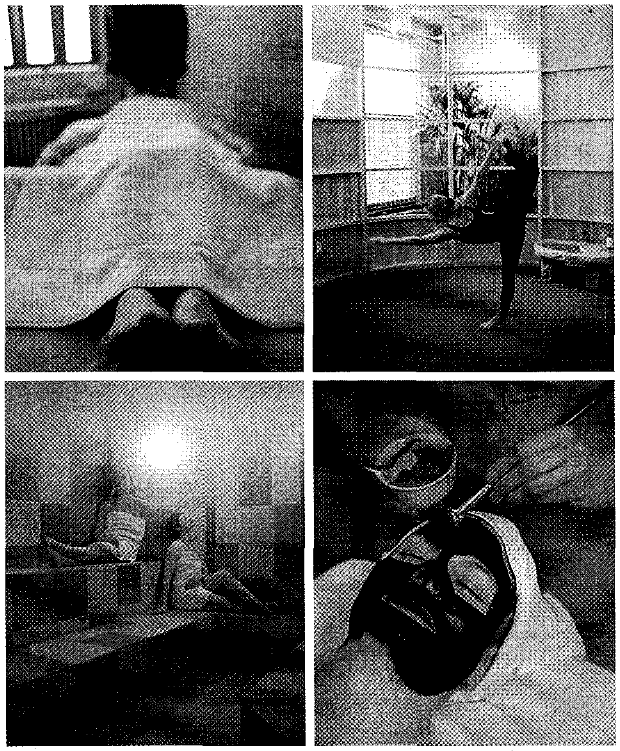
**SALES & BARGAINS** **DANY LEVY**

# The Inside Story

*Downsizing at* **departments of the interior**—*a Sanctuary in SoHo; lingerie on the Upper East Side; and a pint-size resource for* **pine on Mulberry Street.**

HERE'S A REMEDY FOR THE afternoon slumps. Tuesdays through Fridays from two to five, the SoHo Sanctuary, a newly opened movement studio and spa for women, hosts "open stretch and steam," which basically is an invitation to come in and use the spa facilities—you can stretch, hang out in the meditation room, take a steam bath, then shower and use all the herbal products in the locker room—all afternoon for $15. The more indulgent can try the the Sanctuary Sampler—it consists of a one-on-one class in yoga work or Mindful Fitness, a steam bath, and a one-hour massage. Usually $160, it's now $100. Also, the BodyLogos movement class is two for the price of one—usually $20, it's now $20 for two. *SoHo Sanctuary, 119 Mercer St. (334-5550); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Tues.–Fri. 10–9, Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–6; 4/1–4/30.*



**SoHo Sanctuary, a spa inspired by a walk on a Martha's Vineyard beach, has everything from self-service sampling for $15 to luxe treatment from the pros.**

## Baggage Claim

SARTI IMPORTS, A SHOWROOM DOTTED with ladylike clutches, bags, wallets and scarves made by designers such as Gianfranco Ferré and Desmo—is opening to the public for the month of April. Prices are 20 percent below wholesale: Ferré wallet, retail $250, here $115; Desmo tote, retail $200, here $130. *Sarti Imports, 12 W. 57th St., penthouse (757-0500); A.E., M.C., V., and checks with I.D.; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5:30, or by appointment.; 4/1–4/30.*

## Furniture Moving

NANCY CORZINE, A HIGH-END FURNITURE designer whose clients include Farrah Fawcett, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Natalie Cole, is moving her biz into the D&D Building. So she's clearing out lots of her pieces, discounting almost everything by 20 to 50 percent off designer prices. Rothschild lounge chair, was $5,547, now $2,675; forties silver-leaf end table, was $3,413, now $1,495. *Nancy Corzine Showroom, 305 E. 63rd St., fourth floor (758-4240); A.E., M.C., V. and checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–5; 4/1–4/30.*

**DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.**

## Getting Briefed

ORVA PRICES ITS LINGERIE PRETTY WELL year-round, but for the next two weeks, selected styles are even cheaper: Calvin Klein panties in brief, bikini, and thong styles, were $8–$14, now $6–$10.50; Calvin Klein bras, were $12–$24, now $9–$18. Christian Dior bras, were $18.99–$35.99, now $14.25–$27. *Orva, 155 E. 86th St. (369-3448); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–9, Sun. 10–8, 3/31–4/12.*

## Pining Away

THERE'S A REAL ADIRONDACK feel to PineTree Lodge, a tiny shop down on Mulberry Street crammed with rustic furniture made of—you guessed right—pine. The floor-sample sale has discounts such as: Shaker-style bookcases, were $595, now $395 (or two for $695); armoires, were $1,500, now $795; country hutches, were $1,750, now $795; side cabinets, were $395, now $250. *PineTree Lodge, 234 Mulberry St. (941-6370); A.E. and checks (merchandise held till they clear); during sale, open daily 1–9; 3/31–4/13.*

## Tuxedo Cuts

EISENBERG & EISENBERG, THE perennial resource for discount men's wear, is having a sale. Tuxedos by Mani, Ferré, Bill Blass, and others that were priced at $254.95–$774.95 are $119–$574.95; and suits (made by designers whose names we cannot disclose) that were $219.95–$584.95 are $85–$449.95. *Eisenberg & Eisenberg, 85 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (627-1290); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–5:45, Thurs. till 6:45; Sat. 9–5, Sun. 10–4; 3/31–4/14.*

## Marsh Land

ONCE A YEAR, LORIN MARSH, A SHOW room in the D&D Building, allows the common folk into its warehouse to snap up furniture and accessories at prices that—though still lofty—are below wholesale: English painted pine wardrobe with shelving, was $16,500, now $6,000; Italian ceramic decorative urns, were $895, now $300; Swedish Empire gilt-wood mirror, was $9,750, now $3,000. *Lorin Marsh Warehouse, 34-15 10th St. (bet. 34th and 35th Aves.), Long Island City (718-956-8010); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Fri.–Sun. 10–4; 4/4–4/6.* ■

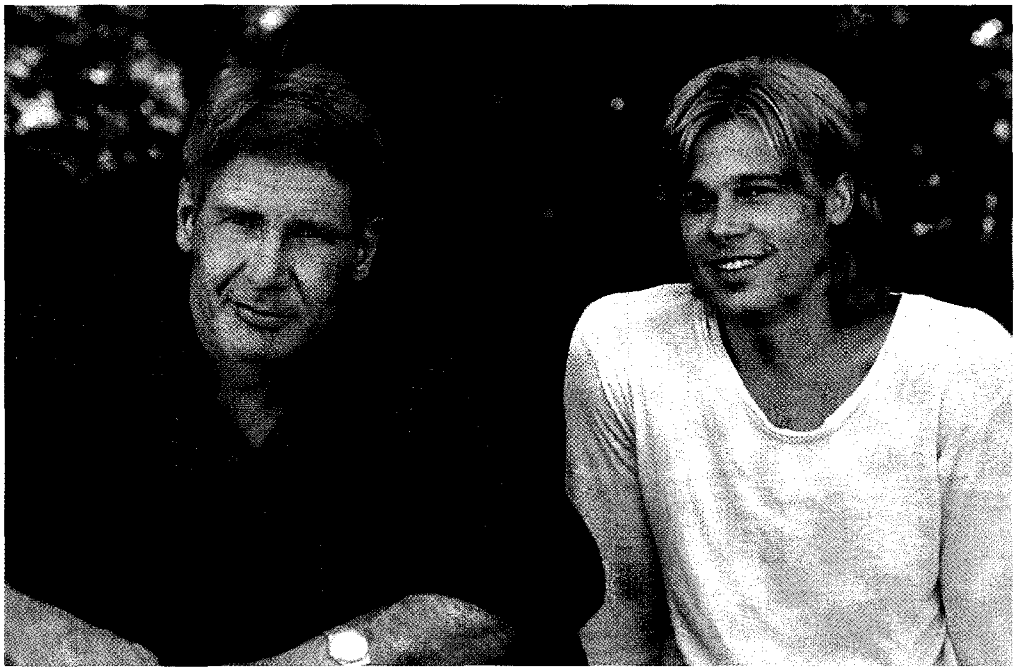
Photographs by Erik Rank.

**MOVIES DAVID DENBY**

# Truth and Consequences

*In 'The Devil's Own,' a good cop becomes surrogate father to a terrorist; in 'Liar Liar,' a son makes an honest man of his mendacious dad.*

POUND FOR POUND, HARRISON FORD HAS THE highest specific gravity of any American actor since James Stewart (alive but inactive). Other actors may occasionally resemble grown-ups, but in the eighties and nineties a gift for seriousness—by now, I have begun to think of it as a gift, like the ability to play the piano—is pretty rare. Nick Nolte has it in some of his roles, and Harvey Keitel, and Steven Hill in the TV series *Law & Order,* and a few others; when such men tell you something, you believe them. But generally, our culture is too derisive and self-conscious to support much weight on the screen. Anyone who tries too openly to buck the skittish tone can come across as a stiff—a minor player, an Edward Herrmann. Not that Harrison Ford lacks humor. When he was young, he was rakish and witty (I always assumed his performance as Han Solo was conscious parody). But he really blossomed in middle age as a sober-sided, responsible man thrown into extraordinary circumstances—the gravely challenged realistic action hero of *Witness, Patriot Games, The Fugitive, Clear and Present Danger.* He has no magic powers; nor does he hang by cables like Tom Cruise in *Mission: Impossible.* He keeps his feet on the ground. He is credible, determined, unspectacular, a mensch rooted to the center of the earth in a pop-cult world.



**Family man: Harrison Ford bonds with a fatherless Brad Pitt in Alan J. Pakula's *The Devil's Own.***

In **The Devil's Own,** Ford brings strength and sureness to what would have been an iron mask of a role for anyone else—an honest New York cop. His Tom O'Meara doesn't commit violence easily; he's the kind of cop who chases a runaway suspect for blocks. He wants to bring the guys to the station house in one piece; he has a sense of justice. But into his home comes a young man who kills without remorse. Brad Pitt is the IRA assassin and terrorist Frankie McGuire, who saw his father killed when he, Frankie, was only 8, and who believes in nothing but the endless struggle against British rule of Northern Ireland. Frankie has been sent to the U.S. to buy the Stinger missiles that will bring down British helicopters. Pretending to be an ordinary construction worker, he enters Tom's home and falls in with his happy family and community life. The boy without a father finds a man who has two daughters.

Many writers, some not credited, worked on the screenplay, and there has been talk in the press of dissension on the set. But for all its alleged troubles, *The Devil's Own* has turned out to be a pretty solid piece of work—Alan J. Pakula's best piece of direction in a long time. An opening gun battle between the IRA and the British in Belfast has the extreme violence and acrid bitterness of longtime enemies engaged in a familiar ritual. The scenes of routine police work in New York—a different kind of war, smaller and less violent but also between familiar enemies—are done with respect for truth and human fallibility. And Pakula doesn't embarrass us in the surrogate-father-son scenes between Ford and Pitt. He stays close to the actors but refuses to milk the emotions. Harrison Ford is crusty but warm-spirited—an ideal father. Pitt, clean-shaven, masters the Belfast accent; he gives an easygoing, glamorous performance—Steve McQueen would have been proud of him. But Pitt is not enough of an actor to give Frankie the other things the role needs, shades of menace and danger. When Pitt tries to be tough, he just comes off as flippant, an angel-face posing as a tough guy.

The central idea is clear enough: Each man comes from a different moral universe. Apart from some junky scenes with a crooked arms dealer, the movie doesn't glamorize violence. The Irish are warriors who say they can't afford the luxury of justice, but the movie suggests that they are wrong—trapped in an endless cycle

Photograph by Ken Regan/Camera 5/Columbia TriStar.

CUE

What are the new films and where are they playing?
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Music under the stars or on the stage?
How about a comedy club for a few laughs?
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How about dinner after the show?
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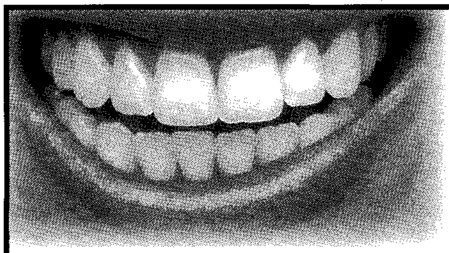

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of killing without meaning. It's their destiny because they make it their destiny. What Harrison Ford's cop does—prevent violence—is harder and braver than what a terrorist does. That may be a square idea, but the filmmakers have cast the one American movie star who can put it across without making a fool of himself.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO A LAWYER WHO was unable to lie? In **Liar Liar,** Jim Carrey, whose body is a supple as Johnnie Cochran's mind, shows us exactly what would happen: Standing in court, with clients and judge in attendance, Carrey goes through the terrors of the damned. His lips tremble and flap like a roof in a tornado, he seems to be swallowing a sheep, his face collapses, he stutters out a few fragments and then claws the air like a cartoon figure trying to stuff the words back into his mouth. Everyone is looking for good lawyer jokes, and Paul Guay and Stephen Mazur, who wrote *Liar Liar,* seem to have found one: A lawyer physically incapable of lying would not be able to say a word. He would have to swallow his tongue, lacerate his brain.

*Liar Liar,* directed by Tom Shadyac (responsible for the *Ace Ventura* series and Eddie Murphy's *The Nutty Professor*), shoves this brilliant conceit into the middle of a sentimental family comedy. Carrey, a Los Angeles legal hotshot, manipulative and dishonest, has broken up with his wife (Maura Tierney). His little boy (Justin Cooper), lonely for Dad, and often betrayed, makes a wish on his 5th birthday—that Dad be unable to tell a lie for 24 hours. The movie works toward reconciliation: Dad will honestly admit he loves his little boy. Unfortunately, Jim Carrey as a loving dad is more frightening than Jim Carrey as an absent father. He's so demonically demonstrative with young Cooper, he nearly eats the kid alive, and Maura Tierney, as his wife, has to hold on for dear life just to establish herself on the screen. Someone has to get Jim Carrey to take it down a level or two. In virtually every scene, he loses his balance and hits the deck, waving his arms so violently that he's like a windmill trying to fly.

If the realistic frame of the movie had been quieter, then the wild central section would have been set off more, and *Liar Liar* might have been a classic fable. The lawyer, truth-bound, tells off everyone in his office and comments on bad breath and weird hairdos. Every time he speaks some excoriating truth, he's excruciatingly guilty, yet the mad impulse to blurt it out makes him crazily happy too. In its frantic way, the movie acknowledges that our ordinary social world is held together by little more than genteel evasions. If we were forced to tell the truth, civilization would come tumbling down. ■

**THEATER JOHN SIMON**

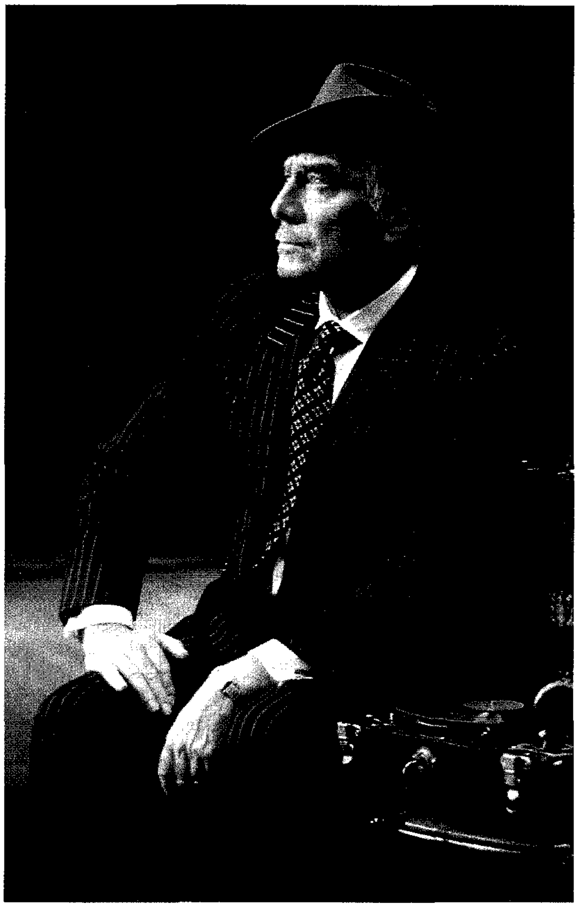
# Master Class

*In 'Barrymore,' Christopher Plummer proves once again that he is the finest actor of his generation; 'Play On!' lets down both Ellington and Shakespeare.*

**Barrymore,** BY WILLIAM LUCE, GIVES YOU A chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more in a rented hall. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. He does stagger through a pungent bit of Richard; mostly though, he sings popular ditties, recites risqué limericks, executes a few dapper dance steps, tells racy anecdotes, impersonates his siblings Lionel and Ethel, delivers snatches of *Hamlet* and other Shakespeareana, banters with the audience, and relives his soaring and plummeting career, his glamorous and clownish life.

I have no idea how much of this is Barrymore and how much Luce, but I do know that it is all plummily pluperfect Plummer. On what other actor today have the gods lavished such gifts, bestowing equally the requisites of heroic tragedian, masterly mountebank, and matinee idol? His diction can cut glass; his voice, in its chamois mode, can polish mirrors. His vocalizing bestrides the octaves, dazzles or darkens, insinuates or thunders, and, at every turn, turns mere verbiage into symphonic music. Add to this uncanny timing that espouses every joyous tremor, every wistful modulation of the soul.

And then the movements, bearing, demeanor. Though subverted by booze, this Barrymore is still an old lion, springy and sportive, ready to pounce on every passing one-liner or wring tears from licking his private wounds in public. The mode is somewhere between Gielgud and Olivier, with the Olympian poetry of the one and the protean swagger of the other, yet imitating neither. In this acting, form and content are indissolubly wedded, and style is slyly conscripted into concealing style. Thus humdrum material emerges as angelic descant laced with heady distillates of deviltry. Under Gene Saks's lusty direction, this is theater it would cost you far too much to miss.



**Living dangerously: Christopher Plummer plays a dissipated, aging legend in *Barrymore.***

Photograph by Cylla Von Tiedemann.

THE LESS SAID ABOUT **Play On!** THE BETTER. PURPORTING TO be a musical version (yet another!) of *Twelfth Night* with book by Cheryl L. West, songs by Duke Ellington, and concept and direction by Sheldon Epps, the show is really a compilation of the Duke's songs, strung on the slenderest of threads.

The songs are the first problem: Some are great and famous, too well known in their own right to crawl docilely into a trite context inhospitable to them as it tries to foist funkiness onto bluesiness. Some are less known and less good though still pleasant but belong in a concert of Ellingtoniana. Only one of these, "Something to Live For," works handily in the show, as expertly performed by Lawrence Hamilton and Tonya Pinkins; the rest are merely ho-hummable. But what harms all the songs alike is the surprisingly insensitive arranging and orchestrating by Luther Henderson and the glitzy, relentlessly hyperkinetic, and often obtrusive choreography by Mercedes Ellington.

The biggest problem, however, is Miss West's subliterate book. Not only was the writer unable to work out a plausible and efficient transposition from Shakespeare's timeless Illyria to "the swingin' 40's," as the program would have it, in "the Magical Kingdom of Harlem"—i.e., the Cotton Club and environs—but she couldn't even come up with better lines than "If you were conducting traffic in heaven, Lady Liv would turn around and go to hell." Or this: "You'd beat dignity to death if you could catch up with it." Or my favorite: "You keep your eyes on your feet, and when they tell you, 'Run!,' don't blink." When you juxtapose this with the handful of Shakespearean words that survives, the result is doubly dire. Sheldon Epps's direction, more-

***Play* acting: Yvette Cason, Lawrence Hamilton, Larry Marshall, and Andre de Shields in *Play On!***

over, is rather like Epsom salts: cathartic in a strictly non-Aristotelian sense.

Add tacky scenery by James Leonard Joy that klutzily jumbles high tech and Romare Beardon; grandiosely gaudy costumes by Marianna Elliott that only occasionally score; and the dances by the Duke's granddaughter, a Volkswagen posing as a Mercedes—and what have you got? Some spiffy performers such as the delicious Miss Pinkins (in an unflattering hairdo) and those stalwarts Larry Marshall and Andre de Shields, who intermittently overcome heavy handicaps. Only two performers come out unscathed: Lawrence Hamilton, whose Malvolio must turn into Sebastian and actually gets away with it; and Cheryl Freeman, who pulls off a Viola/Vyman stunt as well as any Victor/Victoria. Otherwise, if trowels be the tools of love (and only then), lay on!

THE TWENTIETH-ANNIVERSARY REVIVAL OF **Annie** feels more like a centenary tribute. It has the look of some beloved turn-of-the-century musical disinterred for one more road-company odyssey. Kenneth Foy's sets dutifully ape David Mitchell's niftier originals; Peter Gennaro's choreography seems to have lost some of its luster; even Martin Charnin, the lyricist-director, for all his vaunted search for a new Annie, appears to be reproducing rather than reinventing. Can *Blossom Time* be far behind?

The two principal problems, however, are two of the principals. Little Brittny Kissinger is sweet and winning, but her years are only 8 of the required 11, and it shows: She is dainty rather than scrappy, porcelain rather than brass. Singing, she swallows some of her notes. The real catastrophe, though, is the Miss Hannigan of Nell Carter, cast, I suppose, because of her TV fame. That she is black is not the difficulty, except perhaps when her white brother, Rooster, says to her, "How did two Hannigan kids ever end up like this?" Alas, Miss Carter is a poor actress with no real sense of humor. When she makes like strangling the little orphans under her care you actually fear for their lives; when she keeps tippling, she never gets drunk; when she wants a laugh, she can get it only by shaking her grotesque girth. The delicately playful lilt of Charles Strouse's music is alien to her, even as the sophisticatedly ironic Charnin lyrics turn coarse in her mouth. And to think that the matchless, archetypal Miss Hannigan, Dorothy Loudon, is still ready and kicking! As Rooster, Jim Ryan is nothing to crow about, either.

To be sure, the score is still delectable. Conrad John Schuck is still as rattlingly good a Daddy Warbucks as when he was plain John Schuck, Raymond Thorne is even more FDRish twenty years later, and as the tiniest orphan, Christiana Anbri is as adorable as Danielle Brisebois was back then. Cindy Lou, the new Sandy, manages the proper moth-eaten look and the requisite canine soulfulness, and Barbara Tirrell, Miss Carter's understudy, impresses in several parts. Your best bet may be catching the show when the star is indisposed.

HORTON FOOTE'S **The Young Man From Atlanta** is one of those plays where all the exciting action takes place offstage. Even Randy Carter, the eponymous young man, never appears, though he often hovers just out of sight. Onstage we get mostly palaver and more palaver. There's good down-home, Southern-fried atmosphere at the Houston house of Will and Lily Dale Kidder, but where the hell is the play? Lost, it seems, somewhere in distant Atlanta.

Foote is a writer of talent, but one who needs the kind of editing a good movie director can supply; that is why his screenplays surpass even his best plays, of which this 1995 Pulitzer Prize winner isn't one. The idea is good, though. You take a Southern couple—the seasoned businessman Will Kidder and his artistic but infantile wife, Lily Dale—and saddle them with the untimely death of their 37-year-old son, Bill. Was it an accidental drowning, or was it, as it turns out, suicide? And could this have had something to do with Bill's excessive closeness to his roommate, Randy, a layabout to whom he kept signing over the generous allowance his father, Will, was steadily sending him? Think of it: suicide and homosexuality in 1950 Texas—a society that barely admits the former, and wouldn't even utter the name of the latter.

But what does Foote make of this? He begins with a long office scene full of clunky exposition that clatters along tiresomely until Bill suddenly gets fired by his boss—the son of his late partner—for having lost his touch with the firm's clients. Aha, you say, barbecued *Death of a Salesman.* Forthwith, however, you are in the Kidder living room, where Bill's death casts a long shadow that good ol' boy Will can face up to only partly, and flighty Lily Dale even less. Perhaps, then, this is *Come Back, Little Sheba* with chicken-fried steak? But no, there is Bill's roommate, Randy, prowling about unseen and mulcting Lily Dale as he mulcted Bill. He is a scoundrel, reports Carson, a distant relative from Atlanta; he is a loving, bereaved friend, according to Lily Dale. And we are left to play an irrelevant guessing game, propelled this way and that. Could this be Hitchcock's *Notorious*?

Matters are not helped by the cast. Rip Torn, terrific when he plays disturbingly shady characters, must here keep reining himself in, like a loose cannon forced to read Lao-Tzu instead of Louis L'Amour. Shirley Knight is stuck with the hard task of making a stupid woman lovable, which would tax a much better actress. The others, especially Beatrice Winde as a former maid of the Kidders, do nicely, and Robert Falls may have directed as well as the text allows; but once again, the Pulitzer has gone to bogus profundity.

CATCHING A PROGRAM OF EIGHTEEN SONGS that **Betty Buckley** gave at Maxim's, I reflected on how stupidly our theater wastes its resources. Here was a supreme singing actress at the zenith of her far-ranging artistry, but where was the producer to cast her in the proper showcase? It could be a new musical or a long-overdue revival of, say, *Lady in the Dark,* to do justice to her talent, to the theater, and to us. ■

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

**ART** **MARK STEVENS**

# Innocents at Home

*There's a certain American ingenuousness to Link's chugging night trains, Brainard's gentle tinkerings, and Audubon's very human birds.*

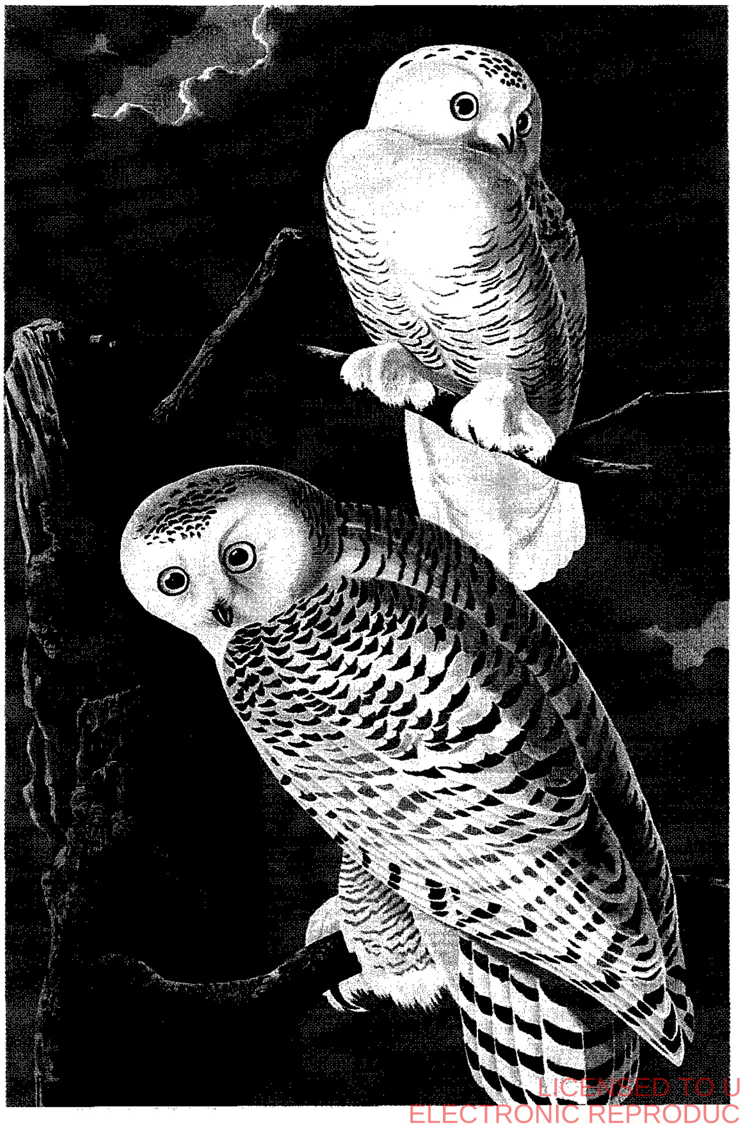
CONTEMPORARY CULTURE IS SO STEEPED IN guilt, blame, corruption, and a jaded sophistication that it is easy to forget the beguiling innocence of many American artists. Such artists, who are found throughout American history, do not necessarily lack sophistication. But they impart a mysterious freshness to art, as if they were dealing in first principles or standing a little outside history. Their enthusiasms are often shameless, even delirious. At the moment, three forms of this American innocence are now on display in New York, providing an excellent tonic for those weary of the modern smarts.

**John James Audubon** (1785–1851), though self-taught, is not usually considered an innocent. His *Birds of America* is one of the greatest of all illustrated books, a monument to the art of printing. He is admired not only as a brilliant artist, moreover, but as a naturalist whose observations in the field made a genuine contribution to knowledge. Fancy knockoffs of his prints and imitations of his style are now so familiar—particularly in Wasp country clubs and in sitting rooms where no one sits—that many viewers probably miss what an original eye Audubon had. This feather painter fashioned a new world for a new continent.

*The Birds of America* followed Audubon's complete failure as a businessman. At the age of 35, he reinvented himself and, abandoning conventional pursuits, literally went into the woods on a quixotic quest to put the birds of America into a book. Over many years he worked up hundreds of pictures, mostly in watercolor; 91 of these watercolors are now on display at the New-York Historical Society. Seeking the best possible printing, Audubon traveled first to Scotland and then to London, where the English printer Robert Havell Jr., working from the watercolors, took eleven years to publish the set of 435 hand-colored engravings. A beautiful selection of prints from the first edition of *The Birds of America* is now at the Hirschl & Adler Galleries, in a show organized by Joseph Goddu and Stephanie Clement Calman.

Audubon's birds display a rich variety of mood: They quarrel, court, play, kill, nurture, preen. This is partly the result of scientific observation—a crow does not, of course, behave like a crane—but only the literal-minded will fail to relish their anthropomorphic character. This is a gathering of American temperaments no less than of American birds. A pair of wood ducks convey connubial sweetness, whereas snowy owls stare at us as if they were guarding the storm-tossed spirit of Edgar Allan Poe. Herring gulls display the sobriety—and the Melvillean flights of fancy—of a young seafaring nation. A snowy egret is a fashionable dandy, gorgeously plumed and wearing golden slippers as he struts among the weeds.

Like America itself, Audubon's art sometimes has intimations of Europe (he grew up in France), but these seem transformed by the vitality of a new world. His great watercolor *Northern Bobwhite and Red Shouldered Hawk,* which shows a hawk suddenly falling upon and scattering a terrified covey,



**Feathered fiends: John James Audubon's *Snowy Owl.***

calls to mind the battle scenes of baroque painting (perhaps a Rape of the Sabines). But the terror occurs in silent reaches of the vast American spaces. Audubon's birds are also great individualists. Whether posed against wilderness or tidy farms, they seem somehow larger than their environment, with an idiosyncratic personality that transcends mere manners.

Audubon had a vivid gift for presenting—in a beautifully composed, rhythmic space—the ungainly or rude. He liked an elongated neck; the spearing of a beetle, tick, or lizard; the tumble of a body through the air. To put it differently, he appreciated the squawk as well as the song of a provincial country. In one remarkable watercolor (which was probably considered too grotesque to include in the book of prints), he depicted a baby turkey vulture. This creature is as fuzzy-wuzzy as an Easter chick, yet its old-man face hisses hideously. It has ghastly reptilian feet.

If the continental scale of *The Birds of America* has a certain dreamy innocence, so does Audubon's way of abandoning civilization, to set off upon his "errand into the wilderness." He once wrote, "I have experienced a thousand times more pleasure while looking at the Purple Gallinule flirting its tail while gaily moving over the broad leaves of the water-lily, than I have ever done while silently sitting in the corner of a crowded apartment, gazing on the flutterings of gaudy fans and the waving of flowing plumes."

For about five years in the late fifties, **O. Winston Link,** who is now 82 years old, pursued his own eccentric errand into the wilderness—documenting the last moments of the steam locomotive in the American hinterland. Temporarily leaving his job as a commercial photographer in New York, he would travel to Virginia and the surrounding states, where the locomotives of the Norfolk and Western still chugged through a landscape of hills and rural towns. He preferred to depict the engines at night. And so he strung up an elaborate, jerry-built system of flashbulbs to illuminate his scenes.

The result, one of the small miracles of American art, is now on display at the John McEnroe Gallery. Although Link meant to document a passing era, he ended up rendering something more interesting—an American paradise in which the machine does not destroy the garden. Spouting majestic plumes of white smoke, Link's glowing locomotives pass like the trail of a comet through the various way stations of the American dream: the swimming hole, the drive-in, Main Street, the front porch, the local church.

Link's transcendent vision, rooted in a boyish love for trains, seems to reconcile power and gentleness, stability and movement, the homespun and the visionary. He celebrates both escape and home. His dream machines avoid becoming a sentimental prop of fifties Americana in the manner of, say, Norman Rockwell, because of their surpassing strangeness. (The light in these black-and-white pictures is a tabloid chiaroscuro, much like that found in *film noir.*) An obvious precursor to postmodern photographers like Cindy Sherman and Jeff Wall, who today create staged photographs, Link differs from them because he seems so preposterously, delightfully innocent.

**Joe Brainard,** who died of AIDS-related pneumonia in 1994, wrote a cult classic called *I Remember,* in which he broke his youth into hundreds of little pieces, each of which begins "I remember." ("I remember crossing your fingers behind your back when you tell a lie. . . . I remember at junior high school dances mostly just girls dancing with girls. . . . I remember after opening packages what an empty day Christmas day is.") This pop version of Proust's madeleine owes much of its charm to Brainard's gentle humor and his refusal to strike too knowing or smart-ass a pose before the elements of a fifties boyhood—even when the subject is sex.

Brainard's visual art, now on view at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery, is equally innocent of the sharper affectations of irony. Very often he is a Pop miniaturist with a passion for the "Nancy" comic strip and a playful way with kitsch. His early Madonnas make Mexican exuberance look Calvinist by comparison. He never signs on with any movement, however, but remains a kind of compulsive garage tinkerer who gives himself to a succession of enthusiasms. He once made 3,000 tiny paintings and collages. Sometimes he chose to paint in the style of Fairfield Porter. He drew his friends. In 1980, dissatisfied with his work, he decided to stop exhibiting—and spent much of his time reading Victorian novels. Not a bad endgame.

In the catalogue, the poet John Ashbery calls Brainard "one of the nicest artists I have ever known." Since *nice* is a milquetoast word, Ashbery argues that Brainard's niceness has its own kind of strength: His art engages in "confrontation without provocation." That is especially true of his way of confronting clichés about gay sensibility. Brainard once wrote a tiny book called *Ten Imaginary Still Lifes.* Here is how he describes one of them: "I close my eyes. I see a white statue (say 10" high) of David. Alabaster. And pink rose petals, sprinkled upon a black velvet drape. This is a sissy still life. Silly, but pretty. And in a certain way almost religious. 'Eastern' religious. This still life is secretly smiling." ■

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

# All Bernstein, All the Time

*With 'Wall to Wall' Bernstein, Symphony Space lavishes a day of attention on New York's favorite musical son. Twelve hours later, Bernstein still sounds fresh.*

**Ayako Yoshida of the Eos Ensemble playing Bernstein's Serenade.**

**Wall to Wall Leonard Bernstein**! ALL DAY! Free! More than 400 musicians! Seventy-four works! Yes, it was marathon time again at Symphony Space, upper Broadway's inimitable cultural resource, and the only mystery was why, since these extravaganzas were inaugurated in 1978, no one had ever thought of giving Bernstein the wall-to-wall treatment before. Most of his family and collaborators participated, every area of his work from the concert hall to Broadway was represented, and, not surprisingly, crowds gathered from morn till nearly midnight. More than six years after his death, Bernstein's records sell briskly, at least three biographies are in circulation, and the last time I checked, the great man appears on 26,790 relevant Websites.

It's an axiom of Bernsteiniana that his frantic lifestyle never left him time to compose everything we might have had. Perhaps so, but those who knew him best are probably still amazed that he managed to write so much—the musical breadth and stylistic variety of the pieces played at Symphony Space must have surprised even listeners who thought they knew everything. I attended the morning and evening sessions, followed most of the afternoon activities on WNYC-FM's live broadcast, and throughout it all encountered works that were new to me. There were no startling discoveries, but an ebullient trio for piano, violin, and cello, written by the 19-year-old composer in 1937, raised speculations about more unpublished Bernstein juvenilia, especially the sonata for piano and another for violin.

Vocal and theater music dominated the afternoon sessions. I regret not actually seeing Betty Comden and Adolph Green as they reminisced and sang excerpts from their two famous collaborations with Bernstein, *On the Town* and *Wonderful Town,* but this ageless duo's joyous renditions still leaped vividly from my radio speakers. The New York Festival of Song's typically tasty potpourri took us even further into the composer's show music, eventually arriving at the art song with selections from *Songfest*—a sequence of orchestral songs that, more than anything else he wrote, shows Bernstein adopting and extending the techniques of his beloved Mahler.

The budget probably discouraged performances of large-scale orchestral scores, but Bernstein's symphonies are among his more problematic works in any case. Jonathan Sheffer's Eos Ensemble, with soprano Kelley Nasslef and the New Amsterdam Singers, gave us a taste of the *Kaddish Symphony* by performing the lullaby movement, the most affecting section of an otherwise uneven and occasionally embarrassing bit of musical breast-beating. On the other hand, it was salutary to hear Bernstein's concert masterpiece, the 30-minute Serenade for violin and orchestra, music inspired by Plato's *Symposium.* Nowhere was the composer more successful in applying a method of "melodic concatenation" than here—a chain of continually evolving statements as if in imitation of the successive speakers at Plato's "timeless dinner party." The composer's control over his material never inhibits the music's inventive spontaneity or expressive generosity, the same qualities that distinguished a committed performance by violinist Ayako Yoshida and the Eos Ensemble.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO GOUNOD is a small but vigorous local watchdog group that looks after the interests and reputation of this once popular but now unfashionable French composer. The Society must have been extra busy a couple of weeks ago, inspecting performances of two of his operas: the Metropolitan's revival of **Faust** and L'Opéra Français de New York's semi-staged performance of the rarely seen **La**

Photograph by Jeff Horen.

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Christopher, age 8
Adrian, age 6

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**Colombe** at Alice Tully Hall. Far be it from me to dictate SPCG policy, but I trust that official praise and censure have been duly meted out.

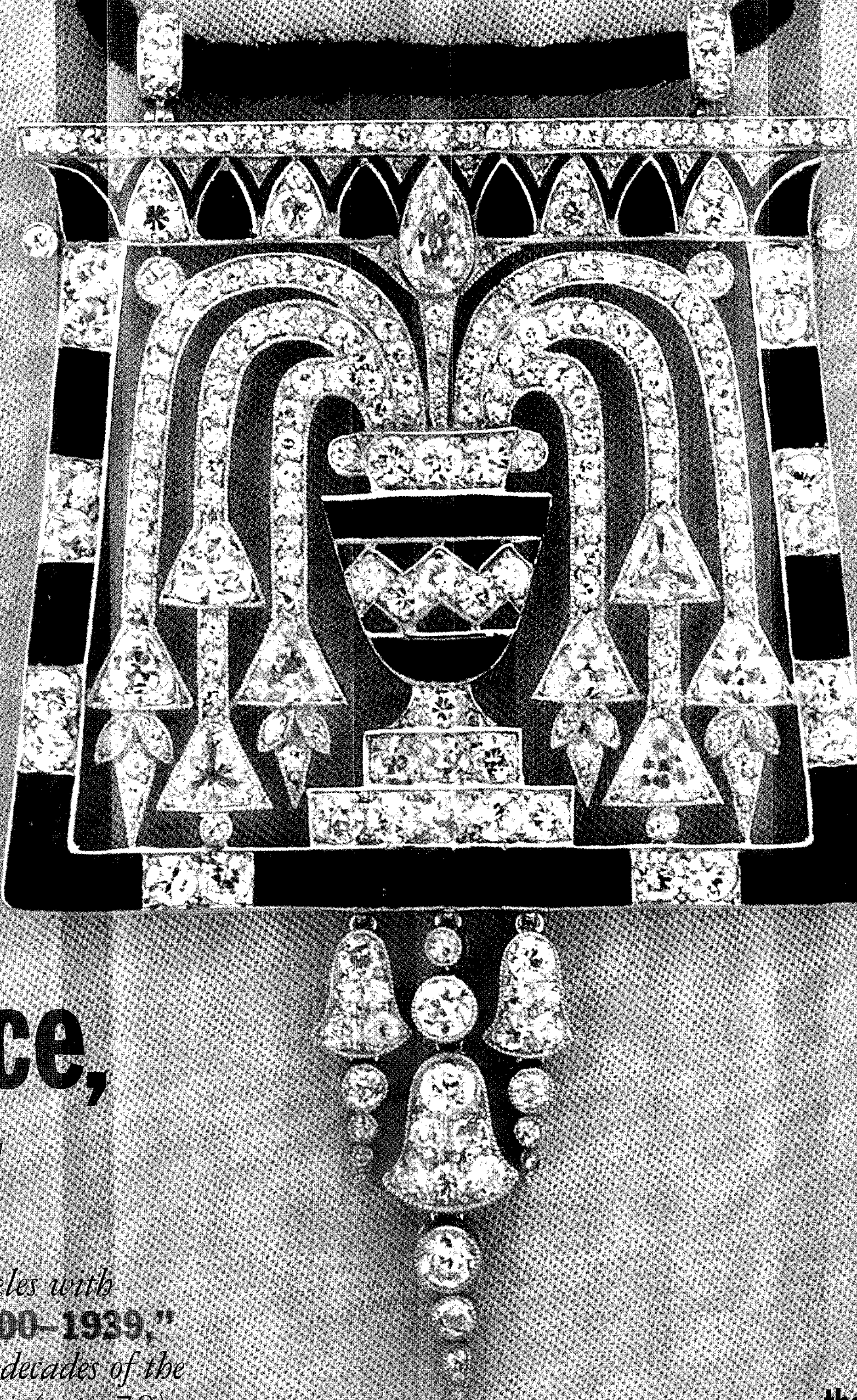
Based on a fable by La Fontaine, *La Colombe* ("The Dove") is a two-act bagatelle that dates from 1860, when Gounod had obviously taken note of Offenbach, whose scintillating opéras bouffes were already becoming the rage of Paris. The impoverished Horace loves the rich Sylvie, whom he's having to dinner, but since he can't afford a fine meal, he tells his godson, Mazet, to slaughter his treasured pet dove. After eating the bird, Sylvie learns of Horace's sacrifice, is touched, and decides to return his love—a happy end made even happier when Mazet reveals that the precious dove is alive and well and that they have actually dined on a neighbor's stray parrot. Even French opera plots don't come thinner than this, but Gounod supplied an enchantingly tuneful, elegantly crafted score, played here with the recitatives that Poulenc composed for Diaghilev's 1924 revival. Wittily staged by Christopher Alden and conducted with point and grace by Yves Abel, the evening went by in a flash. Four excellent singers—Aline Kutan (Sylvie), Richard Troxell (Horace), Lyne Comtois (Mazet), Dean Elzinga (Maître Jean)—proved that a stylish cast for a French opera is still possible to find.

By comparison, the cast for the Met's current *Faust* revival sounds depressingly generic under Julius Rudel's efficient baton—the basic vocal quality may be high, but not one singer seems to have a clue about where this music came from or how to tap its expressive content. Once past a lusterless "Jewel Song," Renée Fleming gets closest, lusciously filling out Marguerite's lovelorn phrases. Samuel Ramey brings a deluxe bass to Méphistophélès but little musical or dramatic specificity, Richard Leech's sturdy tenor delivers Faust's music with charmless monotony, and the silken baritone of Dmitri Hvorostovsky turns Valentin into a virtual abstraction.

Perhaps they would all have more of an effect in a production that does not so egregiously misrepresent the opera. Everyone is disadvantaged by Rolf Langenfass's sets, which appear to be made out of gray Silly Putty and designed for a cheap horror movie. At least Harold Prince's dull-witted direction, heavy with irrelevant symbolism, has been replaced by a staging by Robin Guarino that sticks to basics, but even that Band-Aid can't cure the patient. Without four fabulous singers closely in touch with the traditions of this refined piece, the most popular opera in the Met repertory a century ago, *Faust* might just as well be left to rest in peace. ■

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



art 77

bars 91

concerts 87

dance 87

kids 95

the mix 92

movies 66

nightlife 88

online 93

radio 92

restaurants 81

sports 93

television 92

theater 73

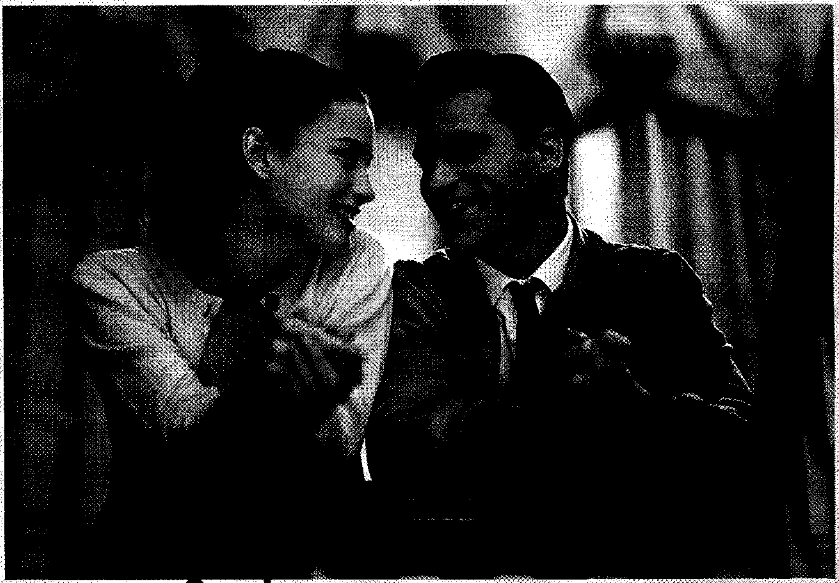
the written word 92

# Ice, Ice, Baby

*The Met sparkles with* **"Cartier: 1900–1939,"** *spanning four decades of the diamond master (page 78)*

# movies

Val Kilmer in *The Saint*...Humphrey Bogart



Photograph by Mario W. Wallace/Twentieth Century Fox

## Opening
## Courting Disaster

**Joaquin Phoenix (right) is Doug, a sweet, working-class boy struggling with his amoral, sexually rapacious older brother, the memory of his dead father, and his increasingly complicated feelings for a wealthy local girl, Liv Tyler. A smooth mix of postwar class conflict, moral floundering, and familial duty, Pat O'Connor's *Inventing the Abbotts* opens Friday.**

## New Films

**Anna Karenina**—Sophie Marceau stars in this adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's epic. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG). *Opens Friday.*

**B.A.P.S.**—A comedy about two young, lazy African-American women (Halle Berry and Natalie Desselle) who come up with ill-considered schemes to strike it rich. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Nova.*

**Booty Call**—Jamie Foxx and Tommy Davidson star in this comedy about two men haplessly in search of sex, and the women who won't give it to them. (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; 84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

**Boys Life 2**—Four gay-themed shorts about the trials of adolescence. With Mary Beth Hurt, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Eileen Brennan. (1 hr. 14 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

**Breaking the Waves**—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

**Cats Don't Dance**—An animated feature about a cat who longs to be a Hollywood star. Directed by Mark Dindal. (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

**Chasing Amy**—In the third installment in writer-director Kevin Smith's "New Jersey Trilogy," a young comic-book artist surprises himself by befriending a girl who refuses to sleep with him. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

**City of Industry**—An ex-con (Harvey Keitel) is lured back into thievery by his aspiring younger brother (Timothy Hutton). Directed by John Irvin. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; 84th Street.*

**Crash**—The hushed, monotonal characters in this highbrow pornographic movie, directed by David Cronenberg, are neither ghouls nor necrophiliacs, though they certainly get off on death. In the opening scene, Deborah Kara Unger slowly leans forward, stimulating a nipple into erection against a cold, cold surface while getting worked on from behind and below by some man we don't yet know. Later, in bed, Catherine narrates the events to her husband, James Ballard (James Spader), who entertains her with *his* day spent dallying. The two of them use the narrated acts to stimulate their own lovemaking. On the road, Ballard inadvertently crashes into a doctor, Helen Remington (Holly Hunter), whose husband dies in the crash. The two crash victims then meet in the hospital, and thereafter things turn increasingly automotive, what with the couple fornicating awkwardly in the mangled cars and then attending a crash derby in which the man who made love to Catherine—Vaughn, his name is—restages the death of James Dean. Vaughn gets Ballard hooked, and since Ballard wants Catherine to be happy—there's some romantic Tristan-and-Isolde-ish feeling in their linked death wish—the two of them take part in wild rides around town. The sex grows more and more baroque and voyeuristic. This is an extremely controlled piece of filmmaking, without an ugly or discordant shot anywhere. Formally, *Crash* is a triumph. But it's too remote and specialized to be of more than passing interest, and its techno-fetishism is familiar to anyone who has sampled avant-garde fiction over the past 30 years. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center; Criterion Center; Sutton; Regency.*

### Ground Rules:

**These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.**

**The Daytrippers**—A young woman, concerned that her husband is cheating on her, heads into Manhattan to trail him—with her entire family in tow. With Anne Meara, Parker Posey, Stanley Tucci, Campbell Scott, and Hope Davis. Directed by Greg Mottola. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**The Devil's Own**—See David Denby, p. 67.

★**Donnie Brasco**—Set in the late seventies and early eighties, and based on a true story, *Donnie Brasco* catches the mob at a period of confusion and relative decline. These men are not crime lords but thieves and murderers imprisoned by myths that have long since worn out. The ace screenwriter Paul Attanasio has built a wonderful emblematic figure—a new movie icon of failure—out of the mobster Lefty Ruggiero (Al Pacino). Lefty is a longtime hitman, but his authority is now dwindling; he's been repeatedly passed over, and he grumbles like a corporate hotshot who got a corner office when young but somehow never made vice-president. When Lefty meets an outsider, the svelte young jewel thief Donnie Brasco (Johnny Depp), who listens to him and seems to admire him, he warms up to Donnie immediately. Lefty sets about getting the young man accepted into the mob. What he doesn't realize is that Donnie is an FBI agent. At the heart of the movie is the relationship between the two characters, and two actors. Pacino's performance is a beautiful piece of work—moving, in part, because it is offered utterly without irony or condescension. Lefty may be a murdering fool, but Pacino knows that even a fool longs for dignity and tries to justify himself. As Donnie, Johnny Depp is very graceful, with a knifelike speed in violent moments. We can believe that the mob might take him for a tough, ambitious young hood—he has the wariness and self-confidence that create an aura. And Depp's emotional reticence works for the role. We can't tell after a while whether Donnie wants to nail these hoods or become one of them. He's in very deep, caught in the stupid but mesmerizing tangle of betrayal and violence. The rubouts, the eroticized power—it beats anything his family, even his wife, can offer. Director Mike Newell doesn't take many risks with the camera, and there are no wild flights, no outbreaks of Scorsesean poetry. But his movie is coherent and emotionally satisfying—a good, realistic gangster film, just when everyone thought the genre was exhausted. (Denby; 3/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village*

"Cue" cover photograph courtesy of the Cartier Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

*East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

**Double Team**—Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dennis Rodman form an unlikely allegiance as they battle some nebulous bad guys. Directed by Tsui Hark. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

★**Drunks**—When it aired on Showtime in 1996, John Leonard wrote, "In Gary Lennon's adaptation of his play *Blackout,* the likes of Richard Lewis, Faye Dunaway, and Dianne Wiest have only themselves to blame for lives gone out of control. And blame themselves they do, at an AA meeting in a Times Square basement. The meeting is a cantata of the damned, some of whom have decided to save themselves. In this gravity, there is also grace." (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

★**The Empire Strikes Back**—The second installment in George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; 84th Street; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

★**The English Patient**—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almasy had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. Fiennes's count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but not good-humored. As Katharine, Kristin Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Godfather**—In light of the past 25 years of film history, Francis Ford Coppola's technique seems extraordinarily grave and serious. Every scene is weighted, emotionally significant, resplendent with the thick texture of feeling and history, the heavy presence of air around the characters. The violence, when it comes (after much preparation), is vehement but not excessive, and the coda to some of the most shocking scenes is no more than a mocking smile. Underneath the gravity there is almost an impish sense of humor. This is one masterpiece that borders on comedy and tragedy at the same time. (Denby; 3/31/97) (2 hrs. 55 mins.; R) *Astor Plaza.*

**Hotel Manor Inn**—A man dreams of turning an insane asylum into a plush, four-star hotel. Directed by Wayne Chesler. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

**Inventing the Abbotts**—Billy Crudup and Joaquin Phoenix are two fiercely competitive brothers who share an obsession with a trio of wealthy, sheltered sisters. Directed by Pat O'Connor. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

★**Jerry Maguire**—The huge amounts of money sports agents can snag for their clients in multiyear contracts and endorsements drives everyone crazy—and none more so than the great Jerry Maguire (Tom Cruise), who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation, and sex, all the while humbling himself in ecstasies of subordination to the clients whom he will make rich, and who will make him rich. Jerry, as it turns out, is miserable. He writes a soul-searching memo—a "mission statement"—and distributes it to the entire company, asking that they handle fewer clients and give them more personal attention. Jerry is thrown out within a week. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding, Jr.), who is a promising pro player but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry, too, and falls in love with him. Written and directed by Cameron Crowe, *Jerry Maguire* captures the American whirlwind of success better than anything in recent movies. At the same time, he captures the discon-

BETTE MIDLER · DENNIS FARINA

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except
for two things

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That Old Feeling

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tent beneath the mania, and he shows a striking gift for intimacy. This is a terrifically alert movie, hip to the way people feel about one another from moment to moment. (Denby; 12/16/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Gemini; Lincoln Square.*

**Jungle 2 Jungle**—Tim Allen plays a New York executive who discovers he has a 12-year-old son living in the jungles of the Amazon. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village East; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Metro Cinema; Pavilion Theatre.*

**Kama Sutra**—Two women in ancient India—one queen, the other slave—compete for the king's love. Directed by Mira Nair. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**Kolya**—The hero of this loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is Franta (Zdenek Sverak), a man who has lived with dismay for so long that he remains, to the very end, blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a 5-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor—a man who calls one married woman after another at night, looking for an absent husband— is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of the Dustin Hoffman-Justin Henry scenes in *Kramer vs. Kramer,* though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Liar, Liar**—See David Denby, p. 67.

**Lost Highway**—David Lynch may be a failure as an artist, but he's not a phony. In this two-hour narrative movie, he has sustained the obsessional weirdness of his most extreme works. Patricia Arquette and Pullman play a married couple living together in intense silence and distrust. Pullman is all awareness, and Arquette seems completely drugged, so they make a provocative and unstable combination. Erotic tension gathers in the blank spaces between their words. The couple begins receiving videotapes, first of the exterior of the house, then of the interior and the two of them in bed. Some sort of intruder is plaguing them, and we gather he has a mysterious connection to Arquette's past. This mix of voyeurism and violation could easily power a great erotic thriller—but then Lynch lets everything go but the eroticism. The picture is a virtuoso exercise in spooky unintelligibility. (Denby; 3/3/97) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Angelika 57; Village Theatre VII.*

**Love and Other Catastrophes**—The romantic travails of a gaggle of Australian college students. Directed by Emma-Kate Croghan. (1 hr. 16 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; 62nd and Broadway.*

**Love Jones**—Larenz Tate and Nia Long play two young singles who have what they think is a one-night stand; then they start to fall in love. Written and directed by Theodore Witcher. (1 hr. 13 mins.; R ) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

**Mandela**—A documentary about Nelson Mandela, in which South Africa's president tells the story of his life. Directed by Jo Menell and Angus Gibson. (2 hrs. ; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

**Marvin's Room**—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile when one is faced with a terminal illness. With Leonardo Di Caprio. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Cinema 3; Guild 50th Street; Pavilion Theatre.*

**Prisoner of the Mountains**—A company of armed Russians fighting in the war with Chechnya is ambushed by the rebels; two Russian soldiers survive and are held as prisoners in a Muslim village in the Caucasus Mountains. The older one, Sacha (Oleg Menshnikov), a professional soldier with a devil-may-care attitude, is disgusted by Vania (Sergei Bodrov Jr.), the raw recruit he's stuck with. The village elder, an enormous, fierce-looking man (Jemel Sikharulidze), wants to keep them alive so he can trade them for his son, who is held prisoner by the Russians nearby. In his slight, haphazard way, the director, Sergei Bodrov, captures the rawness, the unpredictability, the stop-and-go violence of war. On the other hand, we don't always know what's going on; some of the sequences seem half-hearted and arbitrary. Bodrov needs to tighten his grip on basic technique; his casualness is cut off from meaning. (Denby; 3/3/97) (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Private Parts**—With the help of the writers Len Blum and Michael Kalesniko and director Betty Thomas, Howard Stern has created an effective screen character for himself as a boy and as a young man—Howard the oversized, underdeveloped nerdo thinking dirty thoughts. Stern narrates his life, and the scenes of his childhood are fast, light, and funny in Woody Allen's vignette style. In the movie (but not always on the air), Stern gets away with masochistic jokes by not dwelling on them—one quick moment and then on to the next riff. His early radio career is done swiftly as a series of professional disasters and moral victories. *Private Parts* becomes painful once Stern makes it big. We are treated as if we were all worshiping fans, fascinated by the assembling of Howard's immortal team (Robin Quivers, Fred Norris, Jackie Martling), and we're supposed to cheer for the team's humiliating anyone who gets in their way. His jeering at ethnics and women has the dull ritual gamesmanship of a guy at a bar going for easy laughs. And in imitation of Stern, the movie plays the same stupid trick on the audience that *The People vs. Larry Flynt* tried to play: It implies that anyone disapproving of its hero is either a religious fundamentalist or a stuffed shirt. In the second half, as Stern becomes a celeb, he tells us again and again that he can have any woman in town but that he will remain faithful to his wife (Mary McCormanck). He makes himself into a martyr of denial. Power, apparently, is what really turns him on. At some level, he fancies himself a leader. But of what? (Denby; 3/24/97) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

**Return of the Jedi**—The final installment of George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

**Rosewood**—Two men work to evacuate an all-black town when neighboring whites—enraged by false reports of a random attack by a black man against a white woman—seek revenge. Based on actual incidents in twenties Florida. Directed by John Singleton. (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of those rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Selena**—Jennifer Lopez stars as the late Tejano singer Selena, who was shot to death by the head of her fan club. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG ) *Village East; 19th Street East; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Plaza .*

**Shine**—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, David Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a bearish domestic tyrant, bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Bent over from

## Retrospective Smoke Screen

*Just in time to meet the groundswell of renewed interest in Humphrey Bogart—the numerous books, the rediscovered 'lost' version of 'The Big Sleep,' the Lauren Bacall Oscar nomination—comes a monthlong retrospective on the great laconic lisper. The American Museum of the Moving Image kicks off its tribute with—what else?—'Casablanca,' on April 5. (See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for info.)*

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art/Film Stills Archive

fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

**The Sixth Man**—A dead basketball star (Kadeem Hardison) spurs his team to victory from beyond, in this comedy directed by Randall Miller. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th Street East.*

**Sling Blade**—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With John Ritter, Dwight Yoakam, and Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Carnegie Hall Cinema; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

**Smilla's Sense of Snow**—Julia Ormond stars as an emotionally remote woman who relentlessly investigates the mysterious death of a little boy she had grown to love. With Gabriel Byrne. Directed by Billie August. (2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

★**Star Wars**—In the past twenty years, American big-studio films have become so frivolously pop and so omnivorously commercial that *Star Wars* now seems a model of classical narrative. It tells a story with some feeling for its characters; it has a strong charge of suspense and an epic theme—the search of a boy for his father. It has a touch of mystery, and has retrospectively gained in stature by George Lucas's extending the mythical aspects of the story in later parts of the trilogy. What seemed cheesy before—the helmeted lummoxes running up and down corridors, the refuse-dump walls closing in on the heroes—now seems reassuringly human and small-scaled. (Denby; 2/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG) *Pavilion Theatre.*

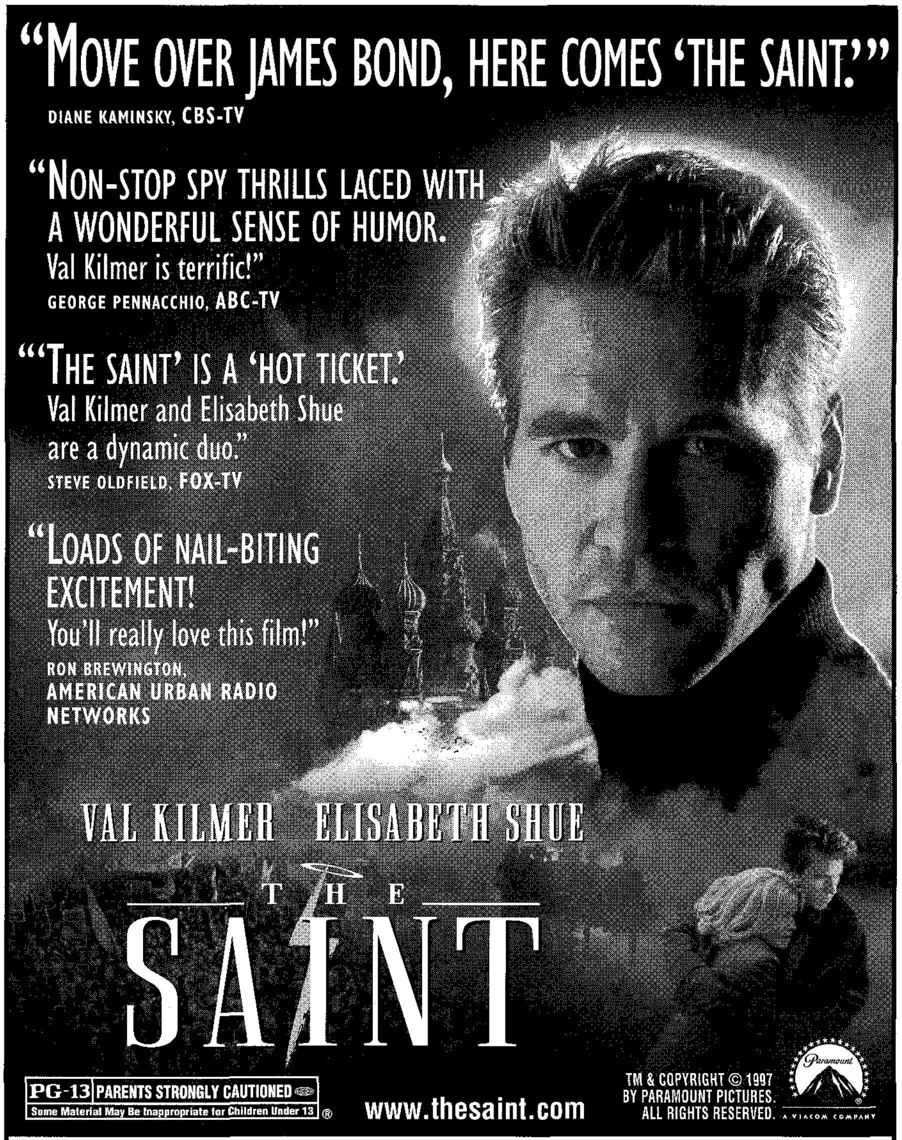
**That Old Feeling**—Bette Midler and Dennis Farina are a long-divorced couple who reunite at their daughter's wedding. Directed by Carl Reiner. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13). *Opens Friday.*

**The Saint**—Val Kilmer stars as Simon Templar, a master thief who falls in love with the scientist (Elisabeth Shue) whose secrets he's been hired to steal. Directed by Phillip Noyce. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13). *Opens Friday.*

**Unforgotten**—A documentary about the controversial Willowbrook facility, which housed the developmentally disabled in horrid conditions. Directed by Jack Fisher. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

**Waiting for Guffman**—Christopher Guest stars as Corky St. Clair, a failed stage director who returns to his hometown of Blaine, Missouri, in the hopes of resuscitating his career. Directed by Guest. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Village East.*

★**When We Were Kings**—In 1974, Don King promoted a world-heavyweight championship fight in Zaire, the famous "Rumble in the Jungle." For the heavily favored George Foreman, Zaire was just a place to earn $5 million, but for Muhammad Ali, fighting to reclaim the title stripped from him when he refused induction into the Army during the Vietnam War, the event was a defining moment. The young music documentarian Leon Gast went to Zaire to shoot the performance and returned with 300,000 feet of film. After years of struggle, he finally pulled the footage together with help from producer-director Taylor Hackford, who shot fresh interviews with Norman Mailer and George Plimpton, both of whom covered the fight. We see the routine things onscreen—Foreman punching the training bag, Ali taking body blows from his sparring partner—which are brought to life by Mailer's comments. Even people who hate boxing will be held by the intensity of the human drama. Watching Muhammad Ali spin and wheel, we can only mourn the brilliant young man who martyred himself to his love of glory in the ring. (Denby; 2/24/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *19th Street East; Lincoln Square.*



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## Manhattan

### Below 14th Street

**Angelika Film Center**—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Crash; The Daytrippers; Love and Other Catastrophes; Shine; Sling Blade; Smilla's Sense of Snow.*
**Art Greenwich Twin**—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Return of the Jedi; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*
**Cinema Village 12th St**—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Mandela.*
**Film Forum**—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Gray's Anatomy; Le Samourai; Licensed to Kill.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
**Quad Cinema**—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life 2; Breaking the Waves; Drunks; Hotel Manor Inn; Secrets & Lies.*
**Screening Room**—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Everyone Says I Love You; Fargo.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
**Village East**—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *B.A.P.S.; Cats Don't Dance; City of Industry; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Jungle 2 Jungle; Kolya; Selena; Waiting for Guffman.*
**Village Theatre VII**—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Devil's Own; Kama Sutra; Lost Highway; Love Jones; Private Parts; The Sixth Man.*
**Waverly**—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Liar, Liar.*

### 14th-41st Streets

**19th Street East**—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *B.A.P.S.; Donnie Brasco; Love Jones; Selena; Smilla's Sense of Snow; When We Were Kings.*
**34th Street East**—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The English Patient.*
**34th Street Showplace**—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Liar, Liar; Private Parts.*
**Chelsea**—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Shine; The Sixth Man; Sling Blade.*
**Chelsea West**—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Liar, Liar.*
**Murray Hill Cinemas**—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Shine; Sling Blade.*

### 42nd-60th Streets

**59th Street East**—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Ridicule.*
**Angelika 57**—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Lost Highway; Unforgotten.*
**Astor Plaza**—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Godfather.*
**Carnegie Hall Cinema**—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Substance of Fire; Sling Blade.*
**Cinema 3**—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Marvin's Room.*
**Cinema I, II, Third Ave.**—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Breaking the Waves; Kama Sutra; Shine.*
**Coronet**—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Private Parts.*
**Criterion Center**—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Booty Call; Cats Don't Dance; Crash; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire; Love Jones; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*
**Crown Gotham**—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Evita; Jungle 2 Jungle.*
**Eastside Playhouse**—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Love and Other Catastrophes.*
**Embassy 1**—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Sixth Man.*
**Embassy 2-4**—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *City of Industry; The English Patient; Jungle 2 Jungle.*
**Guild 50th Street**—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Marvin's Room.*
**Manhattan Twin**—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *B.A.P.S.; Love Jones.*
**National Theatre**—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Liar, Liar.*
**Paris Theater**—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Hamlet.*
**State**—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *B.A.P.S.; Private Parts; Selena.*
**Sutton**—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Sixth Man; Crash.*
**Worldwide Cinemas**—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Big Night; Fargo; Michael; Portrait of a Lady; The Relic.*
**Ziegfeld**—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Return of the Jedi.*

### 61st Street and Above, East Side

**68th Street Playhouse**—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Quiet Room.*
**72nd St. East**—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Selena.*
**86th Street**—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The English Patient; Liar, Liar.*

## Data The *Saint*?!

**In *The Saint* (opening April 4), rabble-rouser Val Kilmer plays bad boy Simon Templar, master of international espionage and thievery, who, transformed by the love of a good woman, begins to develop a rough code of ethics. "Val doesn't project a Jimmy Stewart–type 'I love everybody,' " director Phillip Noyce told *Premiere*, gently alluding to Kilmer's rep as a dour, churlish, narcissistic tyrant. "But we conceived this film as the story of a sinner who becomes the Saint, so his bad-boy image is to our advantage." Kilmer himself offers a minor concession: "I'm sure I'm more guilty of being difficult than I'd like to remember," he says. "Maybe I've lost a job because of some rumor. [But] I doubt it." His assorted friends, co-workers, and loved ones—listed below—might, perhaps, disagree.**

*Kilmer in a rare moment of repose on set.*

| MORTAL ENEMY | GRIEVANCE |
|---|---|
| **MICHAEL BREGMAN**<br>Producer, *The Real McCoy*, 1993 | "He decided on the third day of shooting to play the role like Clint Eastwood and ruined the movie." When the director asked Kilmer to handle a prop gun differently, Kilmer smashed the gun through a car windshield and "attacked the dashboard." |
| **JOEL SCHUMACHER**<br>Directed Kilmer in *Batman Forever*, 1995 | "He was badly behaved, rude and inappropriate, childish and impossible. Val is the most psychologically troubled human being I've ever worked with. The tools I used working with him—communication, patience, understanding—are the tools I use on my 5-year-old godson. I think he needs help." |
| **RICHARD STANLEY**<br>Directed Kilmer for three days in *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, 1996 | "He would refuse to rehearse. He'd do [lines] but throw it all away. And he kept insisting on odd bits and pieces of wardrobe that didn't make sense, like a piece of blue material wrapped around his arm. It was like, 'Why?' " |
| **JOHN FRANKENHEIMER**<br>Stanley's replacement on *Moreau* | "I don't like Val Kilmer, I don't like his work ethic, and I don't want to be associated with him ever again." He adds: "Will Rogers never met Val Kilmer." |
| **MARLENE STEWART**<br>Costume designer, *The Saint* | "I learned never to say, 'I really like this,' because if I did, he would reject it." Kilmer vetoed more than 100 sweaters—some of which Stewart had commissioned—while instructing Stewart to think for inspiration of "a bricklayer from Berlin who could buy a jet with cash." (He eventually selected one of the first sweaters she had championed.) |
| **MARK KILMER**<br>Brother | "Val and I haven't spoken since 1993." |
| **JOANNE WHALLEY-KILMER**<br>Ex-wife | Kilmer walked out on her weeks after she gave birth to their second child, she says; when she asked where he was going, Kilmer replied, "I'm leaving you—if you don't like it, sue me!" She did, amid rumors that he had cheated on her with Drew Barrymore, Cindy Crawford, and a pizza-delivery girl. "Val is such a big superstar now, his family has become superfluous," Whalley-Kilmer said, "a millstone round his neck." |

Photograph by Stephen Morley/Paramount Pictures.

## Opening
# French Toast

*French auteur Philippe Garrel—known for his paradoxical obsessions with both druggy hipster Nico and the Holy Family—is, thus far, adored in France and ignored here. The Film Society of Lincoln Center looks to rectify this oversight with a weeklong screening of his quirky oeuvre—including 1983's 'Liberte, La Nuit' (above)—beginning this Friday. (See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for more info.).*

**86th Street East**—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Jungle 2 Jungle; The Sixth Man; Sling Blade.*

**Beekman**—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Smilla's Sense of Snow.*

**First & 62nd St. Cinema**—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Kolya; Liar, Liar; Secrets & Lies; Sling Blade; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Gemini**—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire.*

**New York Twin**—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You.*

**Orpheum 7**—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *B.A.P.S.; Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; Love Jones; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Selena.*

**UA East**—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Donnie Brasco.*

### *61st Street and Above, West Side*

**62nd and Broadway**—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Love and Other Catastrophes.*

**84th Street**—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (294-9410) *Booty Call; City of Industry; The Empire Strikes Back; Love Jones; Private Parts; Rosewood; Selena.*

**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas**—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Daytrippers; The Eighth Day; The English Patient; Kolya; Prisoner of the Mountains; Secrets & Lies.*

**Lincoln Square**—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *B.A.P.S.; Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire; Kama Sutra; Liar, Liar; Return of the Jedi; Shine; Smilla's Sense of Snow; When We Were Kings.*

**Metro Cinema**—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Liar, Liar; Jungle 2 Jungle.*

**New Coliseum**—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Liar, Liar; Selena; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Nova**—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *B.A.P.S.; Selena; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Olympia Theatre**—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Private Parts; Selena.*

**Regency**—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Crash.*

## Bronx

### *Area Code 718*

**Bay Plaza**—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *B.A.P.S.; Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Return of the Jedi; Selena; The Sixth Man; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Concourse Plaza**—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *B.A.P.S.; Booty Call; Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Selena; The Sixth Man; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Riverdale Twin Theatre**—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; Shine.*

**Whitestone**—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *B.A.P.S.; Booty Call; Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Rosewood; Selena; The Sixth Man; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

## Brooklyn

### *Area Code 718*

**Alpine**—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; The English Patient; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Brooklyn Heights**—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *The Empire Strikes Back; Private Parts.*

**Canarsie**—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Liar, Liar; The Sixth Man; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Cobble Hill**—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Cats Don't Dance; Crash; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Liar, Liar; Shine; Sling Blade.*

**Fortway**—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *B.A.P.S.; Donnie Brasco; Private Parts; Selena; The Sixth Man.*

**Kenmore**—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *B.A.P.S.; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; The Sixth Man.*

**Kent Triplex**—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Cats Don't Dance; Liar, Liar; Shine; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Kings Plaza**—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *B.A.P.S.; Booty Call; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Love Jones; Selena; The Sixth Man.*

**Kingsway**—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Marboro**—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Cats Don't Dance; Donnie Brasco; Liar, Liar; Private Parts.*

**Pavilion Theatre**—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Empire Strikes Back; Jungle 2 Jungle; Marvin's Room; Private Parts; Star Wars.*

**Plaza Twin**—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Booty Call; Love Jones; Rosewood.*

**Ridgewood**—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *B.A.P.S.; Cats Don't Dance; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Selena; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**The Movies at Sheepshead Bay**—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Absolute Power; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Selena; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

## Queens

### *Area Code 718*

**Astoria**—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *B.A.P.S.; The Devil's Own; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Selena; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Bay Terrace**—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Crash; The English Patient; Jungle 2 Jungle; Selena; Sling Blade; Smilla's Sense of Snow.*

**Cinema City**—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *B.A.P.S.; Donnie Brasco; The English Patient; Love Jones; Selena; The Sixth Man.*

**Cinemart**—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Private Parts; Jungle 2 Jungle.*

**Continental**—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Cats Don't Dance; The English Patient; Return of the Jedi.*

**Crossbay**—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *B.A.P.S.; Love Jones; Selena.*

**Crossbay II**—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Cats Don't Dance; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; The Sixth Man; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Elmwood**—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Jungle 2 Jungle; Love Jones; Private Parts.*

**Forest Hills**—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Devil's Own; Sling Blade.*

**Fresh Meadows**—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *The Devil's Own; Jerry Maguire; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Jackson Triplex**—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Liar, Liar; Selena; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Midway**—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Jerry Maguire; Liar, Liar; Selena; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**Movieworld**—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Cats Don't Dance; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi.*

**North Shore Towers**—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Donnie Brasco; Shine.*

**Plaza** —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Selena; Liar, Liar.*

**Quartet**—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *B.A.P.S.; The Devil's Own; Selena; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

**The Movies at Bayside**—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Donnie Brasco; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi.*

**Trylon**—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Donnie Brasco.*

## Staten Island

### *Area Code 718*

**Atrium**—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Cats Don't Dance; The Dev-*

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

*il's Own; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Private Parts.*

**Hylan Plaza**—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Sling Blade.*

**The Movies at Staten Island**—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *B.A.P.S.; Booty Call; Cats Don't Dance; Dante's Peak; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Selena; The Sixth Man; Star Wars; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

## Museums, Societies, Etc.

**American Museum of the Moving Image**—"Humphrey Bogart." 4/5: *To Have and Have Not* (1945). 4/5 and 4/6: *Casablanca* (1943), *High Sierra* (1941), and *The Maltese Falcon* (1941). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $8.

**Anthology Film Archives**—3/31–4/6: Jafar Panahi's *The White Balloon* (1995) and Theo Angelopoulos's *Landscape in the Mist* (1988). "Luis Buñuel." 3/31 and 4/1: *The Young One* (1960) and *Robinson Crusoe* (1952). 4/2 and 4/3: *Death in the Garden* (1956) and *Sunrise* (1955). 4/4–4/6: *Wuthering Heights* (1953) and *Nazarin* (1958). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

**A Different Light**—4/6: *What's New Pussycat?* (1965). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

**Donnell Media Center**—"Luis Buñuel." 4/2: *Un Chien Andalou* (1928), *Land Without Bread* (1932), and *L'Age D'Or* (1930). "Faith Hubley." 4/3: *Animated Women: Faith Hubley* (1994) and *My Universe Inside Out* (1996). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

**Film Forum**—"Screen Deco." 4/1: *Animal Crackers* (1930) and *Flying High* (1931). 4/2: *Counselor-at-Law* (1933) and *Once in a Lifetime* (1933). 4/3: *Born to Dance* (1936) and *Broadway Melody of 1936* (1935). 4/4 and 4/5: *Possessed* (1931) and *Penthouse* (1933). 4/6: *Our Dancing Daughters* (1928) and *Our Blushing Brides* (1930). 4/7: *Dynamite* (1929) and *The Divorcee* (1930). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

**Film Society of Lincoln Center**—(The Walter Reade Theater)—3/31 and 4/2–4/4: *Suzanne Farrell: Elusive Muse* (1996). 4/1: "Open-Captioned Films for the Deaf and Hard-of-Hearing." 4/1: *Dante's Peak* (1996). "Cahiers du Cinéma presents Philippe Garrel." 4/4: *Liberte La Nuit* (1983). 4/4 and 4/5: *Le Coeur Fantome* (1995). 4/5 and 4/6: *La Cicatrice Interieure* (1970-71) and *J'Entends Plus La Guitare* (1990). 4/6: *Marie Pour Memoire* (1967). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

**French Institute**—4/1: *Lévy et Goliath* (1986). 4/8: *Plein soleil (Purple Noon)* (1959). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

**Museum of Modern Art**—"New Directors/New Films." 3/31: *Rainclouds Over Wushan* (1996) with *Amos Fortune Road* (1996) and *The Father* (1996) with *String of Life* (1996). 4/1 and 4/2: *Al Leja* (1995) with *Socorro Nobre* (1996), and *Ah-Chung* (1996). 4/3 and 4/6: *Sick: The Life and Death of Bob Flanagan, Supermasochist* (1996). 4/3 and 4/6: *Sous Sol* (1996) with *Didactic Encounter* (1997). 4/4 and 4/6: *Sunday* (1996). 4/4 and 4/5: *Moebius* (1996) with *Calendar the Siamese* (1997). 4/5 and 4/6: *English, August* (1995) and *Shall We Dance* (1996). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

**Screening Room**—Sunday brunch: *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1953). 54 Varick St., below Canal (334-2100) $8 ($5 for brunch patrons).

**Symphony Space**—"Golden Voices/Silver Screen," with live cabaret keyed to the movie. 4/1: *Hello, Dolly!* (1969). 4/8: *Swing Time* (1936). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

### Opening
## Dangerous Liaisons

*Sophie Marceau (above) stars in the third cinematic adaptation of Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina'—a work and character never fully realized on screen, despite the efforts of both Greta Garbo and Vivien Leigh. Writer-director Bernard Rose's attempt brings a new focus to the ill-paired Levin and Kitty, giving their romance nearly as much heft as the destructive passion between Anna and the Count. The film opens April 4.*

Photograph by Keith Hamshire/Warner Bros.

**Horowitz** *continued from page 39*

of the afternoon, one week before the patrols were stopped, an oversize armored jeep with four Israeli soldiers in it and a small truck carrying three Palestinian soldiers left the base and headed farther up into the mountains on a narrow, winding road. After about a mile, the Israeli jeep slowed down and allowed the Palestinian truck to pull out and take the lead. The switch meant the convoy had just passed into Palestinian-controlled territory.

As they made their way to Abu Snena, a hilltop overlooking Hebron that's 3,000 feet above sea level, Palestinian children waved and yelled and ran along the side of the road. From this perch, the old Jewish quarter looked like a small raft floating in a sea of Arab houses and shops.

"I am happy that I can wear this uniform," one of the Palestinian soldiers told me. A 32-year-old from Gaza named Omar, he wore a San Francisco 49ers baseball cap backward and kicked a soccer ball with kids who followed the patrol up to their lookout. "But I am also sad because I've lost friends in the *intifada.*"

"Maybe you should ask him who started it," said one of the Israeli soldiers a little while later, as the nasaly sound of the muezzin calling the Muslims to prayer at the tomb drifted up to the hilltops. "Look, you think it's easy to work next to people who you've probably had to chase through the streets not long ago?"

It was a simple question, but one that touched on the complexity of the relationship between the Israelis and the Palestinians who are forced to live and work together. "I was driving up the road from Hebron to Kiryat Arba with a friend recently," says ex-New Jerseyan David Wilder, "and when we were going past one of the areas well known for rock throwing, we saw two adolescents hiding in an alley. We figured, okay, now we're going to get it."

Taking his eyes off the road in anticipation of trouble, Wilder ran his car into a hole. He called on his walkie-talkie for help. As Wilder and his companion tried various maneuvers to get the car going, a group of Arabs watched by the roadside.

"Just as I was thinking that if we had the help of a couple of the guys watching us we could get moving," Wilder says, "one of them came over and offered it. With a lift and a push from five of the Arabs, we were unstuck in a few minutes.

"But you know, it's funny," Wilder says in an unusually reflective moment. "Everyone said thanks and smiled and we were on our way. And it was a moment that on one level illustrated people, individuals, living together. But there is never a doubt that five minutes later one of them could pick up a gun and shoot me." ■

# theater

**Craig Lucas's *Heart*...O'Neill's *Hairy Ape***

## Broadway

*Previews and Openings*

**An American Daughter**—Wendy Wasserstein's new political comedy, starring Hal Holbrook and Kate Nelligan. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/13 opening. *Cort, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

**Annie**—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

**Barrymore**—Christopher Plummer impersonates the original matinee idol, John Barrymore, in a play by William Luce that re-creates Barrymore's epic performance as Richard III. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

**A Doll's House**—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 scenes from a marriage by Frank McGuinness. Starring Olivier Award winner Janet McTeer. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/2 opening. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

**Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical**—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, Margaret Whiting, and John Pizzarelli. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/3 opening. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

**The Gin Game**—Julie Harris and Charles Durning star in D. L. Coburn's Pulitzer Prize–winning analysis of life as card game. $15–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/20 opening. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

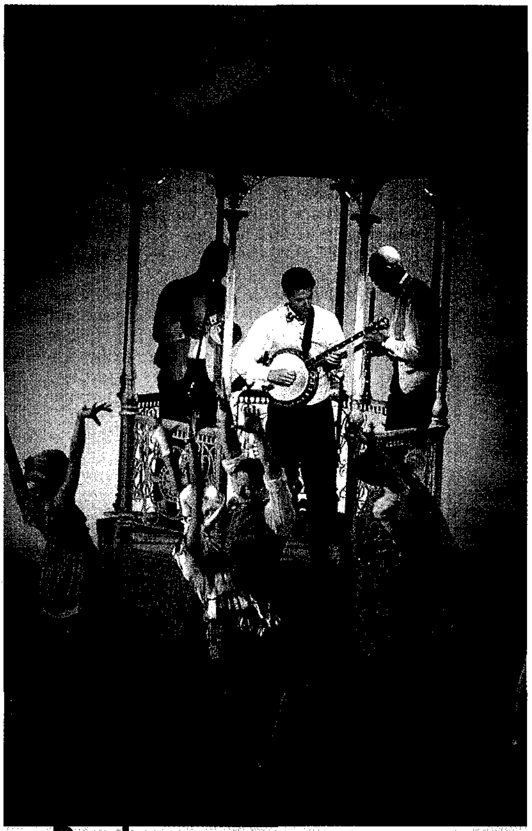
**Jekyll & Hyde**—What do you think it's about? Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/28 opening. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

**The Life**—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Michael Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/26 opening. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

**The Little Foxes**—Stockard Channing stars in Lillian Hellman's 1939 play, in a role made famous by Bette Davis on screen; directed by Jack O'Brien. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/27 opening. *Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

**Steel Pier**—Think Atlantic City, not Altman-style but 1933: dance marathons, lovebirds, and cotton candy. A new musical by Kander, Ebb, and Thompson, starring Gregory Harrison, Karen Ziemba, Daniel McDonald, and Debra Monk. $25–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. After 4/13: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/24 opening. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

**Titanic**—Go down with the ship, directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/23 opening. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*



### Previews
### Sleeper Hits

**As the Broadway audience grays, more and more musicals—think *Smokey Joe's Cafe*—reach back for the hit sounds of the ticket-buyer's youth. The latest attempt to capitalize on summers past is *Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical*, which uses the great lyricist's songs to take the audience from twenties seashores to sixties Hollywood. Lesley Ann Warren stars.**

**The Young Man From Atlanta**—Horton Foote's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama, starring Rip Torn and Shirley Knight. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/27/97. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

*Now Playing*

**Beauty and the Beast**—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk**—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

**Cats**—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Chicago**—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Defending the Caveman**—Rob Becker's one-man show, now starring Michael Chiklis, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $49.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

**A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

**The King and I**—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (unbald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

**The Last Night of Ballyhoo**—Alfred Uhry's first new play since *Driving Miss Daisy*, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

**Les Misérables**—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schon-

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

berg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

**Master Class**—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Dixie Carter as the great *monstre sacré* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Miss Saigon**—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Once Upon a Mattress**—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

**The Phantom of the Opera**—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Play On!**—Songs by Duke Ellington, plot by William Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*), and a setting in prewar Harlem. Written by Cheryl L. West; conceived and directed by Sheldon Epps. $40–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/20/97. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

**Present Laughter**—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

**Rent**—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

**Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller**—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

**Stanley**—Circle in the Square returns with this acclaimed London show about English artist Stanley Spencer. Starring Antony Sher, making his New York debut in the title role. $10–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/20/97. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

**Three Sisters**—Scott Elliott's all-star production of Chekhov's classic tale of yearning. With Billy Crudup, Amy Irving, Eric Stoltz, David Strathairn, Lili Taylor, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/13/97. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

**Victor/Victoria**—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

## Off Broadway

*Previews and Openings*

**All My Sons**—A fiftieth-anniversary production of Arthur Miller's classic, starring John Cullum and directed by Barry Edelstein. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 5/4 opening. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

**Bermuda Avenue Triangle**—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

**Corn**—A country-and-western musical by Charles Ludlam, originally produced in 1972. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/15 opening. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (307-4100).*

**Dealer's Choice**—Patrick Marber's suspense comedy, set in a small London restaurant and based around a poker game. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/8 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

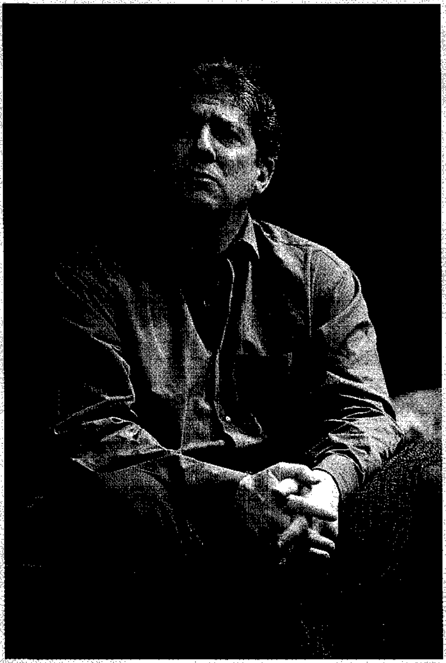
**God's Heart**—Craig Lucas's latest, starring Amy Brenneman and Julie Kavner, among others, as eight urbanites who form an unlikely connection; directed by Joe Mantello. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 4/6 opening. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

**The Green Heart**—Charles Busch and Rusty Magee's new horticultural-themed musical, set in the romantic environs of the potting shed. $30–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In

## Previews
## Entering the Arena

**Has Wendy Wasserstein, always ready with a pointed comment, ever considered a political career? Her latest play, *An American Daughter*, forms the third part of a de facto trilogy (begun with 1988's *The Heidi Chronicles*) that humorously dissects particular epochs in the urban female boomer's existence: living single, living with your sisters, and, now, living in public. *Daughter*, which has its world premiere at the Cort Theatre on April 13, picks up where NPR leaves off, following Dr. Lyssa Dent Hughes (Kate Nelligan)—daughter of a prominent senator (Hal Holbrook) and wife of a fusty sociologist (Peter Riegert, right)—from her book-lined Georgetown living room to the Senate. She's a surgeon-general nominee beset by the now *de rigueur* controversy over long-buried secrets. Her house is filled with a rotating array of family, friends, and reporters, each more concerned than the last about which domestic details Hughes will or will not disclose. While the play is eminently topical—ever since Joycelyn Elders praised onanism, we've been without a confirmed surgeon general—it avoids party lines, instead focusing on the power dynamics within a marriage and the costs of seeking prestige outside the home. "What's the price?" asks Riegert, echoing issues raised by his role as Hughes's husband in the play. "Public service is not a casual thing anymore. The sacrifice—it's serious." And it's not just the nominee who pays. "The surgeon general is the person who has a chance to use that position for the health of the country, and we don't have one," Riegert says, exasperated. Maybe Wasserstein's play can contain the Washington theatrics.**

**ALEXANDRA LANGE**



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

previews for a 4/1 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

**The Hairy Ape**—The Wooster Group presents Eugene O'Neill's expressionist drama. Directed by Elizabeth LeCompte; starring Willem Dafoe. $45–$55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/3 opening. *Selwyn Theater, 229 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**The Invisible Man/The Nightingale and Not the Lark**—Two one-act plays by Jennifer Johnston. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/5 for a 4/13 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

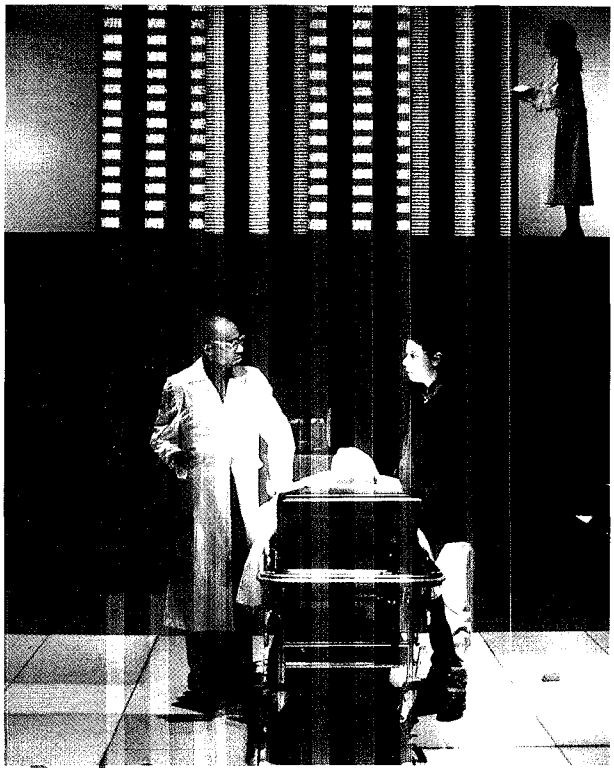
**The Joy of Going Somewhere Definite**—The world premiere of Quincy Long's meditation on marriage, courtesy three unemployed (but philosophical) loggers. Directed by Atlantic Theater Company co-founder, and Academy Award nominee, William H. Macy. $32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/7 opening. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

**Old Man River**—A one-woman show written and performed by Cynthia Gates Fujikawa about Japanese internment camps. $10. 4/3–4/5 at 7, 4/5 at 5, 4/6 at 3. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**On House**—A comic expose of what goes on behind the scrubs in a suburban Catholic hospital. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 4/2 opening. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

**The Plough and the Stars**—Sean O'Casey's classic, directed by Charlotte Moore. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/3 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

**Sympathetic Magic**—A new play by Lanford Wilson, centering on a contemporary couple and some difficult life decisions. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun at 2 and 7. Opens 4/16. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (873-6103).*



Previews

## Divine Intervention

*Craig Lucas, whose past works shared a touchy-feely mysticism ('Prelude to a Kiss,' 'Reckless'), now offers a play with his daffy cosmology centered in the cold-hearted metropolis. The eight characters in 'God's Heart' overcome their urban alienation in two short acts, helped by some vintage-Lucas divine providence.*

### *Now Playing*

**Americana**—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

**Antony and Cleopatra**—Vanessa Redgrave directs and stars with David Harewood in this new adaptation of Shakespeare's Egyptian history. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened: 3/13/97. *Anspacher/The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

**Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy**—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 3 and 5:30. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**Blue Man Group: Tubes**—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

**A Brief History of White Music**—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

### Ground Rules:

**Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.**

**Bunny Bunny**—Alan Zweibel's three-character play about his fourteen-year relationship with Gilda Radner. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/23/97. *Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

**Capitol Steps**—A new political musical revue performed by former congressional staff members. $40. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**The Changeling**—Theater for a New Audience's second production of the season, a revival of the Jacobean tragicomedy. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30 (at 8 after 2/28), Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/1/97. *Playhouse at St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

**Doctor Doctor**—An original musical revue by Peter Ekstrom featuring medically minded arias like "Eighty Thousand Orgasms," "I Hope I Never Get," and "It's My Fat." But do they make house calls? $15–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/26/97. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

**The Fantasticks**—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

**Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!**—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

**Full Gallop**—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. As sublimely performed by Mary Louise Wilson—whose makeup, utterance, and demeanor fit Vreeland to a tee—this is the highest hilarity, the Everest of camp. Hear Miss Wilson say, "You can't destroy Europe; you can't even nick it," or "We are all allowed a splash of bad taste—no taste is what I am against," and you will feel transported into Thalia's lap. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

**Godspell**—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

**Grandma Sylvia's Funeral**—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

**How I Learned to Drive**—Paula Vogel's new coming-of-age tale, starring Mary-Louise Parker and David Morse. Directed by Mark Brokaw. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 3/16/97. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

**Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly**—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change**—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

**In-Betweens**—A new play by Bryan Goluboff, a love story set in the Bronx. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 2/18/97. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

**Kerouac**—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

**Late Nite Catechism**—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

**Magic on Broadway**—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

**Making Porn**—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

**Mother Courage**—The Eric Bentley/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children,* presented in rotating repertory. $24.

Photograph by T. Charles Erickson.

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Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/19/97. Through 5/18. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

**Minor Demons**—Bruce Graham's new play about a big-time lawyer's return to a small town outside Pittsburgh. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 3/16/97. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

**Names**—A new play by Mark Kemble about the Hollywood "red scare," starring the legendary Tovah Feldshuh. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 3/31. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

**One Flea Spare**—Dianne Wiest stars in Naomi Wallace's dark drama about class warfare in seventeenth-century London. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 3/9/97. *Martinson Hall/The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

**Othello**—Set in the Mediterranean Renaissance, starring Abner Genece and Joseph Menino. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/16/97. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

**Perfect Crime**—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

**Psychopathia Sexualis**—John Patrick Shanley's fetish comedy, starring Daniel Gerroll, Andrew McCarthy, and Park Overall. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/25/97. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage I, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

**A Question of Mercy**—The world premiere of David Rabe's meditation on assisted suicide (obviously this year's soul-search issue). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 2/25/97. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

**Stomp**—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

**Stonewall Jackson's House**—A new comedy about a young woman who violates racial taboos—political correctness, take that! $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 4/27. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

**Tap Dogs**—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

**Tokyo Shock Boys**—Japanese vaudeville, with a little Stooges mixed in. $25–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/19/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, bet. 6th Ave. and MacDougal St. (307-4100).*

**Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding**—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

**Two Gentlemen of Verona**—Blue Light Theater Company presents Shakespeare's early comedy, directed by Dylan Baker. $25–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/23/97. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (935-5820).*

**Violet**—A new musical by Jeanine Tesori and Brian Crawley based on *The Ugliest Pilgrim* by Doris Betts; directed by Susan H. Schulman. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/6. Opened: 3/11/97. *Playwrights Horizons, Wilder Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

## Off-Off Broadway

**Censored!**—A Via Theater piece inspired by the moral majority at the Hays Office in Hollywood, and featuring dance and theater pieces in the style of Fosse, Bennett, and Berkeley. $15. 4/3–4/19 at 8, 4/20 at 5. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (388-2976).*

**Easter**—Naked Angels presents a new play by Will Scheffer, starring Jodie Markell. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (397-7841).*

**Eulogy for a Small-Time Thief**—Miguel Piñero's new play about street hustlers, starring MTV's Idalis. $12. Weds.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/13. *La Tea Theatre, 107 Suffolk St. (769-6993).*

**Good As New**—Peter Hedges's new dysfunctional-family comedy, starring Laura Esterman, John Spencer, and Chelsea Altman. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun at 3. Through 4/6. *MCC Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

**Gross Indecency**—The three trials of Oscar Wilde. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun at 7. Through 4/20. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (721-3385).*

**The Inferno (A Detective Story)**—By Pavol Liska. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/13. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

**The Learned Ladies**—Molière's satire of the literary set, performed by students at the Circle in the Square Theatre School. $5. 4/4, 4/5, 4/8–4/12, and 4/15–4/19 at 7. *Annex Theatre, Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (307-2732).*

**The Little Frieda Mysteries**—David and Amy Sedaris's new dysfunctional drama. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Mon. and Wed. at 8. From 4/3–4/19. *The Club at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

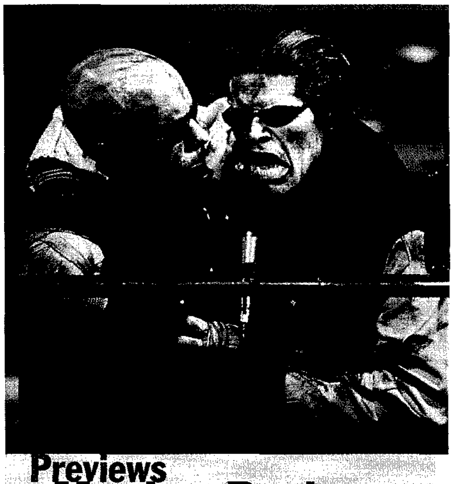
**Men on the Verge of a His-Panic Breakdown**—Multiple monologues about the gay Hispanic experience. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 9, Sun. at 5. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St.(265-1086).*

**Moscow Beach**—Scott Vogel's generous reinterpretation of Chekhov's *Three Sisters*, set in Miami. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 9, Sun. at 5. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St.(265-1086).*

**Savage**—Fragments from W. B. Yeats' *Cuchulain* cycle. $12. 4/4–4/6, 4/10–4/13, 4/17–4/20 at 8, 4/13 and 4/20 at 3. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. and 10th St.(533-4650).*

**Terra Incognita**—An opera for the theater by Maria Irene Fornes and Roberto Sierra. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *INTAR Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St.(765-1706).*

**Winning**—A new play about corporate drive, office politics, and personal integrity by David van Asselt. $55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl.(627-2556).*



**Previews**

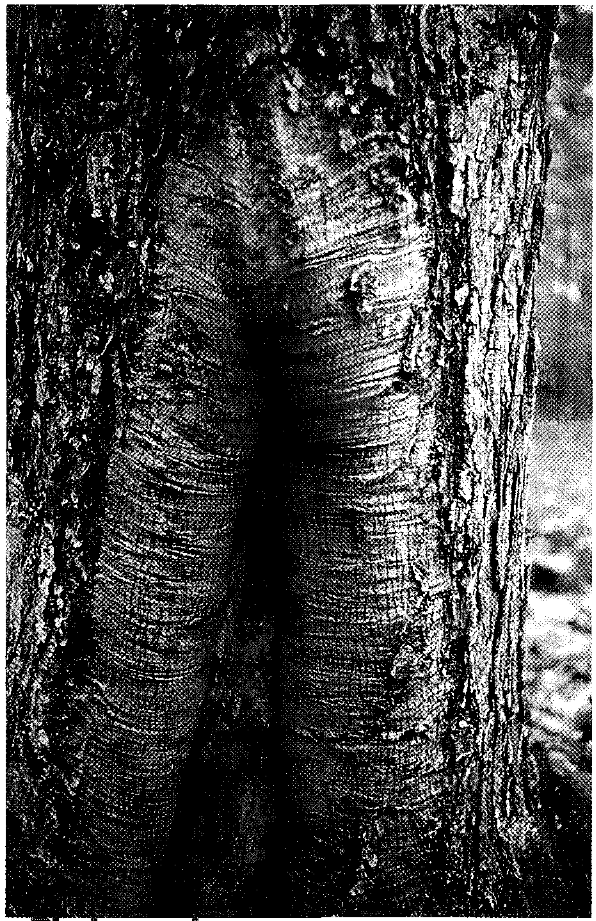
### Monkey Business

**Willem Dafoe takes the stage as Eugene O'Neill's proletarian hero Yank in the Wooster Group's production of *The Hairy Ape*, a post-Marxist, pre-Freudian vision of the war between gentry and "animal."**

Photograph by Mary Gearhart.

# art

**Joe Letitia...Cartier...Louise Belcourt**



## Photography
## Naughty Wood

*At a time when it's difficult to find art that* isn't *about sex (much of it staged and unintentionally humorous), Joe Letitia's unembellished photographs of trees reveal just how startlingly suggestive—pornographic, even—nature often is without even trying. At Casey Kaplan, 48 Greene Street; through April 19.*

## Galleries
### Solos

*Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**Andy Warhol and Jean-Michel Basquiat**—Large collaborative paintings dating from 1984–85; through 4/26. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

**John James Audubon**—Sixty hand-colored engravings from the first edition of the artist's *The Bird of America*, completed in June 1838; through 4/26. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

**Georg Baselitz**—The artist's "Fracture" paintings from the sixties; through 5/17. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

**James Havard**—New paintings whose imagery draws on the artist's Native American ancestry; through 4/26. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

**William King**—A survey of the artist's characteristically elongated sculptures of everyman in wood, bronze, burlap, vinyl, aluminum, stainless steel, and other materials; through 4/26. Dintenfass, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

**Knox Martin**—A survey of the artist's early paintings, ranging from the early fifties to the early seventies, that were originally exhibited at the Charles Egan Gallery, the Rose Fried Gallery, and the Fischbach Gallery; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

**John Moore**—Recent paintings, each of which melds together views of at least two cities; through 4/26. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

**Niki de Saint Phalle**—Prints, drawings, and sculptural reliefs from the sixties to the present; through 4/19. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (924-0858).

*57th Street Area*

**Jennifer Bolande**—A series of sixteen sepia-toned iris prints titled "Forest Spirits," the imagery in each print taken from the same found postcard of a path in the woods; 4/4–5/24. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

**Joe Brainard**—The first retrospective of the late artist's assemblages, collages, paintings, and drawings; through 4/19. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

**Bryan Hunt**—New bronze and aluminum sculptures cast from the artist's sculptures based on the forms of rivers and lakes; through 4/19. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

**Michael Kessler/Jacquelyn McBain**—Recent paintings/Small-scale still-life paintings that are metaphoric representations of such stories as *Saint Agatha's Breasts, Saint Joan of Arc Burned as a Witch & Herbalist*, and *Saint Roch & the Plague of Frogs*; 4/2–5/3. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

**Käthe Kollwitz and Lea Grundig**—Drawings and prints by two of Germany's foremost political artists; through 5/31. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

**Robert Kushner**—New paintings on the theme of flowers and the harvest; 4/3–5/3. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

**Matta**—New paintings that depict mechanistic figures surrounded by swirls of color; through 4/26. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

**Michael Mazur**—Recent abstract paintings that evoke landscapes and Chinese painting; through 5/3. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

**Alice Neel**—A survey of the artist's paintings from the thirties; through 4/12. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

**Louise Nevelson**—Sculpture from the artist's estate executed between 1957 and 1987, including wall reliefs, free-standing sculptures, steel maquettes, and several assemblage works which have not been previously exhibited, through 4/26, at PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292), and sculpture and drawings from the thirties, from the artist's estate; through 4/19, at Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

**Ellen Phelan**—Recent paintings; through 4/19. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

**Sophie Ryder**—Sculptures in manipulated wire and cast bronze by the English artist; 4/2–5/3. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

**Richard Stankiewicz**—Figurative and abstract sculptures from the fifties; through 5/3. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

**Lenore Tawney/Martha Madigan**—A survey of the artist's weavings, collages, and assemblages/Photograms that juxtapose images of leaves, stones, pine cones, and other objects from nature with bodies of young children; 4/2–5/31. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

**Christopher Wilmarth**—A survey of works dating from the sixties and eighties, including paintings in mixed media and floor and wall sculptures in wood, metal, and glass; through 4/19. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

*SoHo and TriBeCa*

**L.C. Armstrong/Emily Cheng**—New paintings that feature the artist's signature paint-and-burn line under polyester resin surfaces/Photographic portraits exploring the relationship between painting and photography. Through 4/19. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

**Skip Arnold**—Photographs, videos, memoirs, blueprints, maps, letters, and other material documenting the artist's performances from 1982 to the present; through 4/30. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

**Louise Belcourt**—Recent abstract paintings; 4/5–5/3. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

**Siri Berg**—Recent paintings and collages; through 4/17. Wickiser, 568 Broadway (941-1817).

**David Black**—Paintings of everyday scenes in New York and figures in interiors; through 4/12. dfn, 560 Broadway (334-3400).

**Jean Blackburn**—Works in which the artist inverts the parts of found objects or completely disassembles them; through 4/19. Keenan, 494 Broadway (431-5083).

**Miguel Calderón**—New works that draw on the artist's background in film and photography; Through 4/19. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

**Michelle Charles/Valentina Crisera**—Paintings and works on paper that depict liquid content such as

### Ground Rules:

**Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.**

Photograph courtesy of the Casey Kaplan Gallery.

milk, honey, sugar, perfume, medicine, and water in bottles and jars/Sculptures created from incised alabaster. Through 4/19. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

**Mike Cockrill/Joe Hendrick**—New paintings that pit kitsch and sentimentality against the horrors of genocide/A mixed-media installation of "journal entries" comprising found objects and street photography. Through 4/19. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

**Richard Cramer**—Paintings whose vivid colors and cartoonish figures were inspired by the Lower East Side street scene; through 4/25. Space 504, 670 Broadway (473-0505).

**Enzo Cucchi**—Recent fresco paintings; through 4/19. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

**Mark Greenwold/Hawkins Bolden**—Paintings from the past three years that depict the artist and his friends and family in bizarre imaginary narratives/Found-object assemblages by a self-taught artist from Memphis, Tennessee. Through 4/15. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

**Jane Hammond**—Large-scale paintings that continue the artist's collaboration with the poet John Ashbery begun in 1993, in which Hammond commissioned Ashbery to create a set of titles for which she would subsequently create paintings; through 4/26. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

**Michele Harvey**—New landscape paintings; through 4/19. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

**Hiro Yokose**—Encaustic landscape paintings; through 4/26. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

**Prudencio Irazabal**—Recent paintings that employ semi-transparent layers of color; through 4/19. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

**Michael Joseph/Team SHaG**—A synchronized two-channel video installation derived from a performance in which the artist becomes a human marionette/Paintings by Amy Sillman, David Humphrey, and Eliot Green in which all three worked on each canvas in a changing sequence, like the Surrealist game of Exquisite Corpse. Through 4/19. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

**Joe Letitia/Bruce and Norman Yonemoto**—New color photographs of trees that have the appearance of human bodies with exposed genitalia, and painted plywood reliefs that refer to the natural development of trees and their limbs/A collaborative single-channel video work. Through 4/19. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

**Manel Lledos**—Recent paintings and works on paper; through 4/16. Prats, 568 Broadway (219-0510).

**Robert Mangold**—New paintings on shaped canvases from the artist's *Zone* series; through 4/26. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

**Catherine McCarthy/Enrique Chagoya**—Dreamlike paintings that borrow from such diverse sources as art history and the artist's own family scrapbook/Works that draw on the artist's Mexican heritage, including a fold-out, Mayan-inspired book that addresses political issues through cartoonlike images. Through 4/26. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

**Melissa McGill**—An installation titled *Myths, Inflections, and Innuendoes* that explores the possibilities of shadows cast by the fourth dimension; through 4/26. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

**Paul Mogensen**—Paintings from 1992 to the present that feature fields of ultramarine blue, cut-out holes, and painted spirals; through 4/19. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

**Manuel Neri**—Carved marble sculptures of the human figure; through 4/26. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

**Nurit Newman/Javier Tellez**—An installation of 2,000 pieces of miniature furniture made from beeswax/An installation that transforms the gallery into a soccer field. Through 4/26. Silverstein, 476 Broome St. (226-0640).

**Luigi Ontani**—Ceramic self-portraits of the artist as Jackson Pollock, Karl Marx, and other historic figures; through 4/26. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

**Roxy Paine**—Five new sculptural works that explore the idea of potentiality through the use of organic and non-organic materials; through 4/26. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

**Jason Rhoades**—A new installation titled *Deviations in Space, Various Virgins* that utilizes the gallery's entire space and whose central element is a Spaceball TM, a simple mechanical structure originally designed to create a sensation of suspended gravity through multidirectional rotation within a sphere; through 4/26. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

**Elena del Rivera**—A project of drawings, paintings, collages, and installation that continues the artist's obsessive exploration of the letter format as a vehicle for personal and universal communication; through 4/19. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

**Lucy Sallick**—A series of black-and-white monotypes based on stories from the artist's family history; through 4/26. Einstein, 591 Broadway (226-1414).

**Nikko Sedgwick**—Photograms that depict objects arranged in patterns; through 4/21. Dillon, 431 W. Broadway (966-2977).

**Nancy Shaver**—Sculptures that incorporate blocks of common lumber, gauzy fabrics, and paint; through 4/26. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

**Keith Sonnier**—New sculpture, through 4/26, at Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160), and film, video, and related work from 1968 to 1977, through 4/26, at Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157).

**Frank Stella**—New sculpture; through 4/26. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

**Jessica Stockholder**—Recent sculpture; 4/5–5/10. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

**John R. Thompson**—Paintings on spandex that incorporate oil, enamel, contact paper, and jade glue; through 4/19. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

**Joseph Zito**—New sculpture and works on paper involving the idea, the sound, and the form of bells; through 4/19. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

**Beat Zoderer**—A site-specific installation that employs brand-new manufactured materials; through 4/26. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

### *Chelsea*

**Doug Aitken**—Two new installation works, one of which, *Diamond Sea*, is being shown in its linear version in the film and video program of the 1997 Whitney Biennial; through 4/27. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

**Stephen Antonakos/Joel Fisher**—A new neon sculpture, drawings, and a model for a chapel/New bronze and plaster sculpture and drawings. Through 4/27. Stux, 535 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

**Linda Burnham**—New paintings on stretched fifties tablecloths; through 4/20. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

**Jean-Marc Bustamante**—New sculpture; through 4/19. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

**Rachel Harrison**—New sculpture made with *faux* materials, papier-mâché globs, construction materials, and found materials; through 4/20. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

**Mike Sale**—An installation of a wall painting and a video projection by an English artist based in Berlin; through 4/27. LaBoulbenne, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

**George Stoll**—Sculptures of toilet paper made from wood, silk, aluminum foil, paint, and other materials, and paintings and drawings of toilet paper; 4/5–5/11. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

### *Other*

**Fabio Herrera**—Abstract paintings by a Costa Rican–born artist that incorporate sand, marble dust, dirt, and stone; through 5/31. Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. (695-6135).

**Louisa Matthiasdottir**—A survey of the artist's paintings from the thirties to the present, including portraits, still lifes, and landscapes of her native Iceland; through 4/19. New York Studio School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466), Mon.–Sat. 10–6.

**Dianora Niccolini/Steven Meier**—Black-and-white photographs of male and female nudes/Geometric abstract paintings. Through 4/27. Curcio/Spector, 304 E. 5th St. (505-0409).

## Group Shows

### *Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**Ubu**—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). Surreal, sexually explicit collages by the avant-garde Czech artist Jindrich Styrsky (1899–1942) from the book *Emile Comes to Me in a Dream*; erotic photographs and collages dating from 1929–1948 by Bellmer, Brzeski, Hugnet, and Racz; through 5/3.

### *57th Street Area*

**M B Modern**—41 E. 57th St. (371-3444). Works by Aronson, Cox, and Lebrun; through 4/20.

**Snyder**—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Works by expatriates living in Paris in the twenties and thirties, including works by Alexander Calder, Man Ray, Frank Stella, others; through 5/17.

### *SoHo and TriBeCa*

**Apex Art**—291 Church St. (431-5270). Ornamental works by Agee, Burton, Torreano, others; through 4/19.

**Collins**—83 Grand St. (226-1861). "Conversion," with works by Basora, Milloff, Scarpitta, others; through 4/26.

**Exit Art**—548 Broadway (966-7745). Ten painters will use the gallery as their studio, including Avsar, Coffey, Gordon, Mellyn, Pensato, others; through 4/26.

**Harris**—524 Broadway (941-9895). Abstract paintings by Acheson, Fishman, and Schiowitz; through 4/19.

**Lehmann Maupin**—39 Greene St. (965-0753). Works using mirrors, including works by Fernandez, Gonzalez-Torres, Graham, Jaar, others; through 4/26.

**Nolan/Eckman**—560 Broadway (925-6190). Self-portraits by Baselitz, Smith, Westerman, others; through 4/26.

**Rosenberg + Kaufman**—115 Wooster St. (431-4838). Works by Ballard, Mulhern, Pozzi, others; through 4/19.

**Senior**—375 Broadway (941-0960). New works on paper by Humphries, McClelland, and Milhazes; through 4/26.

**Spot**—71 Vandam St. (727-3378). "Magazine," with works by Bookchin, Glazer, Kimmel, others; through 4/19.

**Sundvik**—26 Grand St. (226-6361). "The Leisure Sector," with works by Daniel, Lavelle, Noble, others; through 5/11.

**Wooster Gardens**—558 Broadway (941-6210). An installation on the theme of books by Svetlana Kopystiansky, sculptures that refer to architecture and domesticity by Joseph Rhone/Paintings and a wall painting that use text as a central element; through 4/25. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

### *Chelsea*

**Metro Pictures**—519 W. 24th St. (206-7100). Paintings by Dunham and Miller, sculpture by Kelley, and early photographs by Simmons; through 4/26.

### *Other*

**Baruch College**—135 E. 22nd St. (387-1006). "Women and Abstract Expressionism" in the 1950s, with works by Krasner, Mitchell, and Parsons; through 4/17.

**PS122**—150 First Ave. (228-4249). "Get Busy!," with works by Drasler, Guthrie, Iron, others; through 4/20.

## Photography

**Michael Ackerman**—Photographs of Times Square; through 4/27. Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. (477-1820).

**Alexander**—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). Photo-based works by Acconci, Burden, Rauschenberg, others; through 4/29.

**Manuel Alvarez Bravo/Colette Alvarez Urbajtel**—An exhibition marking the artist's ninety-fifth birthday. Color photographs taken in Mexico, New Guinea, China, France, and elsewhere. Through 5/3. Witkin, 415 West Broadway (925-5510).

**Tina Barney**—New photography of nudes; through 5/10. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

**Benrubi**—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Photographs of Brooklyn from the late nineteenth-century to the present; through 5/3.

**Giovanni Chiaramonte**—Photography of American landscapes; through 4/11. Hunter College, 695 Park Ave. (718-855-7178).

**Lois Conner**—Recent photographs of the Navajo people; through 4/19. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

**A.J. Furman**—Twenty-year retrospective; through 4/27. Torres, 59 Franklin St. (226-6062).

**Nicholas Kahn/Richard Selesnick**—Photographic collages; through 5/3. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

**John Kalymnios**—New photography; through 4/19. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

**Levy**—588 Broadway (941-0009). Contemporary photography from Prague; through 4/26.

**Andrea Modica**—Photographs of children and their surroundings; through 4/19. Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

**Nic Nicosia**—"Acts and Sex Acts," photographs of scenes that seem to be onstage; through 4/19. PPOW, 532 Broadway (941-8642).

**Harry Roseman**—Photographs of the artist Joseph Cornell taken by Roseman in the early seventies when he was Cornell's studio assistant; through 4/26. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

**Staley-Wise**—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs of Ford models; through 5/17.

**Hiroshi Sugimoto**—New photographs of seascapes and a video; through 4/26. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

**Arne Svenson**—Black-and-white photographs of Las Vegas; through 5/10. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

**Catherine Wagner**—Photographs of the objects and subjects in contemporary science; through 6/15. ICP, 1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777).

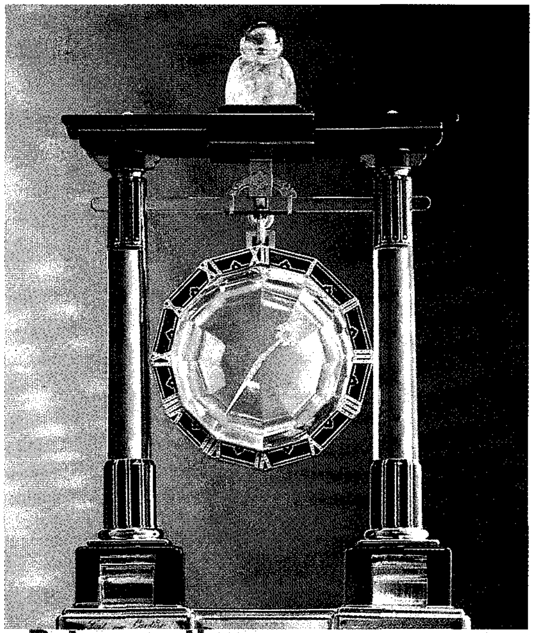
**Nick Waplington**—Photographs of weddings; through 4/12. Aperture's Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

## Museums

**American Craft Museum**—"Beatrice Wood: A Centennial Tribute." A retrospective of the artist's drawings, paintings, and ceramic work; through 6/8. . . . "Messengers of Modernism: American Studio Jewelry 1940–1960"; through 6/8. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish till 8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

**American Museum of Natural History**—"Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

**Asia Society**—"Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah." Paintings and decorative objects dating from the 17th to the 19th centuries from the former royal court of Kotah in northern India; 4/9–7/17. . . . "Along the Trade Routes: Buddhist Objects From the Asia Society Collection"; through 5/11. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.



Retrospective

## Ice, Ice, Baby

**Believers in the proposition that diamonds are a girl's best friend (with platinum playing a major supporting role) should have their faith amply confirmed by the exhibition "Cartier 1900–1939," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, April 2–August 3. Filled with some of the most spectacular baubles known to man, this suitably dazzling retrospective also reflects the deeper shifts in style that the French firm underwent in four glorious decades—from the revival of serenely graceful eighteenth-century neoclassicism to the suave geometries of Art Deco that announced the birth of modernism. Encompassed in Cartier's broad sweep are influences from Egypt, India, Persia, and the Far East. But as always in the most highly wrought forms of design, one of the most profound inspirations visible is nature itself, which drew skilled artisans and loose purse strings to pursue the consummate beauty of a flower or leaf—the wonders of life free from both human effort and purchasing power.**

**Curated by J. Stewart Johnson of the Met and Judy Rudoe of the British Museum, the exhibition emphasizes—through preparatory sketches and plaster casts—not merely the radiance of the finished works but also the imaginative power and the technical acumen that went into their making. Besides jewels for which the acquisitive might cheerfully sell their souls, the show includes all manner of innovative accessories and ornaments, among them watches that are likely to make even Timex and Swatch adherents emit a sigh of desire. They come nestled in diamonds, set as pendants, or wrapped into bracelets. There are even "mystery clocks," with their hour and minute hands suspended in clear crystal, defying the viewer to fathom by what mechanism they chart time's passage.** **TOBI TOBIAS**

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

**Brooklyn Museum of Art**—"From Pockets to Pouches: Three Centuries of Handbags at the Brooklyn Museum of Art." A selection of historical and period handbags from the museum's own collection; through 6/22. . . . "American Paintings: Ashcan and Modernist, A Centennial Exhibition"; through 6/30. . . . "Mistress of the House, Mistress of Heaven: Women in Ancient Egypt." 250 objects and artworks from public and private collections, including works from the collection of the Brooklyn Museum of Art;" through 5/18. . . . "A Different Reality: Symbolist Prints From the Collection." Prints by Symbolist artists from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; through 5/7. . . . "Rediscovering James Brooks: WPA Murals and Other Figural Works." A group of twenty works selected from a gift of 244 from the artist's widow, Charlotte Brooks, including preparatory drawings, gouaches, and tempera studies for Brooks's realist-style mural, *Flight*, in the Marine Air Terminal at La Guardia Airport; through 5/4. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

**Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum**—"Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929–72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/31. . . . "*Disegno*: Italian Renaissance Designs for Decorative Arts"; through 5/18. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

**Dahesh Museum**—"Religion and the Rustic Image in Late Academic Art." Works by major nineteenth-century artists, among them Adolphe-William Bouguereau, Jules Breton, and Léon Lhermitte; through 6/7. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

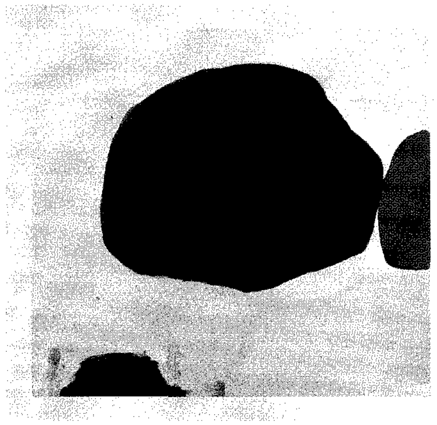
**Dia Center for the Arts**—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/1. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4 , $2 students and seniors.

**El Museo del Barrio**—"The Conceptual Trend: Six Artists From Mexico City." Works by six young, conceptually oriented artists based in Mexico City; through 4/13. . . . "Alicia Creus." Thirty-five recent collage works by the Argentine artist, who has lived in New York and North Carolina since 1977; through 4/13. . . . "Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loved ones to AIDS; through 4/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

**Frick Collection**—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

**Grey Art Gallery & Study Center**—"Art of the Everyday: France in the 90s." Works by eight young French artists whose art draws on everyday experiences; through 5/3. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; free.

**Guggenheim Museum**—"A Century of Sculpture: The Nasher Collection." The New York premiere of the collection formed by Patsy R. and Raymond D. Nasher, with sculptures by Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through 6/1. . . . "Rrose is a Rrose is a Rrose: Gender Performance in Photography." An exhibition that explores the various ways in which identity has been theatrically constructed in photography, from Man Ray's 1921 portrait of Marcel



**On View** **Abstract, but grounded in the real world, Louise Belcourt's gestural paintings somehow manage to evoke both the late floral still lifes of Édouard Manet and the cartoonish imagery of the late-period Philip Guston. This boulder-ish shape in red (left): Is it an ungainly blotch of color or a delicate, greatly enlarged rose petal? At Peter Blum, 99 Wooster Street; April 5 through May 3.**

Duchamp as his feminine alter-ego Rrose Sélavy to the self-portraiture and computer-generated images of contemporary artists; through 4/27. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

**Guggenheim Museum SoHo**—"Art/Fashion." An exhibition illustrating the ways in which art and fashion have converged over the years; through 6/8. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

**Jewish Museum**—"Bordering on Fiction: Chantal Akerman's 'D'Est.' " A film-and-video installation of the Belgian film-director's feature-film documenting her journey to eastern Germany, Poland, and Russia in the early nineties; through 5/27. . . . "A Witness to History: Yevgeny Khaldei, Soviet Photojournalist." Images documenting major events during WWII by one of Russia's most important combat photographers; through 4/13. . . . "Morris Louis: The Charred Journal Series, 1951." The artist's black-and-white abstract paintings from his "Charred Journal" series that memorialize the loss of books burned by the Nazis during the Holocaust; through 4/13. . . . "Rico Lebrun: The Holocaust Paintings." Paintings and drawings executed between 1955 and 1959 that were based on photographs the artist found in the 1946 edition of *U.S. Camera Annual*, published shortly after the liberation of the concentration camps; through 4/13. . . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art**—"Cartier: 1900–1939." A survey of the greatest achievements of the House of Cartier, including jewelry, clocks, watches, vanity cases, cigarette boxes, and other accessories, and design drawings and recently discovered original plaster casts of the finished jewels that were used as a three-dimensional record by the firm; 4/2–8/3. . . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; 4/8–8/17. . . . "The Glory of Byzantium." The Second Golden Age of Byzantium (A.D. 843–1261) is the subject of this exhibition, which comprises more than 350 masterpieces in all media from the museums and church treasuries of more than twenty countries; through 7/6. . . . "Giambattista Tiepolo." America's first major retrospective of the eighteenth-century Italian master's paintings and etchings; through 4/27. . . . "Venetian Prints and Books in the Age of Tiepolo"; through 4/27. . . . "Domenico Tiepolo: Drawings, Prints, and Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the son and collaborator of Giambattista Tiepolo; through 4/27. . . . "The Florene M. Schoenborn Bequest: Artists of the School of Paris"; through 5/4. . . . "American Tonalism: Paintings, Drawings, Prints, and Photographs." Works by James Abbott McNeill Whistler, George Inness, Arthur Davies, Edward Steichen, and others that illuminate a phase of late-nineteenth- and early twentieth-century American art that emphasized subdued poetic mood and muted coloration; through 6/1. . . . "Indian Court Painting: 16th–19th Century"; through 7/6. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

**Museum for African Art**—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

**Museum of American Folk Art**—"The Alternative World of Henry Darger." A retrospective of paintings by the self-taught Chicago artist (1892–1973) best known for his eccentric watercolor narratives in which little girls struggle to escape enslavement by ruthless male warriors; through 4/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

**Museum of Modern Art**—"Alvar Aalto: Between Humanities and Materialism." A retrospective of the Finnish architect's drawings and models; through 5/26. . . . "Projects: Rirkrit Tiravanija." A child-size model of an International Style glass pavilion erected in the museum's Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden; through 6/3. . . . "The Photomontages of Hannah Höch." The first U.S. retrospective of the German artist's photomontages; through 5/20. . . . "Manuel Alvarez Bravo." A retrospective of photographs by the twentieth-century Mexican master; through 5/18. . . . "Willem de Kooning: The Late Paintings, the 1980s." The artist, who ceased painting in 1990, painted the 40 canvases in this exhibition between 1981 and 1987; through 4/29. . . . "American Photography 1890–1965 From the Collection"; through 7/8. . . . "The Maximal Sixties: Pop, Op, Figuration." Pop, Op, and Kinetic artworks from the museum's collection; through 4/29. . . . "A Singular Vision." Prints From Landfall Press"; through 5/6. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8.50, $5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

**Museum of the City of New York**—"The Streets and Beyond: New York Photographs." Photographs of New York street life by well-known New York photographers; through 6/8. . . . "New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; through 4/6. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

**National Academy of Design**—"Landscapes of Louis Rémy Mignot: A Southern Painter Abroad"; through 5/11. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

**National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution**— George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

**New Museum of Contemporary Art**—"Remota: Airmail Paintings by Eugenio Dittborn." The first major New York exhibition of the Chilean artist's "Airmail Paintings," in which he folds sections of paintings into custom-made cardboard envelopes and mails them to exhibitions; through 4/13. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

**New York Public Library**—"Wild New York: The Printmaker and the Natural Landscape From the Age of Exploration Through the Twentieth Century"; through 6/28. . . . "Let There Be Light: William Tyndale and the Making of the English Bible"; through 5/17. . . . "Richard Tuttle: Books and Prints at the New York Public Library." A survey of the artist's books and prints from 1965 to the present; through 5/31. . . . "First Fruits." An exhibition of writers' first books; through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

**New-York Historical Society**—"An Unquenchable Thirst: Springs and Wells of New York City"; through 6/1. . . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

**Pierpont Morgan Library**—"Tiepolo and His Circle: Drawings in American Collections." Drawings by the eighteenth-century Venetian master Giambattista Tiepolo, as well as works by his sons, Domenico and Lorenzo, and his pupils, on loan from public and private American collections; through 4/13. . . . "Around Tiepolo: Eighteenth-Century Venetian Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 4/13. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

**Queens Museum**—"Queens Artists: Highlights of the 20th Century." Works by Benny Andrews, Joseph Cornell, James Brooks, Alex Katz, Melissa Meyer, Isamu Noguchi, Ad Reinhardt, Art Speigelman, and other artists who have lived or worked in Queens; through 7/6. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

**Studio Museum in Harlem**—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

**Whitney Museum of American Art**—"1997 Biennial Exhibition." The sixty-ninth Biennial exhibition, featuring 200 works by approximately 70 artists; through 6/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

## Auctions

**Christie's**—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 4/2 at 10: "20th-Century Decorative Art." On view from 3/29. 4/4 at 10: "Rugs." On view from 3/29.

**Christie's East**—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 4/2 at 10: "European Decorative Art and General Sale." On view from 3/29. 4/8 at 10: "Jewelry." On view from 3/29.

**Sotheby's**—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 4/7 at 2: "Jewelry." On view from 4/5.

Photograph courtesy of the Peter Blum Gallery.

# restaurants

**Beer Bistro...Pino's New Pazzo...Wine Wheel**

## Manhattan

### Lower New York

**Alison on Dominick**—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Amici Miei**—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. Try chef Abdul Sebti's seared-tuna salad, pappardelle al funghi, and Kentucky-bourbon steak in a peppercorn sauce. *475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Baluchi's**—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Bo Ky**—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

**Chanterelle**—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**The Cub Room**—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

**Ecco**—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**F.illi Ponte Ristorante**—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Hudson River Club**—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Kelley and Ping**—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

**L'Ecole**—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Morton's of Chicago**—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**The Odeon**—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Penang**—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

**Tennessee Mountain**—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Tribeca Grill**—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Ground Rules:**

**Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.**

**Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.**

### Below 14th Street, East

**Asti**—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Casanis**—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

**Gotham Bar & Grill**—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Haveli**—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Miracle Grill**—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

## Shopping
## Sweets Emotion

*Kasugai's Super Juicy 100 Percent Gummies, with their lyrical wrapper text, are a Cibo Matto song waiting to happen. Try the sweet-tart muscat flavor, whose color, taste, and aroma the brand's overzealous copy writer compares to the "admiring feelings of a graceful lady." At delis everywhere.*

**Osso Buco**—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Three of Cups**—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

### *Below 14th Street, West*

**Andalousia**—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

**Bar Pitti**—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

**Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant**—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Greenwich Cafe**—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Gus' Place**—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; a fireplace increases the coziness quotient. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Le Zoo**—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Rincon de España**—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Tio Pepe**—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Tsunami**—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Villa Mosconi**—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

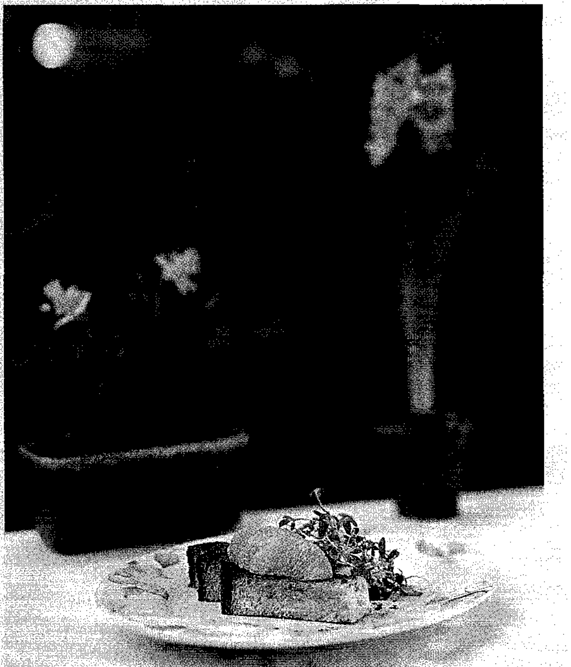
**Ye Waverly Inn**—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### *14th–42nd Streets, East Side*

**Alva**—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**An American Place**—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Back Porch**—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



**Restaurant**

## Latter-day Lunch

*To coincide happily with the reopening of her tranquil garden, Verbena's Diane Forley has composed an ideal, offbeat lunch menu that incorporates breakfast food, bushels of spring vegetables, and a seasonal tasting prix fixe. Standouts include sandwich terrines, an airy herb soufflé, and warm grapefruit salad on cinnamon toast. (54 Irving Place.)*

**Bambou**—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Bobby O's Steakhouse**—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable $18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Bolo**—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Campagna**—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**El Parador Cafe**—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

**Gramercy Tavern**—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Granville**—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the DJ. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Les Halles**—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Mesa Grill**—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Rossini's**—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

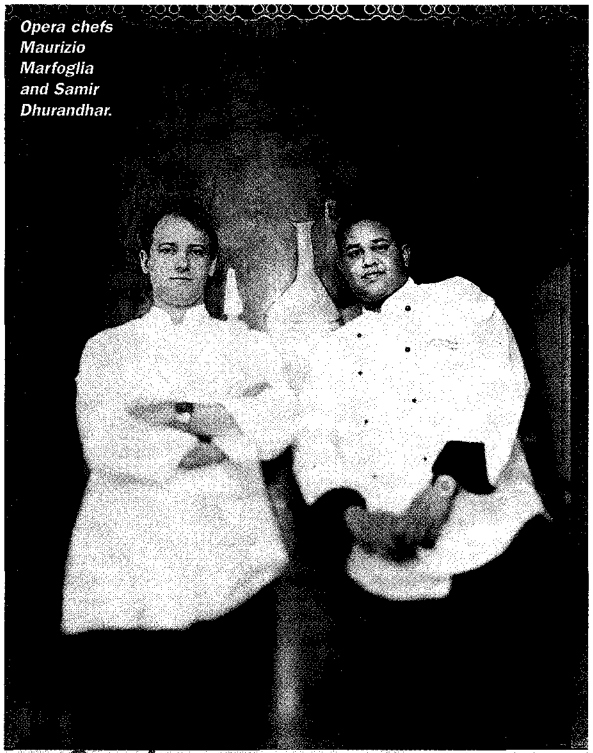
**Union Square Cafe**—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

### *14th–42nd Streets, West Side*

**Appetito Ristorante**—A good bet in midtown for Italian food like black linguine with seafood sauce. *47 W. 39th St. (391-5286). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Caffe Bondí Ristorante**—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and food-

Photograph by Steven Freeman.



Opera chefs Maurizio Marfoglia and Samir Dhurandhar.

### Opening

## Tuscan Takeover

**Pino Luongo's transformation of the defunct Sfuzzi chain begins this week with the opening of Coco Opera, opposite Lincoln Center (58 West 65th Street). Upper West Siders may now partake of Luongo signatures like focaccia robiola, bistecca alla Fiorentina, and watermelon parfait—plus an expansive, all-Italian wine list.**

ies from all over. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like conca d'oro, pasta con sarde, and rabbit stew. Try the weekend brunch and the occasional historical dinner. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Da Umberto**—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

**Luma**—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Simply Pasta**—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**37th Street Hideaway**—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**World Yacht**—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

### *43rd–56th Streets, East Side*

**Café Centro**—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Coldwaters**—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Divine Bar**—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Domingo**—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**Fresco**—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Giambelli 50th Ristorante**—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Il Postino**—This elegant midtown Italian restaurant offers an interesting variety of daily specials, focusing on imported and domestic seafood. (Under the same ownership as the much-lauded Scalinatella.) *337 E. 49th St. (688-0033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**La Mediterranée**—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

**Le Perigord**—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Lespinasse**—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Lutèce**—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Montebello**—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports

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Afternoon Tea Brunch

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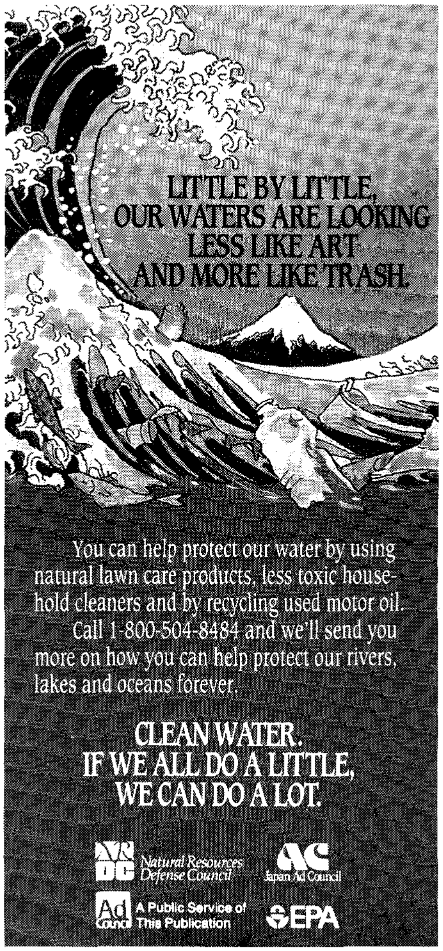
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patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Morton's of Chicago**—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria**—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**San Martin's**—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Shinbashi**—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Shinbashi-an**—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Smith & Wollensky**—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Tatou**—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Torremolinos**—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Tropica**—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Yan Van Van**—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd St. and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### *43rd–56th Streets, West Side*

**American Festival Cafe**—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Bello**—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Bombay Palace**—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Broadway Grill**—A good place to remember for pre-theater, with a good selection of thin-crust pizzas, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. *Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Hotel, 49th St. at Broadway (315-6161). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Broadway Joe**—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Century Cafe**—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Restaurant Charlotte**—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millenium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

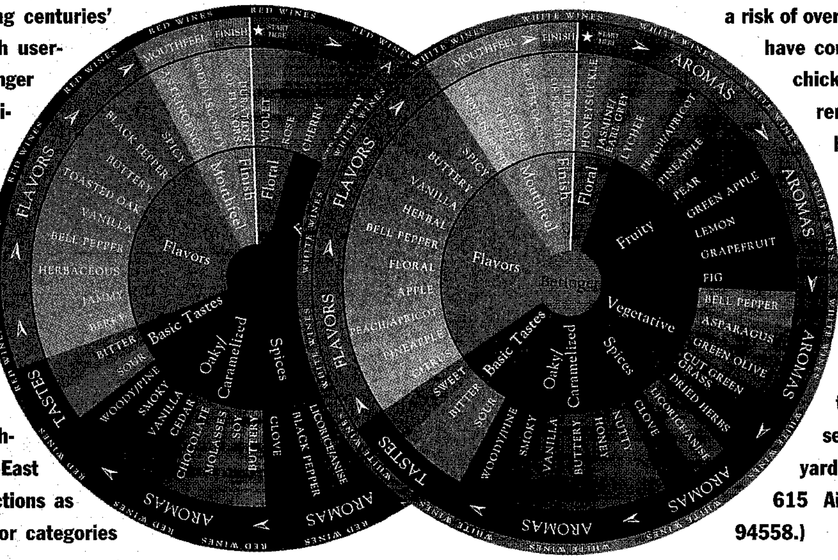
**Christer's**—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Ciao Europa**—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Cité**—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

## Trend
# Remedial Drinking

**Tradition dictates that the moment of the wine purchase is a nearly ceremonial exchange of discomfited fumbling, haughty pretension, and blind guesswork. Wine, like jazz, has always been a cultivated taste, something you know you *should* appreciate but still can't help feeling terribly insecure about. And except for major catchwords—Chardonnay being the viticultural equivalent of, say, Miles Davis—the general populace lacks a functioning vino vocabulary. Recently, however, the wine industry and a handful of canny restaurateurs have been committing oenophilic heresy: replacing centuries' worth of vineyard lore with user-friendly teaching aids. Beringer Vineyards' new color-coordinated wine-tasting wheel, available by mail order, offers a pie chart of virtually every discernible (and oft undetectable) wine scent, from the soy in Pinot Noir to the lychee in Gewürztraminer. And even more scandalously, Best Cellars, a five-month-old wine shop on the Upper East Side, eschews such distractions as grape variety and region for categories straight from a cola commercial: fizzy, fresh, soft, luscious, juicy, smooth, big, and sweet. Philistine or practical, the sensory-perception approach to wine has its benefits. Since Danny Meyer restructured his wine list at Union Square Cafe a year ago under headings like "floral whites" and "rustic, full-flavored reds," the restaurant's wine sales have shot up 12 percent. "Anything that makes it easier for consumers is a great thing," says Kevin Zraly, author, lecturer, and wine director of Windows on the World, where wines are listed from lightest to fullest in body. But there is a risk of overdoing it. Aroma experts have compared wine scents to chicken manure, nail polish remover, and crème brûlée—the sort of "excess hokum" that Zraly finds mind-boggling. "You either like a wine or you don't," he says. "That's what it all comes down to." That, and how pretty the label is. (To order, send $3 to: Beringer Vineyards' Fulfillment Center, 615 Airpark Rd., Napa, CA 94558.)** **Robin Raisfeld**



Photograph by Teri Sandison.

**Ed Sullivan's**—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Ellen's Stardust Diner**—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

**Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse**—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Java Shop**—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**JUdson Grill**—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**La Côte Basque**—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**La Veranda**—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Langan's**—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Bernardin**—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Rivage**—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Martini's**—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Osteria al Doge**—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Osteria D'Angelo**—This casual Italian establishment offers all the usual favorites, from a dozen varieties of pasta to more elaborate creations like shrimp Catalina. Well-situated for pre- or posttheater dining. *242 W. 56th St. (307-0700). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Osteria del Circo**—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**Rainbow Room**—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. That, plus chef Waldy Malouf's famous regional cuisine and spirited updates of the classics. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**René Pujol**—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Ruth's Chris Steakhouse**—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**The Sea Grill**—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Stage Delicatessen**—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

**T.G.I. Friday's**—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**'21' Club**—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Victor's Cafe 52**—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

### *57th–60th Streets*

**Contrapunto**—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Dawat**—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Fifty Seven Fifty Seven**—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Taxi**—Chef Frederic Feufeu has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. House specialties include the daube Provençale, the cassoulet, and steak frites. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Les Célébrités**—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**The Manhattan Ocean Club**—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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**March**—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Mickey Mantle's**—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Rosa Mexicano**—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**San Domenico**—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

### Above 60th Street, East Side

**Arizona 206**—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**The Boathouse Cafe**—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like grilled swordfish with basil mashed potatoes and pan-roasted Moroccan crusted salmon. For postprandial excitement, rent a rowboat or a gondola. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Cafe Pierre**—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Plus piano entertainment, starting at nine Tuesday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8195). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Campagnola**—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**El Pollo**—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge**—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Hurricane Island**—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Letizia**—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

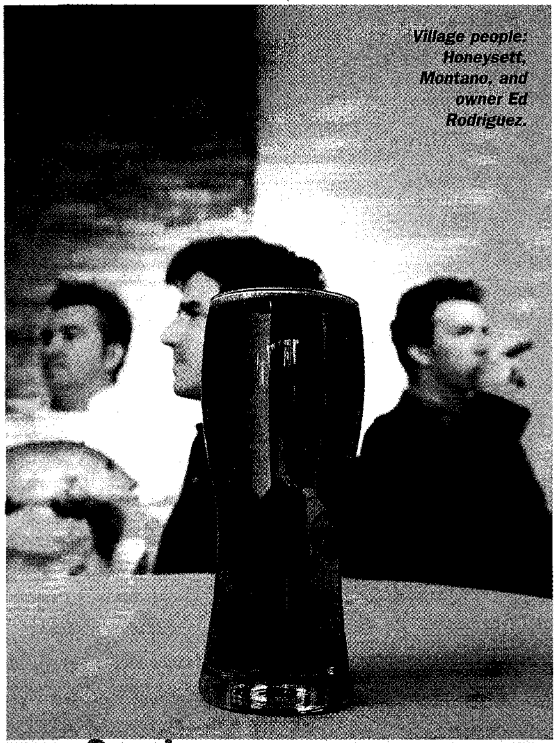
**Marti Turkish Restaurant**—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Nino's**—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**One Fish Two Fish**—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Park Avenue Cafe**—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Post House**—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Village people: Honeysett, Montano, and owner Ed Rodriguez.

## Opening
## Sip and Dip

*A brewer (Neptune's Craig Montano) and a chef (David Honeysett) join forces at Village Bistro & Brewing, which explains the presence of such sudsy menu items as beer-batter haricots verts, candied salmon in spiced hop broth, and clams with malt-stout dipping sauce. Home-brewed pilsner, ale, stout, and wheat beer will also be available—in potable form. (92 Seventh Avenue South.)*

**Toraya**—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Trattoria Libertá**—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

### Above 60th Street, West Side

**Cafe des Artistes**—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Caffe Popolo**—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tirami su. In warm weather, eat outdoors. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Hi-Life Bar & Grill**—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Iridium Jazz Club**—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Main Street**—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Merlot Bar and Grill**—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Tavern on the Green**—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**West 63rd Street Steakhouse**—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

## Brooklyn

**Lundy Bros.**—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Peter Luger's**—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Photograph by Jason Schmidt.

# in concert

**Saint Sebastian...Murray Perahia**

## Classical Music

### *Tuesday, April 1*

**New York Philharmonic**—Evgeny Kissin, pianist, performs works by Beethoven and Rimsky-Korsakov; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20–$75.*

**Speculum Musicae**—Celebrates 100 years of new music at Columbia, performing works by Beeson, Kramer, and Davidovsky. *Miller Theatre, 116th St. and Broadway(854-7799), at 8; $10.*

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Performs works by Weber, Beethoven, and Brahms; Christian Thielemann, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

### *Wednesday, April 2*

**The Final Schubertiade**—Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin*, performed by baritone Hermann Prey and pianist Michael Enders. *92nd St.Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $35.*

### *Thursday, April 3*

**Bargemusic**—Works by Schubert and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

**New York Philharmonic**—Perform Debussy's *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$75.*

**Robert Shaw**—Leads the Orchestra of St. Luke's, the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, soprano Dawn Upshaw and baritone Nathan Gunn in Brahms's *Ein deutsches Requiem. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20–$85.*

**The Final Schubertiade**—Schubert's *Winterreise*, performed by baritone Hermann Prey and pianist Michael Enders. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $35.*

**Diane Walsh, Pianist**—Performs works by Debussy, Crumb, and Chopin. *Miller Theatre, 116th St. and Broadway(854-7799), at 8; $15.*

### *Friday, April 4*

**New York Philharmonic**—See 4/3.

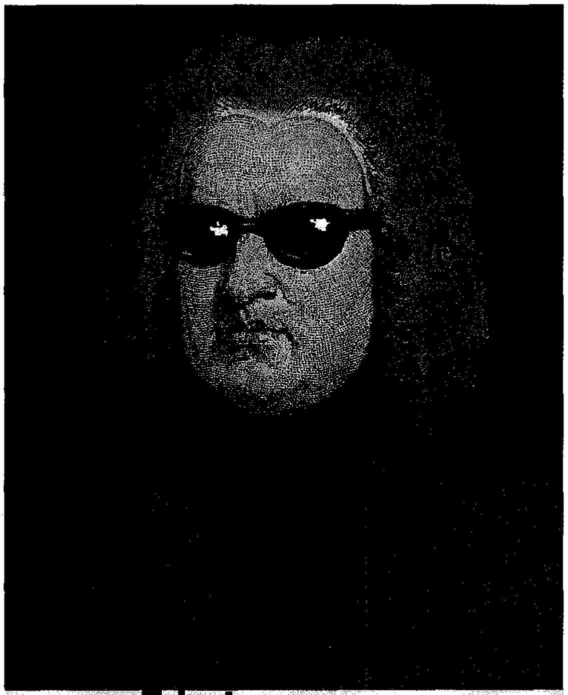
**Accademia Bizantina**—Performs works by Vivaldi, Albinoni, and Galuppi. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $20.*

**New York Pops**—An evening with Marvin Hamlisch; Skitch Henderson, music director. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

**Cavani String Quartet**—Performs works by Mendelssohn, Zwilich, and Schumann. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $28.*

### Ground Rules:

**This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."**



**Talent**

### Bach On!

**The Baroque master finds a home at an unlikely venue—the rock-oriented Beacon Theatre—in a two-day festival of the composer's crossover hits. *Switched-On Bach* creator Wendy Carlos (the first classical musician to go platinum) joins jazz pianist Jacques Loussier, clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, the Bach Aria Group, and others in "Bach at the Beacon," April 5 and 6. Call 307-7171 for information.**

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—The Beaux Arts Trio and violinist Ani Kafavian perform works by Bartók, Mozart, and Brahms. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $22–$30.*

### *Saturday, April 5*

**Murray Perahia, Pianist**—Performs works by Chopin, Handel, and Schubert. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $17–$65.*

**Guarneri String Quartet**—Performs works by Haydn, Berg, and Dvorák. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

**Carlo Grante, Pianist**—Performs Chopin's *Four Scherzos. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

**New York Philharmonic**—See 4/3.

### *Sunday, April 6*

**Frederic Chiu, Pianist**—Performs works by Chopin, Schubert, and Mendelssohn. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 11 A.M.; $15.*

**Bo Skovhus, Baritone**—Performs works by Haydn, Schumann, and Lange-Müller. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $30.*

**Opera at Columbia**—Excerpts from *Paul Bunyan, The Medium, The Mother of Us All*, and many others. *Miller Theatre, 116th St. and Broadway (854-7799), at 3; $15.*

**Anonymous 4**—Music Before 1800 presents a votive mass for the Virgin Mary, sung by the vocal quartet. *Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St.(666-9266), at 4; $20.*

**Bargemusic**—See 4/3, at 4.

**Little Orchestra Society**—Performs Mozart's *Requiem*; Dino Anagost, conductor. *Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, 319 E. 74th St. (704-2100), at 5; $20–$125.*

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—See 4/4, at 5.

**Bayer Male Choir**—A 160-voice German choir performs works by Wagner, Weber, and Offenbach; Ulrich Jung, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$35.*

**Opera Orchestra of New York**—Verdi's *Ernani*; Eve Queler, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20–$85.*

### *Monday, April 7*

**Celebration of the American Musical**—A benefit for Lincoln Center, featuring performances by sopranos Renée Fleming and Elizabeth Futral, mezzos Marilyn Horne and Frederica von Stade, and many more. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $35–$100.*

## Opera

**Metropolitan Opera**—Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, 4/1 at 8, 4/5 at 8; Gounod's *Faust*, 4/2 at 8, 4/5 at 1:30; Verdi's *Aïda*, 4/3 at 7:30; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, 4/4 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

**New York City Opera**—Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 4/2 at 8; Puccini's *Turandot*, 4/3 at 8, 4/6 at 1:30; Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins* and Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*, 4/4 at 8; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, 4/5 at 1:30; Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 4/5 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $18–$82.*

**Amato Opera**—Rossini's *Barber of Seville*. Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 2:30. Through 5/4. *Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

***Alcina***—A semi-staged production of Handel's 1735 opera, by the Handel Project; Will Crutchfield, conductor. 4/5 at 7:30. *John C. Borden Auditorium, 120 Claremont Ave. (749-2802, ext. 428 or 429); $20.* 4/7 at 7:30. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330); $21.50.*

## Dance

**Ballet Tech**—Eliot Feld's new company. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 4/13. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

**Bill Young and Dancers**—Celebrating their tenth anniversary. 4/3–4/5 at 9, 4/6 at 7. *Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (924-0077); $10.*

Artwork courtesy of Mirko Ilic.

# nightlife

### Dewey Redman...Squirrel Nut Zippers

## Concerts

**"Ira Gerswhin in Song"**—The third and final installment in Carnegie Hall's ongoing tribute to the wordsmith Gershwin brother. Pianist Steven Blier, baritone Kurt Ollman, and soprano Jeanne Lehman focus on Ira's post-George collaborations with, among others, Kurt Weill. 4/8–4/9 at 9 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $35.*

**Metallica**—Back for area stop No. 3, speed metal's favorite barnburners put on yet another night of pyrotechnics (of the musical and literal varieties) and other adolescent fantasia. 4/1 at 7 P.M. *Continental Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $27.50–$37.50.*

**Sick of It All**—New York hardcore lives on. Though not as entertainingly self-righteous as their Krishna-loving colleagues in Shelter, SOIA deliver a ferocious (if not entirely original—such is the price of authenticity) brand of metallized punk. With Vision of Disorder, Snapcase, A.F.I., and Anson. 4/5 at 8 P.M. *The Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. (777-6800). $12.*

**"Sixties Broadway Songbook"**—Liliane Montevecchi, Rita Gardner, Phillip Officer, Lee Roy Reams, and K.T. Sullivan (what, no Barbra?) perform numbers from *Bye Bye Birdie*, *Cabaret*, *Camelot*, *The Fantasticks*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Funny Girl*, and *Hello, Dolly*. The message is clear: If you want to hear "Aquarius," go out and get yourself a Fifth Dimension CD, 'cause you're not hearing tunes from *Hair* here. (As for *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, it's from 1971, so don't look for a twelve-minute dance remix of its theme song, either.) 4/4 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $15–$25.*

## Clubland

**Acme Underground**—The club formerly known as Under Acme, renovated and reborn as New York City's classiest small rock venue. 4/3: Thee Hydrogen Terrors; Scout; Sidedoor Johnnys. 4/4–4/5: Defunkt; Van Ghent. 4/6: Snidé Kisé; X Spot; Professor & Mary Ann. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

**Arlene Grocery**—The Lower East Side's newish, hip-ish, and appealingly inexpensive rock and folk venue. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

**Bowlmor Lanes**—Monday nights, club promoter Matt de Matt transforms one of the city's two remaining bowling alleys into a weird and spooky circus for "Night Strike." The 10 P.M.–to–4 A.M. event features a number of attractions (jungle D.J., go-go dancer, rollerskating waitress), but the main draw, hands down, is "glow-in-the-dark bowling" (the pins, balls, and shoelaces are the luminescent objects in question). The most hilarious night-time entertainment concept we've heard of in years. *110 University Pl. (874-8155).*

**Brownies**—Red Red Meat began their career as one of the best of many sleepy-sounding, country-influenced indie bands. More complex than Wilco or Son Volt, a bit peppier than the Scud Mountain Boys, their music was among the most promising of the micro genre. With the release of their fourth CD, *There's a Star Above the Manger Tonight*, they take an electronica-detour whose worthiness has yet to be determined. On the one hand, who can complain about the cool sounds of ancient analog keyboards, especially when they're blended into such freaky, funky old tunes? On the other, shouldn't there be a limit on the number of trends in which one small band is allowed to partake? The Chicagoans battle to prove their worth 4/3. With the Lilys. 4/1: Francis Dunnery; Hot Water Music. 4/4: Candy Machine; Barkmarket; Monster Truck Five, a great band from Columbus, Ohio—go see them. 4/5: Lesbian punk-rocker solo night, with Team Dresch's Kaia and Sexpod's Karen Kuhl. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

**Ground Rules:**

**In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.**

**CBGB & OMFUG**—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

**Chicago B.L.U.E.S.**—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 4/2: Roxy Perry. 4/3: Paul Mark & the Van Dorens. 4/4: Luther "Guitar Jr." Johnson. 4/5: Buddy Miles. 4/7: Thomlinson-Hilbert Collaboration. 4/8: Chickenfoot Express. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

**Coney Island High**—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 4/1: "Konkrete Jungle" hosts Ninja Tune records' "Ninja Stealth" tour, featuring DJ Food, Riz Maslen, Stevie Bear, and Task. 4/3: Los Gusanos. 4/8: 30 Amp Fuse. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

**Continental Divide**—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful lowlifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

**Don Hill's**—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

**Fez**—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring members of MTV's now defunct *The State* and other cutups. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

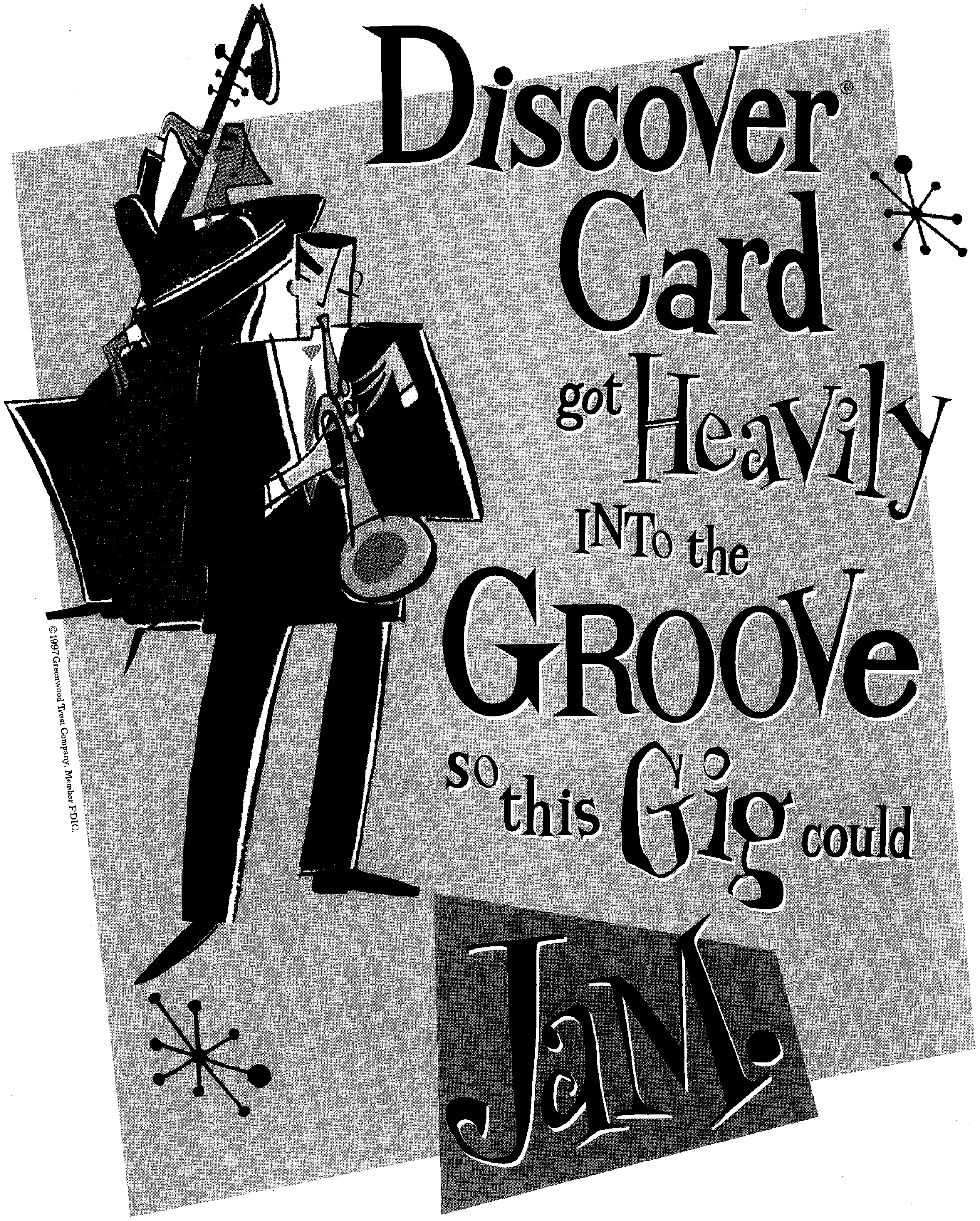
**Irving Plaza**—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 4/2: Steve Earle, the best, most real country musician working today. His nitro-fueled tales of heartbreak, misery, and despair are far more convincing than anything Garth Brooks or even Dwight Yoakam is capable of. 4/4: Moe. 4/5: From Good Homes. 4/7: Squirrel Nut Zippers (see essay, next page); Cigar Store Indians. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

**Knitting Factory**—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 4/1: "Mike Mainieri—An American Diary"; Franklin Kiermyer Quartet. 4/2: The

## Performance *Rising* Higher

**With her punkishly noisy album *Rising*, and a CD of remixes by latter-day hipsters like Thurston Moore and Ween, 64-year-old Yoko Ono has remained more musically relevant than any of the surviving Beatles. April 3, the cred-cavalcade continues as she plays Tramps with Cibo Matto and Marc Ribot.**

Photograph by Stewart Ferebee/Outline.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Composers' Forum presents two sets of Bobby Previte. First, his new quartet "Latin for Travelers." 4/3: Home; Windsor for the Derby; Bedhead. 4/4: Peter Blegvad; William Hooker, Lee Ranaldo, and Zeena Parkins. 4/5: Thomas Chapin Trio; Jazz Mandolin Project. 4/6: Yungchen Llamo; Rob Brown & Matthew Shipp Duo; Other Dimensions in Music. 4/7: Tronzo Trio; Eric Person's Meta-four; Jerry Granelli's UFB. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

**Mercury Lounge**—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 4/3: Los Straitjackets. 4/5: Madder Rose. 4/8: Jennifer Jackson. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

**Paddy Reilly's**—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the funky, Celtic-influenced band Tara on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

**Rodeo Bar**—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

**Sounds of Brazil**—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 4/2: Nestor Torres. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

**The Supper Club**—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 4/4–4/5: The Tony Corbiscello Big Band. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

**Tramps**—Call Sean Lennon the hardest-working kid in showbiz: As the guitarist in the trio Ima, he backs his mom, Yoko Ono, for a blistering headlining set 4/3. As backing guitarist for the East Village duo Cibo Matto, he plays a wacky, cute-but-not-precious, food-obsessed opening set. They're joined by Marc Ribot y Los Cubanos Postisos. 4/2: Bloodhound Gang; Nerf Herder. 4/5: Second Step in a benefit for Central Park East Secondary School scholarship fund, presented by New York Backed. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

**Wetlands**—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 4/2: Amnesty International benefit for the Ogoni people of Nigeria, with Surfing Moses, the Rosenbergs, Inspectors, and Julia Greenberg. 4/3: God Street Wine keyboardist John Bevo leads his Love Orchestra. 4/4: The Toasters; the Insteps; Metro Stylee. 4/5: Hypnotic Clambake. 4/6: Sheer Terror; Maximum Penalty; 25 Ta Life. 4/6: Everton Blender; Mikey Spice; Ken Boothe; BBC International Soundsystem DJs. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

**Windows on the World**—Plenty of irony-besotted slackers love to play the loungey-crooner act to the hilt, and few do it more convincingly (or did it earlier) than Boston's Combustible Edison. By gigging at the "Greatest Bar on Earth" (4/3 and 4/4), they take the shtick to a whole new level: No longer are they merely pretending to be the kind of band that you might find playing for weary business travellers; they are, in fact, playing for weary business travellers. (Tourists, too!) *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

## Jazz

**Birdland**—In *A Brief History of Time,* Steven Hawking proposed that as the universe begins to contract, time will run backwards, causing people to "grow young," disorder to yield gradually to order, etc. He's since renounced the hypothesis, claiming he made a miscalculation, but no matter: Dewey Redman (who leads a quintet with Swiss guitarist Harald Haerter here 4/6) and his son, Joshua, seem to come from that pre–Big Crunch universe. How else can you explain the father's pioneering musical stance (he goes back so far with Ornette Coleman that the two were in a high school marching band together) and the son's borderline fetishistic imitation of comparatively safe, conservative stylings? Well, there's no explaining the mysteries of family relations, and one man's playing it safe may just be another man's rebellion, and vice versa. 4/1: Magali Souriau Jazz Orchestra. 4/2: Gerry Gibbs Sextet, with Ravi Coltrane. 4/3–4/5: Mulgrew Miller Quintet. 4/7: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 4/8: Judi Silvano Group, featuring Joe Lovano. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

**Blue Note**—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 3/31–4/2: Chick Corea & Friends, featuring Roy Haynes, Kenny Garrett, Christian McBride, and Wallace Roney. 4/3–4/7: Gerry Mulligan All-Star Tribute Band, featuring Randy Brecker, Bob Brookmeyer, and Lee Konitz. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

**Cajun**—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

**Iridium Room**—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 4/1–4/6: Tom Scott quartet. 4/8–4/13: Clark Terry & Harry "Sweets" Edison All-Stars, with Junior Mance, Frank Wess, Dave Gibson, and Ben Brown. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

**Knickerbocker Bar & Grill**—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

**Match**—Smart and trendy, this slick SoHo hang is home to Peggy Cone and her Gentlemen Jazz Trio, every Sunday night. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

**Museum of Modern Art**—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay what you wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile decor any more inviting than your average mass feed-trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 4/4: Jamie Baum group. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

**Red Blazer Too**—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their more lucrative gigs in Broadway's orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

**Small's**—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, the Jason Lindner Big Band. Tuesdays, "Human Feel," featuring Kurt Rosenwinkle. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet, featuring Eric Davis. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

**Sweet Basil**—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 4/1–4/6: Benny Golson Quartet. 4/8–4/13: Craig Handy Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with

Talent

## New Jack Swing

**"We're a small swing band, more or less," says guitarist-singer Tom Maxwell. "But I wouldn't say we belong in 1935." Good thing, because Maxwell's band, the Squirrel Nut Zippers, actually hail from the heart of indie-rock country: Chapel Hill, North Carolina, matrix to the sort of smart, guitar-heavy college-rock acts (Superchunk, Archers of Loaf) that brought charm and melody to the angst-drenched homogeneity of alternative rock. In a sense, though, Maxwell and Co. are keeping Chapel Hill's pioneer spirit alive. A snazzy, Louis Armstrong–worshipping septet, the Zippers recently hit MTV with the outrageously retro horns-and-banjo number "Hell," betokening a new generation of "alternative to Alternative" groups, to which fans can now turn for reduced-irony, low-distortion rock. When the band plays Irving Plaza, April 7, don't expect to find the slovenly T-shirts and wall-hugging reticence customary at twentysomething-friendly events. Forties-hipster attire and actual dancing—including that most unself-conscious form of bodily expression, the conga line—are the refreshingly post-adolescent norm at their gigs. And what's more, Maxwell's admiration for the hot jazz and big-band swing of the twenties and thirties is no cynical pose: While visiting New York last summer, he and two bandmates did some intrepid phone work that resulted in a pilgrimage to the apartment of guitarist Al Casey, the last surviving member of Fats Waller's Rhythm, a current member of the Harlem All-Stars, and Maxwell's own personal hero. "I was quite nervous," he says of the initial phone call. " 'Are you the Al Casey that played with Fats Waller?' You don't need to ask that question very often."** ETHAN SMITH

Photograph by Mark Van-S.

extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

**Village Gate**—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday starting the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 4/3–4/5: Tad Shull quartet. $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

**Village Vanguard**—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 4/1–4/6: Roy Hargrove Sextet. 4/8–4/13: David Sanchez Quintet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

**Visiones**—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégé and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

## Comedy

**Boston Comedy Club**—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

**Catch a Rising Star**—The high-class variety showplace is home to a mix of stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedy, theater, and cabaret music. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

**Comedy Cellar**—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 3/31–4/6: Jeff Ross; Gregg Rogell; Greg Giraldo; Billy Jaye; Greer Barnes. 4/7–4/13: Ray Romano; Mitch Fatel; Dave Attell; Ian Bagg; Joe Mulligan. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

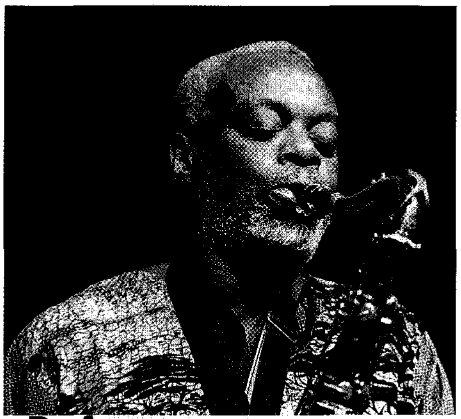
**Comic Strip**—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

**Dangerfield's**—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 3/31–4/6: Rick Scotti; Quentin Heggs; Al Romero. 4/7–4/13: Ben Creed; Lenny Varnedoe; Jim Norton. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

**Gotham**—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 4/4–4/5: Marc Maron; Eddie Brill; Mike Royce; Juddah Friedlander. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

**Luna Lounge**—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

**New York Comedy Club**—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*



## Performance

### Deweyology

*Dewey Redman, whose buoyant lines temper a free-jazz cerebralism with gutsy riffing, teams up with Swiss guitarist Harald Haerter for a one-night stand at Birdland on April 6.*

**Stand-up New York**—File under *Nightmare of Depravity*: Mention Howard Stern's name at the door and SUNY will let you in free, Sun.–Thurs., and give you drinks on the two-for-one plan Fri. and Sat. Makes sense when you think about it—such shameless pandering would drive us to drinking, too. 4/4–4/5: Rich Ceisler; Greg Rogelle; Scott Papcuri; Al Ducharme. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

## Cabaret

**Algonquin Hotel**—Through April 5, the fabulous Julie Wilson heats up the Oak Room. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

**Arcimboldo**—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

**Asti**—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

**Bemelmans Bar**—Michael Devine plays Tuesdays through Saturdays, 5:30–8 P.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

**Cafe Carlyle**—Barbara Cook. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

**Cafe Pierre**—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. $10; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

**Danny's Skylight Room**—Blossom Dearie rules the roost, with intermittent interruptions, till May. 4/4–4/5: Barbara Lea. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

**Dutch Weisman's "Sinners"**—A spectacularly un-p.c., quaintly anti-family-values replacement for Weisman's un-p.c., anti-family-values "Winter Follies." Like the previous revue, "Sinners" is replete with showgirls, high living, and low comedy. Wednesday and Thursday at 9 P.M.; Friday and Saturday at 11, with live music and dancing after the show. *108 W. 18th St. (645-7045). $30.*

**Ed Sullivan's**—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

## Bars

**Alligator Alley**—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

**Bar 5757**—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

**Beauty Bar**—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

**Ciel Rouge**—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Eurotrash, half-reverse-slumming-downtowner crowd might be a bringdown. *176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).*

**Howard Johnson's**—The last vestige of the real Times Square has the perfect seedy cocktail lounge secreted away in the back. The biggest surprise about the clientele isn't its touristy makeup; it's how small it is. Shouldn't this, the archetype for simu-diners like Ellen's Stardust, be the neighborhood's biggest attraction? Well, fewer of them means more room for us, so complaints aren't really in order. *1551 Broadway, at 46th St. (354-1445).*

**Orchard**—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustere new lounge is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Orchard is the newest home to SoundLab's cutting edge, Tuesday-night jungle-house party Abstrakt. *200 Orchard St., nr. Houston. (673-5350).*

**The Rainbow Promenade**—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

**Riverrun**—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

**The Room**—This candlelit SoHo joint suffers from a perpetual, if mild, identity crisis—it can't decide whether it's a lounge, an indie-rock hang, a reclaimed industrial space, or just a regular neighborhood bar. But the unintimidating crowd, generally good music, and truly eclectic beer selection make the Room an oasis of normalcy. *144 Sullivan St., bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (477-2102).*

**Von**—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; and slammin' D.J.'s give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. *3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).*

# the mix

National Poetry Month...The Sixties Show

## John Leonard's Television Notes

**Valentina's Nightmare** (4/1; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) lets *Frontline* tell the appalling story of the 1994 massacre of 800,000 Tutsis by their Hutu neighbors in Rwanda from the point of view of a 13-year-old girl who survived her machete wounds while the rest of her family did not. This is a long and terrible hour of atrocities. Nor does it end with any healing of the afflicted or any optimism for the future.

**A Prayer in the Dark** (4/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) asks us to believe that Lynda Carter as a Quaker—not to mention a banker—will figure out a nonviolent way to save her hostage family from a trio of murderous, ransom-demanding escaped convicts (Colin Ferguson, Phillip Jarrett, and Silvio Oliviero), with very little help from her difficult daughter (Teri Polo), after a Meeting of resourceful and principled Friends.

**Tigers of the Snow** (4/5; 8 to 9 P.M.; NBC) takes us to Siberia with *National Geographic Explorer,* where the biggest and fastest cats in the world are down to a population of 300 because of greedy poachers and a disappearing habitat. "Highly dangerous," we are told, "and highly endangered"; also, stunningly beautiful to behold, even at 50 miles an hour.

**My Life As a Dog** (4/6, 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays thereafter, 7:30 to 8 P.M.; Showtime) is a very nice series for children, based on the Reidar Jonsson novel, about an 11-year-old boy looking for a family in a Canadian fishing village and finding instructive adventures while being followed around by a guardian-angel ghost of a dog he for some reason chooses to fear. A genuine surprise in never settling for the obvious.

**The Great Egyptians** (4/6; 8 to 11 P.M.; The Learning Channel) insists that King Tut was murdered by his Grand Vizier, and so was his widow, and so was the Hittite prince she sent for in the country of her enemy to save her from a fate worse than embalming. Maybe, maybe not. But lots of wonderful Valley of the Kings and Temple of Karnak Upper Egypt bric-a-brac to look at.

**Persuasion** (4/6; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), if you're a glutton for Regency punishment, is the Roger Mitchell version of the Jane Austen novel that originally opened more than a year ago in big-screen theaters, with Amanda Root as Anne Elliot. Austere instead of simpering.

**When Innocence Is Lost** (4/7; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) shows what happens when a young woman like Keri Russell doesn't listen to a wiser mother like Jill Clayburgh. When she tries to leave the child she refused to give up for adoption in a day-care center while she goes to college, she'll lose custody to the father's wealthy family until the Michigan Supreme Court intervenes.

## Radio Highlights

**Casper Citron**—4/5 at 10 P.M.: Sharon Begley, senior editor and science writer at *Newsweek,* discusses the pros and cons of cloning humans; Suzanne Gordon, author of *Life Support: Three Nurses on the Front Lines;* Jim Keough, author of *Solving the Year 2000's Problems,* discusses with Jan Brenner of Computer City the possible chaos computers face when the century changes; Celia Weston and Jessica Hecht, appearing in Alfred Uhry's *The Last Night of Ballyhoo,* speak about Jewish life in the South 50 years ago. WOR, 710 AM.

**New York & Company**—4/7: Sol Wachtler, author of *After the Madness;* Roger Kahn, author of *Memories of Summer;* John Waters on the reissue of *Pink Flamingos.* 4/8: Robert Kuttner on *Everything for Sale;* David Leavitt on *Arkansas;* Olympic fencer Peter Westbrook on *Harnessing Anger.* 4/9: Tom Bower, author of *Nazi Gold;* Carolyn Heilbrun details *The Last Gift of Time.* 4/10: CNN Hong Kong bureau chief Mike Chinoy on his book *China Live;* Diana Rigg on her role in the "Masterpiece Theater" production of *Rebecca.* 4/11: Peter Bogdanovich on his conversations with everyone from Hitchcock to Lumet, collected in *Who the Devil Made It;* David Zucchino on his book *Myth of the Welfare Queen.* Weekdays at noon. WNYC, 820 AM/93.9 FM.

## The Written Word

**David Leavitt**—4/8 at 7: Reading from *Arkansas.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (420-5840); free.

**Harryette Mullen and Bob Perelman**—4/14 at 7:30: Poetry reading series. Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566); $5.

**Charles Simic and Gary Soto**—4/7 at 8: The two poets read from their work at the 92nd St. Y (the reading is co-sponsored by the Academy of American Poets) at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

**The Academy of American Poets: Bad Poetry**—4/1 at 7: An April Fool's reading in celebration of the second annual National Poetry Month. The New School for Social Research's Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488); $5.

**Robert Stone**—4/3 at 7:30: Reading from his first collection of stories, *Bear and His Daughter.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

## Lectures and Panels

**"How Are the Students of the 60's Running America?"**—4/6 at 8: A discussion with Michael Kinsley, Martin Peretz, Nadine Strossen, Frank Rich, and Roger Rosenblatt. 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

**"Fred Sandback: Sculpture"**—4/3 at 6:30: A lecture with Mark Taylor. Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566); $5.

**"The Glory of Byzantium"**—4/1 at 12:30: A presentation to celebrate the exhibit highlighting work from Constantinople and its influence on Russia, Georgia, Armenia, and Serbia. The Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0618); free.

***The Nation* vs. *National Review*—"Resolved: The Death Penalty Should Be Abolished"**—4/7 at 8: The second in a series of public debates. With the Reverend Jesse L. Jackson, *Nation* columnist Christopher Hitchens, Judge Stephen Markman, and *National Review* contributing editor Hadley Arkes. The Honorable Edward Koch moderates. The Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (242-8400, ext. 228); $10, $15, $20.

## Events

**The Seventeenth International Vintage Poster Fair**—4/4–4/6 from 5 to 9 P.M. on Friday; 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. on Saturday; and 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Sunday. The Metropolitan Pavilion, 110 W. 19th St. (206-0499); Friday-evening preview admission, $30 (good for the week-

**Happening** **Lafayette Street is a good place to pick up not only a mission desk and nineteenth-century buffet but, increasingly, a tangerine inflatable chair. To visit most of the city's antiques shows, however, you'd never know of the expanding market for sixties furniture. Stella Show Management redresses matters with "The Sixties Show—Rock, Pop & Peace" at the Gramercy Park Armory. (See listings.)**

Photograph by Chris Casaburi.

end); otherwise, $10 per day Saturday and Sunday or $15 for both days.

**The Sixties Show: Rock, Pop & Peace**—4/11–4/13 from 6 to 10 P.M. on Friday; noon to 7 P.M. on Saturday; and noon to 6 P.M. on Sunday: A show, sale, and party featuring 65 dealers celebrating the music, art, and design of the flower children. The Gramercy Park Armory, 26th St. and Lexington Ave. (255-0020); $35 on Friday night, $10 on Saturday and Sunday.

## Tours

**The Gentry Across the Bridge: Brooklyn Heights as 19th-Century Suburb**—4/6 at 1: A walk through the promenades, personalities, and patrician architecture of this neighborhood. Meet at Orange and Henry Sts. (242-5762); $12.

**57th Street: Culture and Kitsch**—4/4 at 12:30: Explore the cultural past and controversial present of this area. Meet at the Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. (935-3960); $10.

**Downtown: Broad Street and Its Environs**—4/8 at 12:30: Visit this region of diverse architecture and rich history. Meet at the steps of the Customs House at the Foot of Bowling Green (935-3960); $10.

**"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing"**—4/6 at 1: A multi-ethnic eating tour of the "land of the immigrants." Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. in front of the Olympic Restaurant (439-1090); $12 includes bialys, dim sum, and fresh mozzarella, among other treats.

**Revolutionary New York**—4/5 at 1: See Fraunces Tavern, the graves of Alexander Hamilton and General Richard Montgomery, Federal Hall, and various sites associated with America's war of independence. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

## Benefits

**Auction to Benefit *Columbia: A Journal of Literature and Art***—4/3 at 6:30: An auction of signed manuscripts, art, and objects from Don DeLillo, Julian Barnes, A. M. Homes, John Updike, and others. George Plimpton will serve as auctioneer. Champagne and hors d'oeuvre will be served. Stubbs Incorporated, 330 E. 59th St., sixth floor (223-1066); $20.

**Printmaking Workshop Exhibition and Silent Auction**—4/2 at 6: This event will benefit the Printmaking Workshop, a studio that gives artists from across the globe the resources to make prints. At the Leo Castelli Gallery, 578 Broadway, third floor. For further information, please call 941-9855.

**The Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services' 105th-Anniversary Gala**—5/6 at 6:30: A black-tie dinner and program to benefit the organization's more than 120 programs, which service over 50,000 New Yorkers. At the Pierre Hotel, 2 E. 61st St. (632-4714); $1,800, $1,000, $500.

**The New Museum of Contemporary Art's 20th-Anniversary Spring Benefit Auction**—5/4 at 5:30: A champagne-and-cocktail reception in the museum's gallery, followed by the live auction and dinner-dance from 8 P.M. to midnight. Madonna is honorary chair of this event. At the New Museum of Contemporary Art, 583 Broadway (219-1222). Tables are $20,000, $10,000, $5,000, and $4,000; seats are $1,000, $500, and $400.

## Exhibitions

**The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations**—Through 5/10: Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

**Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village**—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-0509).

**The Gardens of Ellen Biddle Shipman**—Through 4/4: The life and garden designs of one of the early twentieth century's most important landscape architects are the subject of this exhibition. At the PaineWebber Art Gallery (713-2885).

**"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"**—Through 8/31: Explores the effect this period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

## Sports

**Gleason's Gym White-Collar Show**—4/4: Weigh-in begins at 5:30 P.M.; event starts at 7:30 P.M. It is what it says it is: a chance for businesspeople–aspiring boxers to spar with strangers, audience at hand. Participants are matched up according to experience; a bit of training is required. *Gleason's Gym, 75 Front Street, Brooklyn. Admission is $5 for gym members, $10 for nonmembers; $20 registration fee for participants; call 718-797-2872.*

**Hiking in Bear Mountain and Harriman State Parks**—4/5, 4/6: Two moderately challenging hikes—six miles and eight miles—that lead you to expansive views and a couple of lakes to lunch by. *Sponsored by Outdoor Bound; $42; call 505-1020 for information.*

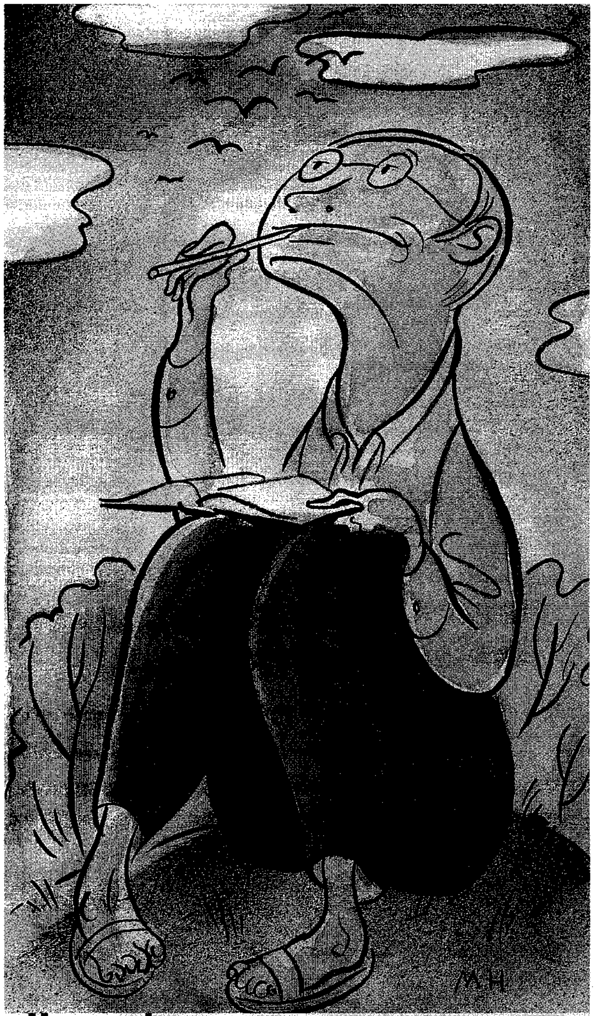
**Sheepshead Bay Bicycle Ride**—4/6 at 12:45 P.M.: This is a leisurely trip over mostly level land that breaks for clam chowder and stresses scenery and socializing. *Five Borough Bicycle Club, meets at 12:45 P.M. at City Hall steps or 1:30 P.M. at Prospect Park. Call 932-2300, ext. 243, for information.*

**Hockey**—4/1: Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres at 8 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 4/3: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (ESPN); 4/4: Devils vs. Tampa Bay Lightning at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 4/7: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network).

**Basketball**—4/3: Nets vs. Charlotte Hornets at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 4/4: Knicks vs. Orlando Magic at 8 P.M., Madison Square Garden (TNT); 4/6: Nets vs. L.A. Clippers at 1 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 4/8: Knicks vs. Cleveland Cavaliers at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (TNT); 4/8: Nets vs. Miami Heat at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel).

## Online

**The Adams Chronicles**—Cecil Adams's popular newspaper column that answers reader questions about all manner of obscure information is now



## Happening
## Rhyme Doesn't Pay

*"America has many businessmen but no poets," Carl Sandburg once wrote. "The reason for this is that we are a nation of hustlers and no poet can be a hustler." It's doubtful that Sandburg really believed this: Not only was he himself a serious hustler—with a guest appearance on 'Ed Sullivan' and a poem written for a Gene Kelly dance—Sandburg's contemporaries included T. S. Eliot, Delmore Schwartz, and Robert Frost. Still, the marginality of poetry in this country is inarguable, with Frost remaining one of the only Americans alleged to have made a living writing poems. So National Poetry Month does not mean, as its triumphant press release claims, that "poetry is steadily gaining in popularity in the culture at large." All it really means is that the Poetry Calendar of city readings will not, for one month, be quite so misleadingly titled. But for poets and their public, this is no small thing. (See "The Mix" throughout April for listings of poetry events, or call the Academy of American Poets at 274-0343, extension 16.)*

Illustration by Marcellus Hall.

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# Solutions to last week's puzzles

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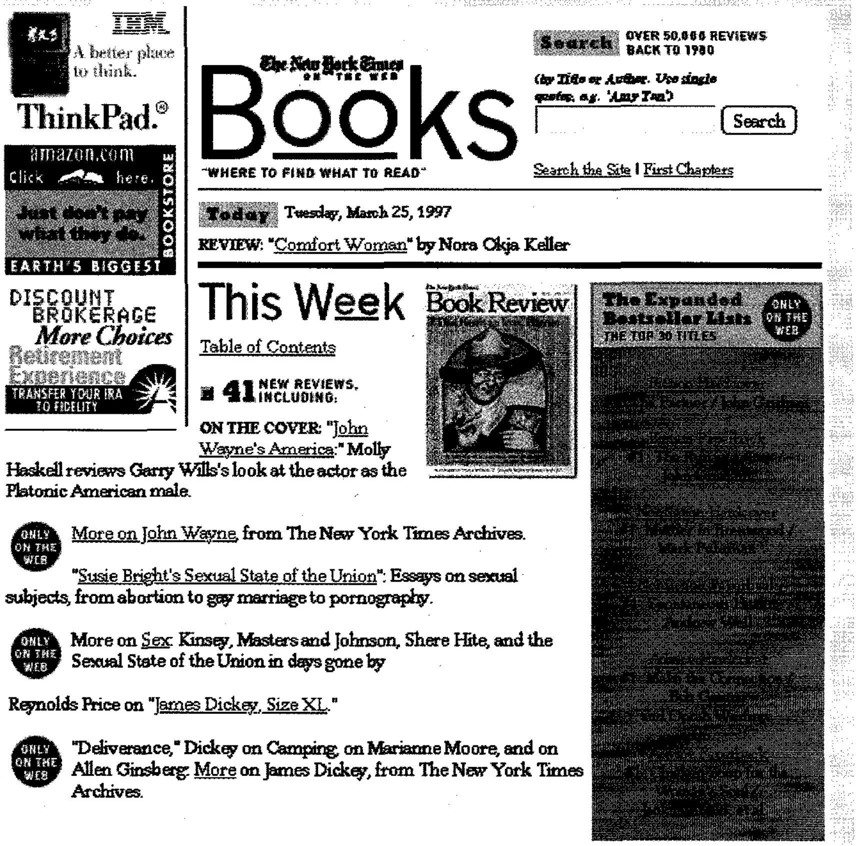
available on the Web at *www.StraightDope.com*. The self-proclaimed "world's smartest human being" (actually, he's the second-smartest) digs up the unvarnished truth about everything from hemp cultivation to Isaac Newton's sex life to what we'll call the decade that follows the nineties ("the ones"?). The same erudition and wit that have made the column a hit in print carry over to the Website, which can be mildly addictive if you happen to be the sort of person who feels validated by knowing what a runcible spoon is.

**The Most Popular Dirty Words**—Some genius at Eyescream got hold of the top 200 keywords that Web surfers query the Yahoo search engine for each month. It should come as no surprise that *sex* is No. 1 and Shakespeare didn't make the list. However, Bob Dole will be pleased to hear that he came in just behind *baseball* and *marijuana*, but well ahead of *oral sex*, which—in the scheme of things—isn't doing too badly. (He also bested Bill Clinton by a margin of nearly 20 percent.) More than 60 percent of the list is composed of words we won't be printing here and the names of women with surgically enhanced bosoms. The most inexplicable entry, however, is the word *Yahoo*, which is the 169th-most-popular search term. This means that 39,440 people a month are using the Yahoo search engine to search for *Yahoo*. (*www.eyescream.com/yahootop200.html*)

**Iconoclastic Site of the Week**—One of the few Internet publications that live up to the Web's potential for humor is *The Onion* (*www.TheOnion.com*), which posts a new issue each week, featuring stories with headlines like "Heroic PETA Commandos Kill 49, Save Rabbit" and "Leno Begs Simpson to Kill Again." Buried amid meditations on whether the Nobel Prize Committee is going to add a new award for "the most ripped abs" and stories about a new "morning-after" burrito from Taco Bell that would prevent unwanted pregnancies, you'll find advertisements for air bags that are guaranteed to be 100 percent lethal and American flags made of special, slow-burning material. While most of the laughs here are in the ideas rather than the execution, one recent story that lived up to its promise was an adroit parody of self-congratulatory media soul-searching entitled "Crazed Palestinian Gunman Angered by Stereotypes." Be warned, though: Some of the "news" items on this site appear to have been made up.

**Bring Out Your Dead**—If you still have any old 2,400-baud modems lying around, here's your big chance to trade up. The folks at Hayes are willing to give you a new 56K modem for $99 if you exchange any older, slower model from any manufacturer. Sounds too good to be true, but once-great companies do strange things when trying to recapture their lost luster. (*www.hayes.com/56k/*)



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Today Tuesday, March 25, 1997

REVIEW: "Comfort Woman" by Nora Okja Keller

This Week

Table of Contents

41 NEW REVIEWS, INCLUDING:

ON THE COVER: "John Wayne's America:" Molly Haskell reviews Garry Wills's look at the actor as the Platonic American male.

More on John Wayne, from The New York Times Archives.

"Susie Bright's Sexual State of the Union": Essays on sexual subjects, from abortion to gay marriage to pornography.

More on Sex: Kinsey, Masters and Johnson, Shere Hite, and the Sexual State of the Union in days gone by

Reynolds Price on "James Dickey, Size XL."

"Deliverance," Dickey on Camping, on Marianne Moore, and on Allen Ginsberg: More on James Dickey, from The New York Times Archives.

Book Review

The Expanded Bestseller Lists
THE TOP 20 TITLES

## On the Web Making Book

*Although the New York 'Times' site on America Online has included book reviews for more than a year, the newspaper's Website has been sadly bereft. No more. Its newly unveiled "New York Times Books" section includes expanded best-seller lists, audio clips of prominent authors reading from their own work, and an inventory of more than 50,000 reviews, searchable by author and title. http://www.nytimes.com/books/*

# kids

## Good Grief...Song for a Change

**Ground Rules:**

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

## Children's Events

**Radio City Spring Spectacular**—Many of the tableaux, the Irving Berlin numbers, the tap-dancing sequences, the bellhop outfits, and the 36-piece orchestra are vintage thirties **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL.** More modern touches to the 90-minute show include black-light illusions that make Easter eggs, goldfish, and lilies seem to float off the stage. 3/28 through 4/6. Sixth Ave. and 50th St. (307-7171). Tickets are $24 to $54. On Easter weekend—3/2 through 3/30—kids 12 and under get in free when accompanying an adult.●

***Meteor Girl***—A kind of pop-rock comic-book opera that's been called "soft-core feminism." Athena, the heroine, lives on Venus, naturally, before she is enlisted to rescue Earth women from a sinister plot by the evil scientist Hugo Inter-de-Net. Look out! Her superpowers are intuition and love. Through April 6. **LA MAMA E.T.C.** (Annex Theater). 74A East 4th St. (475-7710). Tickets are $15; $5 for children under 12 accompanied by a parent to Sunday matinees.

**Bookish**—Children (ages 4 and up) can make concertina-style books, illustrating their stories with collage techniques, at the **AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM** 4/6 from 11 to 2. Refreshments are included. 40 West 53rd St. (956-3535). $5.●

***Surpriiiiiise!***—**PUPPETWORKS**'s Al E. Gator stages a surprise party for Tim Ed Mouse in a show that incorporates an original Bil Baird shadow-puppet piece. Weekends through April 20. 31 Union Sq. West, Loft 2B (741-1646). Reserve; $7.50.

**Loud and Clear**—Next week a free joint concert given by the Boys Choir of Harlem and the Moran Choir of Israel should move the walls of **TEMPLE EMANU-EL**—the largest house of Jewish worship in the world—in wonderful ways. April 15, 8 P.M. Main Sanctuary, Fifth Ave. and 65th Street, (744-1400).●

**Differently Able**—*The World in My Hands,* performed by the **INTERBOROUGH REPERTORY THEATER,** is Helen Keller's life story. Through 4/6. Wings Theater, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961); $7.50.●

***Don Quixote in the City***—A musical for children 3 and up, loosely based on Cervantes's classic Spanish novel. Sundays at 2 through 4/6. **THE PRODUCERS CLUB THEATER,** 358 W. 44th St. (972-0672). Tickets are $8.●

**Kids Dance**—A group of 11- to 14-year-olds, an offshoot of Eliot Feld's **BALLET TECH,** performs a bunch of short dances—among them, *The Envelope,* a kind of whodunit performed in sunglasses, and *Kidsobolus,* an athletic dance for boys that is done to the music of Kodo drummers. Through April 13. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); $20 adults, $12 kids.

**Circus Tent**—Never mind Zusha, the world's *only* performing hippo; the bunch of Bengal tigers; the hushed seven-person pyramid on the high wire; and astounding in-line skaters plucked from the streets of New York City. It's the clumsy pre-circus hour at Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey, when the audience is invited to come early and try balancing on the giant ball and lunging from the bungee trapeze, that you'll be talking about all the way home. Through April 6 at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.** Call 307-7171 for tickets. Prices are $10 to $37.50.

**"The Beloved Dearly"**—Doug Cooney's dark comedy, about a boy who is in the pet-burial business and out to be a ruthless businesskid until he learns better, is performed by a multiethnic cast (see illustration and caption). **TADA!** Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). Tickets are $7; $4 for kids.

**Break a Leg**—Kids who yearn to be in a future TADA! performance themselves (see above) can do so with a big commitment—but no money down—by auditioning in May for the group's summer show, "Rabbit Sense." Rehearsals begin in June; performances at the Chelsea theater will be from July 18 to August 17. Call Vicki for information or to make an appointment for an audition at 627-1732.

**Ambient Sound**—Next week singer-songwriter Tom Chapin performs a "Sing-a-Song for the Environment" at **SYMPHONY SPACE.** After the 11 A.M. concert, families can stroll south to the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** for workshops that take up where the songs leave off. Tickets for the concert are $3 for children, $6 for adults (864-5400). 4/12. With a Symphony Space ticket stub, admission to the CMOM is $2 off the regular $5 admission. Symphony Space is located at 2537 Broadway, at 95th St (864-5400); CMOM is at 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223).

**Velveteen Rabbit**—Margery Williams's story about how a toy can become real if a child loves it enough becomes real on stage next week, performed by Florida's Eckerd Theater Company. 4/12 at 1:30. **TRIBECA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER** at BMCC, 199 Chambers St. (346-8500). Tickets are $12 for adults, $7 for children.

**"Face the Music"**—Brahms is performed for children 5 to 10 by pianist Eleonor Bindman, clarinetist Neil Rynston, and mezzo-soprano Keren Birnbaum. 4/6 at 5. **THE OLD FIRST REFORMED CHURCH,** 126 Seventh Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-638-8300). $8; $4 for students and seniors; free for children up to 10 years of age.

**"Old Man River"**—Cynthia Gates Fujikawa pieces together parts of her own family history, including her discovery after the death of her father—who was a successful movie actor—that he had been married before. With stories, voices, and slides, in her one-woman show Fujikawa tells the story of finding a lost sister and unearths some American history that has also been kept quiet—the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II. Suitable for children 9 and up. April 3 through 6. **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 West 42nd St. (564-4222). $10.

**Oil and Water**—Experiment with feathers and eggs in a family workshop (April 4, 6:30 to 8 P.M.) about the effects of pollutants on animal and aquatic habitats, part of a whole series of concerts, talks, and lectures that look at issues raised by "ENDANGERED! Exploring a World at Risk," a newly opened exhibit on view until September 1. **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Park West at 79th Street. (769-5800). $5 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.●

**cue**

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*Movies*

**Barbara Ensor**
*Kids*

**Patricia Falvo**
*Sports*

**Matthew Fenton**
*Online*

**Linda Hall**
*Books*
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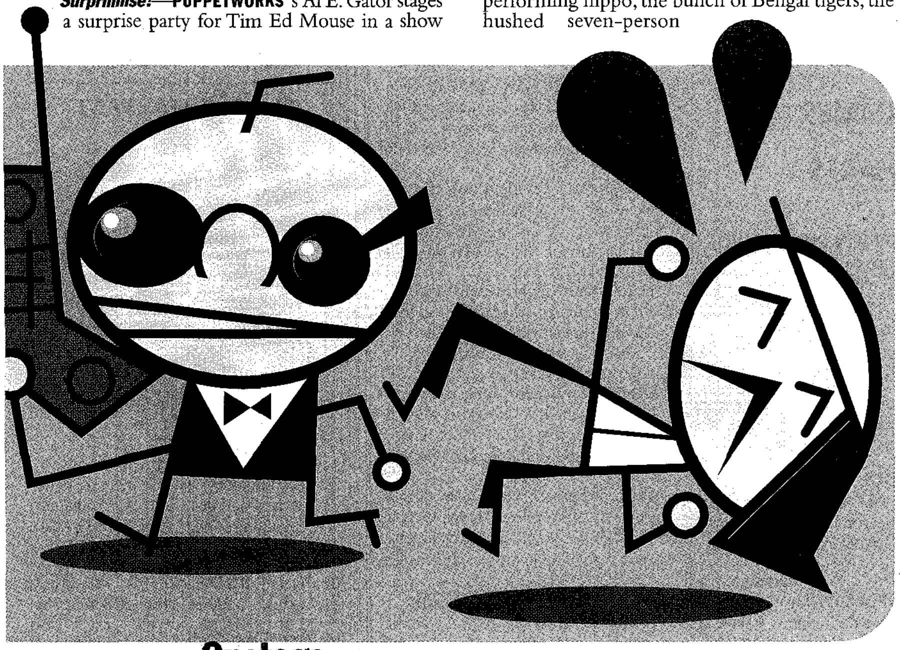
**Ethan Smith**
*Nightlife*



### Onstage
### Requiem for Fluffy

**Based on the true-life adventures of a young entrepreneur who ran a pet-funeral service—for which he'd hire his sister to cry loudly—Doug Cooney's *The Beloved Dearly* is this year's winner of TADA!'s playwriting contest. In the show, performed by a kids-only cast from all over the city, 12-year-old go-getter Ernie uses a cell phone to pick up those lucrative calls about dead bunnies and expired ant-farm colonies. (TADA! Theater, 120 West 28th Street; April 11–20.)**

Illustration by J.D. King.

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# Strictly Personals

*Strictly Personals* is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

## SEND

**A WRITTEN RESPONSE**
**Here's How:**

**STRICTLY PERSONALS**
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

**Female Sherlock Seeks Watson**—Tall blond professional, 33, pretty, good sense of humor, athletic, seeks future with honest, intelligent male, 30-43, good-looking, athletic and tall. She hikes, skis, works out, enjoys music, museums and reading. No smoke or cats. Please send clues (note/photo) to: 5730 ✉

**Recently Attended Marriage Of Figaro**—New York Symphony, read Begley and Yehoshua, returned from Paris; 65, 5'1", 110 lbs. Enjoy running in woods, walking in streams. Looking for a family man to share all these things with. 5767 ✉

**St. Barth**—Multilingual white man, 44, seeking woman, 20-40, willing to relocate, no kids, for relationship/marriage. Owns villa overlooking sea, business in French Islands' resort industry - attractive, great physical/emotional shape. Seeking same, 5'9" or less. Note/recent photo. 5704 ✉

**Pretty Psychologist**—Catholic, 47, seeks dear man to marry. 5774 ✉

**Sweet Smile**—Sexy professional female with zest for life seeks nonreligious Jewish male MD/DDS over 45. 5721 ✉☎

**Opening Available**—To complete ideal situation. Youthful 52, 6', 180 lbs, retired businessman - warm, bright, adventurous and caring - seeks female counterpart, 38-48, who is slim, exceptionally pretty, and available for travel, laughs, fun and future. Photo required. 5762 ✉

**Beautiful Green-Eyed Brunette**—31, 5'6", slender, extremely bright and sweet. You're a never-married Jewish male, 5'9" plus, 29-38. 5750 ✉☎

**Spring Is For New Beginnings**—Single Jewish man, warm, sentimental and playful, would love to begin a lasting romance with a smart, spirited woman, perhaps (just perhaps) with a bit (just a bit) of an edge. Pleasures and passions include the gamut of music and literature, local history, the lindy, old 78's, exotic travel and discursive philosophical (or even philological) speculations. Photo appreciated - not required. 5771 ✉☎

**Rare Find**—29, 5'7", slender, fit, Jewish professional, blond/blue beauty - loves outdoors and reading; values honesty, sincerity, intelligence, humor. Seeks like-minded man, 29-36, for friendship/relationship. Photo please. 5717 ✉

**Chivalry Lives!**—Warm, Renaissance surgeon/inventor with humor, pizzazz, good looks, 5'10", fun, 43, fit, seeks caring woman, under 36, sexy, for life partner. Phone/photo necessary. 5785 ✉☎

**Do You Dare?**—Attractive and successful male, 40, seeks a very sensuous and adventurous woman to explore our wild sides together. You will not be bored! 5705 ✉☎

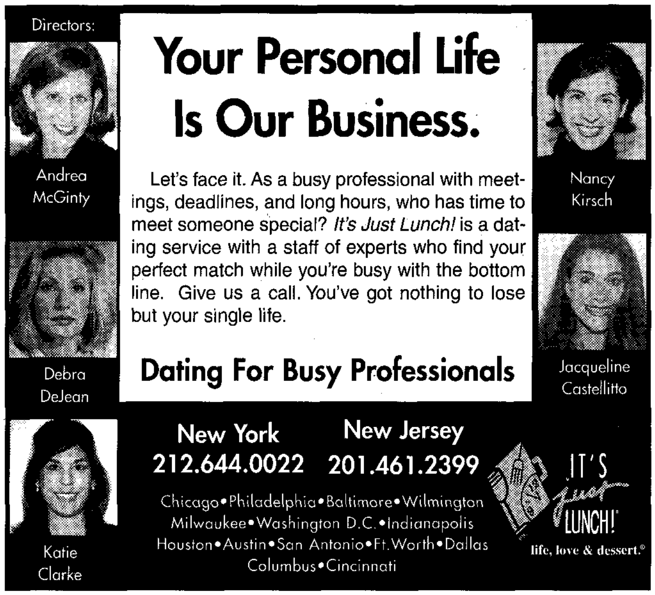
**John Seeks Yoko**—Rising filmmaker, 30s, 5'7", successful, happy, wise. Much to share. Want it all. You: Asian, cultured, happy, conscious, kind. Big heart. Creative a plus. Look. Dreams come true. If you only chance them. Photo. 5754 ✉

**Alchemist And Adventurer**—Very successful, attractive, tall, athletic and slim Jewish physician with active interest in the outdoors, Asian art and much more, seeks 30-40-year-old female counterpart for golden adventures. Photo. 5739 ✉

**Asian Female Desired**—Just what is it about you that I adore? White male, 49, wants to meet you. Note/phone. 5763 ✉☎

**Truly Beautiful**—Bright, warm, fun, creative, 5'8", slender, 40, seeks a special man, 40-50 - aware, kind, handsome, successful, tall and fun. Photo. 3708 ✉

**Slender, Good-Looking**—Personable, well-educated gentleman, 5'9", 150 lbs, outdoor type - interested in dining, music, writing, travel, good movies and plays. Seeking woman, 55 plus, with similar interests. Photo. 5746 ✉



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**Good-Looking, Intelligent**—Financially and emotionally secure Jewish professional, 57, athletic, warm and romantic, enjoys theater, tennis, travel. Seeking a slim but shapely, pretty lady, 40-52, with similar interests, for fun times and lasting relationship. Photo/phone. 5782 ✉

**No Players, Please**—Stunning professional female - tall, thin, green eyes, long curly auburn air, young-looking 34. Loves to run, bike, blade, travel and explore the city. Looking for stable, honest, nonsmoking professional male with height, hair and sense of humor, 30-40. 5726 ✉☎

**Sage Sagittarian, 60ish Physician**—Seeks comely, companionable, Caucasian, college-educated lady, 53 and under. Photo/phone. 5710 ✉

**Free Spirit**—29ish redhead trapped in a neat 59-year-old body, craves a smart, adventurous and really humorful guy, 57-66. 5756 ✉

**International, Serious, Sophisticated**—Yet down-to-earth beauty, white Christian lady, loves the sea. Seeks white Christian man with humor and substance (who likes sports, movies, dining), successful, bright, sensitive, 40-50. Smoke-free/drug-free please. Note/recent photo. 5758 ✉

**Single White Male - NJ**—38, 6', 210 lbs, athletic build, easygoing, sense of humor. If you're a single female, 32-42, nonsmoker, let's give it a shot. 5742 ✉☎

**British Professional**—60, widower, unencumbered, financially secure, seeks pretty, slim, curvaceous female, 40-55, nonsmoker. Must be interested in classical music, cultural arts, physical fitness... and educated. LI helpful, not required. Note/photo required/phone. 5780 ✉

**Finest Beautiful Hispanic Female**—High IQ, nice, kind, 39, seeks NYC best male. Note/photo please. 5706 ✉

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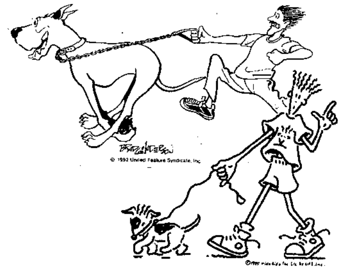

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**Still Turning Heads**—Tall, slim, smart and funny, divorced Christian professional woman seeks late 30s through early 50s man - tall, accomplished, fun, for possible love, long-term relationship. CT or NYC. Photo and note. 5748 ✉

**Striking And Humorous**—36, Jewish, blue-eyed mom from NJ, this slender beauty with charm, class, brains and affection is seeking my other half. Please be romantic, Jewish, successful and handsome. Note and photo. 5784 ✉

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**Irish And Handsome**—Late 40s, divorced, no children, 5'10", blue eyes, dark hair. Business executive with strong mind and body. Interests include martial arts, ballroom dancing, scuba diving, classical music, fine dining and wines. Seeking an attractive/interesting/lively lady, 33-43, with a hunger for living. Note and photo please. 5776 ✉

**What Is The Size Of Your Heart?**—Divorced, 52-year-old, devoted part-time dad, (212), with complicated life - financially/emotionally secure - seeks woman (divorced/widowed, 40-50), to love for the rest of my days. Phone/letter/photo please. 5724 ✉

**Handsome, Successful**—Professional man I'm 31, white, 5'10", 180 lbs, black hair, brown eyes, live in NYC. Interested in fulfilling the dreams of an intelligent, attractive and affectionate woman who enjoys dining out, dancing, travel, and great conversation. Please tell me about yourself and your dreams. Note/photo please. 5773 ✉

**Single Male**—39, successful, extremely down-to-earth, great shape, 6', dark hair, blue eyes, gorgeous. Loves all outdoor sports. Looking for my soul mate. Must be kind, loving, adventurous, beautiful, natural, exotic lady. Recent photo a must. Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. 5783 ✉

**Greek-American Woman**—Seeking Greek-American man, 35-42, outgoing, with a sense of humor. Photo/note. POB 604955, Bayside, NY 11360

**Please Give**—This slender, tall, green-eyed, exotic beauty, 47, who is passionate, kind, smart and unencumbered, a chance to prove to you - thoughtful, sensual, successful, mid 40s-early 50s man, that you and I can fall in love. It's that simple. No cynics please. NY/NJ. 5759 ✉ ☎

**Attractive, Youthful Widow**—60s, financially secure, warm and outgoing professional with joie de vivre - passionate music lover and lover of the arts. Seeks soul mate to share culture and romance in NYC, the Berkshires and elsewhere. 5727 ✉ ☎

**Une Femme Gentille**—Fashionable blond, mid 30s, with shapely figure, classic elegance, feminine ways and seductive charms, seeks passionate, older European executive man with savoir-faire, who loves music, art, travel, food, wine, women and life. Manhattan. 5728 ✉

**I'll Try This Once**—40ish Manhattanite with strong family values (Christian) is seeking a happy balance between a demanding career and enjoying NYC's many treasures. If you are an intelligent, fun-loving, confident gentleman who can join me in achieving this balance, please phone or send a note. 5703 ✉ ☎

**Better Not Bitter**—And ready to love again. Attractive, petite, blond, professional, seeks upbeat man, 50s-early 60s, with insight and an intact sense of humor. Let's pool what we've learned. 5792 ✉

**Handsome Romantic**—6', fit, fun, warm, aware, owner of marketing firm, 47, enjoys laughter, walking, music. Seeks single white female in her 30s, very pretty, curvy, sexy, warm, bright. Photo. 5736 ✉

**SEND**

**A WRITTEN RESPONSE**

**Here's How:**

**STRICTLY PERSONALS**
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

**Jersey Shore Marathon Man**—Ivy League PhD, good-looking, 5'8", 145 lbs, 51. Seeks a best friend who is an attractive, slim, nonsmoking woman, under 45, to share running on the beach and walking through life. NJ preferred. Photo, please. 5745 ✉ ☎

**Cindy w/Sister Jennifer**—& friend Glen... We met at a party & you took my card - so please call! --Michael

**Quality Woman**—Looking for a quality guy. I am beautiful, petite, youthful at 43; sophisticated but unstuffy, with sense of humor; intellectual; strong on values but open-minded on political views; vaguely Jewish (you needn't be); professionally established. I hope you'll be about 40-50, emotionally stable, bright, expressive and interested in lifelong friendship. Note/home phone number a must. 5744 ✉ ☎

**Physician, Artist**—33, handsome, single Jewish male, 5'7", 150 lbs, passion for outdoors, fitness, museums and travel. Seeks Jewish female for adventure and romance. Note/recent photo. 5715 ✉

**Handsome, Trim Exec**—Secure, warm, kind, with style - seeks educated, slender, classy lady in 50s. Note/photo. 5743 ✉

**Adventure, Humor, Intellect**—Share all with pretty, slim, successful woman. You are 48 plus, Jewish, athletic, caring, enjoy life, sports, the arts, travel and the out doors. Note/photo. 5772 ✉ ☎

**Gay: Remembrance Of Things Future**—Wanted with a gentleman of character, warmth, wit, like me. I'm an attractive man, in great shape at 5'9", 140, brown (with Sassoon's help), blue (eyes, not hair), 56. Healthy, fun, very successful in the arts. So, bite that madeleine and write. Photo is important. 5747 ✉

**Hello Lovely Lady**—A tall, distinguished-looking bachelor would like to meet you - if you are of medium height, attractive, slim, a college graduate, 37-41, and still desirous of having a family of your own. I'm a "late starter" who can offer you lifetime security, compassion, companionship and a happy home. President of my own company. Two residences. Enjoy outdoor activities and various cultural pursuits. If you write, please send recent photo and phone (a must). 5770 ✉

**If You Are An Asian Lady**—Of significant professional stature and impeccable integrity, you must contact this highly successful, athletic PhD in his 50s, so he can invite you for tennis, skiing, work outs, long walks, other fine things in life, or simply for a long term serious relationship. 5791 ✉ ☎

**The Huxtable Show Continues**—Handsome, divorced black male attorney, 5'9", 53, nonsmoker, seeks Clare Huxtable for real-life sitcom. Fit, into jazz flute, painting. Needs cute lady of humor, 40 plus (green eyes? brown eyes?), for much laughter and high ratings. 5716 ✉☎

**Secure Man**—Academic type, low key, Jewish, 62, seeks educated Jersey lady who works out - into body building or strong. Tall a plus. POB 206, Millburn, NJ 07041

**Long Hair, Pretty, Sexy And Slim**—Female, 28, seeks a fun and loving man to date. Photo a must. 5755 ✉

**Adventures Unlimited**—For my Sir Gallahad, young 58-70, cultured, accomplished, with sense of humor and style - for leggy, attractive, sensual lady with smarts and humor. 5725 ✉

**Seeking Perfection...Willing To Settle**—Funny, Jewish, attractive, mid 40s, successful businessman seeks pretty, intelligent, 35-40, (914)/(203) lady who's happy, joyous and free - to make the promises worthwhile and complete. Note/photo. 5707 ✉

**Tall, Dark, Handsome**—Financially secure, down-to-earth, honest, sincere, passionate, great sense of humor, likes dining out, traveling, movies, theater. Looking for Jewish female, 28-38 to share my success. Note/photo. 5709 ✉

**Adventurous Traveler**—38, attractive male who loves folk music, public radio, Woody Allen movies - seeks slightly neurotic female for relationship. Limited emotional baggage okay. Photo/phone. 5764 ✉ ☎

**Very Pretty, Warm Professional**—Slim, sophisticated, down-to-earth, engaging. Seeks intelligent Jewish man over 45. Photo/note. 5757 ✉

**Let's Make A Home**—I am a pretty, sexy, fun-loving, divorced 38-year-old, successful businesswoman who is looking for a husband who has traditional family values. Note/phone please. 5732 ✉ ☎

**Deserve The Best?**—Go west to Scottsdale. Successful Jewish entrepreneur interviewing for compatible critical mass match. You're cute, petite/thin, 45 plus, want a fine lifestyle, world travel. Photo ID please, to board my ship. 5777✉

**Gay White Male**—Early 60s, attractive 5'11", 160 lbs, good shape, nonsmoker, sincere, financially secure, semi-retired, seeks same to share life's pleasures and commitment. Spring - a time for new beginnings. 5723 ✉

**Sensitive, Intelligent, Well-Educated**—Mature man seeks woman of outstanding attractiveness, intellect and sensitivity. Photo/phone/letter, please. 5778 ✉

**Strong, Sensitive Type**—Tall blond, athletic build, gentle, caring, fun-loving, professional male, 35 - enjoys sports, family, cooking, travel, photography, outdoors. Seeking cute, playful, bright, unpretentious Jewish female, 26-35, for fun times, romance and a future together. Note/photo, please. 5722 ✉

**Classy, Attractive, Energetic Woman**—Seeks secure, romantic, exciting gentleman (50s-60s) to share the good life. Note/photo/phone. 5765 ✉ ☎

**Seeking Attractive Older Woman**—For fun, romantic times. Handsome, athletic 33-year-old male, 5'10", 185, blond/blue. Note/photo, please. 5786 ✉

**Attractive Wall Street Professional**—LI resident, 60, secure, fit, wide range of interests, movies and tennis, 5'8", athletic, seeks attractive woman for long-term relationship. Photo requested. 5751 ✉

**Warm And Wondrous**—Smart, exciting and fabulous at 50, this dynamic, sexy woman with enticing blue eyes and a great career, loves NYC, the beach, travel and kicking off her high heels at the end of a long day. I seek just one amazing man, 38-55, who has a captivating soul a wonderful presence, and genuinely believes that he is Manhattan's best cuddler. Photo preferred. 5731 ✉ ☎

**Too Picky!**—Friends say I am. I'm just waiting for you! Dark-haired beauty with high-profile media job seeks a fun-loving, handsome Latin, Italian or French, Jewish professional male for love and life. Photo a must. 5712 ✉

**Witty And Wise**—30, Jewish, PhD, exotic beauty who loves travel, warm vacations, languages, literature, movies and fine dining - seeks tall, romantic, funny, bright, successful mensch. Note/photo. 5741 ✉

**Very Handsome**—Tall, dark Italian man, 47, fit, secure, warmhearted, seeking very attractive lady, 25-40, for fun and dating. Photo/phone - will exchange. 5719 ✉ ☎

**Are You The One?**—Single professional woman, 29, blond, 5'7", smart, giving, fun-loving, Catholic, seeks ambitious professional male, 6' plus, good looks, average to mildly large build, 28-35, with a quick sense of humor derived from intelligence, willing to grow into commitment and open to love. Photo/note. 5761 ✉ ☎

**Searching For My Princess**—Successful Jewish male, 37, 5'2", financially secure, intelligent, great shape, sincere, with great sense of humor. Enjoys tennis, movies, beach and sharing time with someone special. You're an attractive, petite female (28-36), nonsmoker, fit, intelligent and caring, ready for romance, passion and true love. Note/photo. 5740 ✉ ☎

**One Of A Kind**—Very handsome Jewish male, 33, 6', successful, physically fit, with sense of humor, loves sushi, sports, theater, traveling and great restaurants. Seeks model-type, slim female, 23-33, with heart of gold to match mine. Photo/note. 5775✉

**Extremely Successful**—European background, blue-eyed, handsome executive for worldwide operating company, seeking attractive, mid 20s-early 30s female for long-lasting, rewarding relation - because I'm sure that you deserve the best. 5733 ✉

**Great Catch**—Good-hearted, single Jewish male, 35, 5'9", professional, seeks pretty, slim Jewish female, 20s-30s, for romance. Photo a must. 5729 ✉

**It Had To Be You! Or You! Or You!**—Handsome Jewish attorney, 27, 6'1", 175 lbs, with sense of humor and waistline still intact, seeks an attractive and sensitive female who equally appreciates the serenity of the Sunday Times on a Saturday night as much as a night of New York decadence. Note/photo. 5718 ✉

**Good-Looking Female**—Christian, white, seeks male, 35-45, with a good build, well-established, caring. 5711 ✉ ☎

**It's Our Turn!**—Single Jewish female, 36, caring, cultured, loves to laugh, seeks professional, single Jewish male, 35-42, with similar qualities. Photo please. 5768 ✉ ☎

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**Very Attractive Female**—41, brunette, 5'7", slim, well-educated, sensitive, great sense of humor. 5790 ✉

**Ebony Or Latin Beauty**—Sought by a sophisticated, successful man who you wouldn't expect to write. Great looks, super personality and tremendous integrity 36. Brief note/photo. 5769 ✉ ☎

**Baltic Beauty, Blond**—5'9", 57, in search of successful gentleman to age 70, who is interested in marriage and who likes to travel. 5702 ✉ ☎

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# Assortments

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**Baby**—Single white male, handsome, mature, secure executive, seeks slim, attractive white female, 18-32, nonsmoker, drug free, to have a baby. Support and expenses guaranteed. Photo please. 5753 ✉

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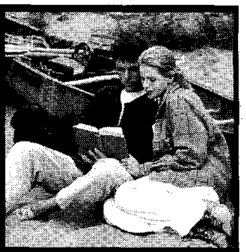

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Signature ______________________________

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## MARY ANN MADDEN #878

# NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

**YOU AND A GUEST ARE INVITED TO ATTEND
A PRIVATE SCREENING OF
*NATURAL BORN KILLERS—THE MUSICAL*
WITH A SCORE BY JOHN TESH**

**PLEASE JOIN MUFFI AND I
FOR A LITTLE GET-TOGETHER IN HONOR OF LITERACY.
TAKE A FRIEND IF YOU LIKE. : )**

**Above, horrifying invitations. Competitors are invited (ahem) to provide one brief example of same.**

**Results of Competition 875,** in which you were asked for items from a catalogue for the upscale old.

**Report:** So it's come to this. Canes. The Incontinental. Walkers. Support Outerwear. Hearing Aids. *How's that?* Hearing Aids. Maundering, Doddering, Nodding Alerts. Dozing Alarms. Help for the Forgetful. Memory Aids. Uh, where were we?

**First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:**

VANITY DENTAL PLATES—Make a statement every time you open your mouth.
*Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.*

FOREST LAWN CHAIR—Portable seat for graveside visits. From Sitzplots.
*Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.*

LARGE TYPE ALPHABET SOUP
*Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.*

**Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:**

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO AARP—Join now and receive a free atlas.
*Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.*
*also prizes to: Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.;*
*Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.;*
*Debbie Rousseau, Troy, Mich.;*
*G. Zerkie, Jackson Heights, N.Y.;*
*Donna Levin, N.Y.C.;*
*John Bohannon, Wantagh, N.Y.*

CANTANKERONI—Ready-to-eat pasta with no-fat cheese sauce. From Italy.
*Thomas Moloney, West Milford, N.J.*

**And Honorable Mention to:**

RIPOSTE MORTEMS—The Eulogist's Handbook of Heckler Retorts.
*Sarah Gay, Durham, N.C.*

REMEMBER DOMAIN—Website for the forgetful.
*Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.*

THE VENERABLE BIDET—Hand-crafted plumbing fixtures by old-world artisans.
*Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.*

BEAMING SMILE—New from Lumident. Find them fast in the dark.
*similarly: Gene Schinto, Shelburne, Vt.*
*Stanley Silber, East Hampton, N.Y.*

FABERGÉ RUSSIAN EASTER-EGG COZY
*Cece Trachy, Westfield, Mass.*

BINGOMATIC—Chooses cards, places chips, and shouts you-know-what.
*Linda Toggart, Bethlehem, Pa.*

METHUSELOUNGER—State-of-the-art comfort for the reclining years.
*Susan Moloney, Paterson, N.J.*

BIFOCAL WINDSHIELDS
*Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, Va.*
*similarly: Howard Gorman, N.Y.C.*

GOODBYE, MR. HIPS—Bargain replacements.
*Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.*

DKaneNY
*Deirdre Maher, Hoboken, N.J.*

PLASTIC-WRAP BODYSUIT—Protect your lovely furniture from guests and grandchildren.
*John Falxa, N.Y.C.*

MARK TWINE—Reusable finger reminders.
*Barry Bellinger, Washington, D.C.*

CARRIAGE TRADE—Barter system for outmoded buggies. Yours for ours.
*Charlotte Klein, N.Y.C.*

DEAF JAM—Closed-captioned rap.
*Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.*

EXIT LAUGHING—Clothbound book. Choose your own epitaph from 100s.
*Jan Leighton, N.Y.C.*

SENIOR CITIZEN CANE
*Leo Sanchez, Long Island City, N.Y.*

CANDY SPELLING CANES—Youthful walking sticks.
*A.R. Haberman, N.Y.C.*

MICROSOFT WILL EDITOR—Disinheritance is only a keystroke away.
*David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.*
*similarly: Harry Rosenbaum, Englewood, N.J.*

CALVIN KLEINSLEEP
*Lori delaGuardia, Eastchester, N.Y.*

DRESS TO THE NINES—'39. '49. '59. Fedoras, zoot suits, Nehru jackets.
*Greg Ryan, N.Y.C.*

SEPTUAGENARIAN STREET—The board game.
*Gene Duffy, Lakeland, Fla.*

LE SPORTSACRO—Back support for home or car.
*Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn*

RETREADMILLS—Low mileage, one owner, like new.
*Craig Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.*

POLO 'RHOIDS—Unique balsamic unguent from Ralph Lauren.
*Page Collier, Thibodaux, La.*

RETRO RADIO—Hear tapes of *Amos 'n' Andy, The Shadow, Inner Sanctum,* many more.
*John Zervoulakos, Greenwich, Ct.*

GRUMPY OLD MEN CRUISES—Dancing, shuffleboard with Lemmon and Matthau. This week: Joey Adams.
*Kenneth Levine, Washington, D.C.*

GOLDEN SLIPPERS—Sling-back orthopedic evening shoes.
*Ruth Machover, N.Y.C.*

GERITALL—Adjustable shoe lifts. Avoid that shrinking feeling.
*Jan Streilain, Lansdale, Pa.*

SITTING BULL—Hundreds of made-up excuses for grandparents tired of baby-watching.
*Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.*

"I'VE FALLEN . . . AND I CAN'T GET DOWN!"—New CD. James Brown for the unyoung.
*Bob Barrie, Minneapolis, Minn.*

DIALEE I.D.—In case you forget whom you called.
*John Foshee, Austin, Tex.*

VIRTUAL REALTY—Interactive CD features retirement sites. Narration by Ed McMahon.
*C. Olds, Freeport, Me.*

TOUR D'ARGENT—Group travel service for those who decline to use Grecian Formula.
*Tania Owen, Nashville, Tenn.*

DIRE NEEDS—Funerary box ensembles.
*Teresa Heines, Niskayuna, N.Y.*

"WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE" STORY GENERATOR—Protecting the Free World, Starting on a Shoestring.
*J. Bickart, N.Y.C.*

BEDSIDE MANNA—Fruit baskets for convalescents.
*Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.*

VELCRONY—Our companions never leave your side. References, bonded.
*Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.*

TICKLE ME GRANDPA
*Will Owen, Nashville, Tenn.*

UPJOHN—Spring-loaded toilet seat. Avoid late-night accidents.
*Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.*

THE BIG APPLE—Large-print edition of *New York* Magazine.
*Iris Bass, Brooklyn*

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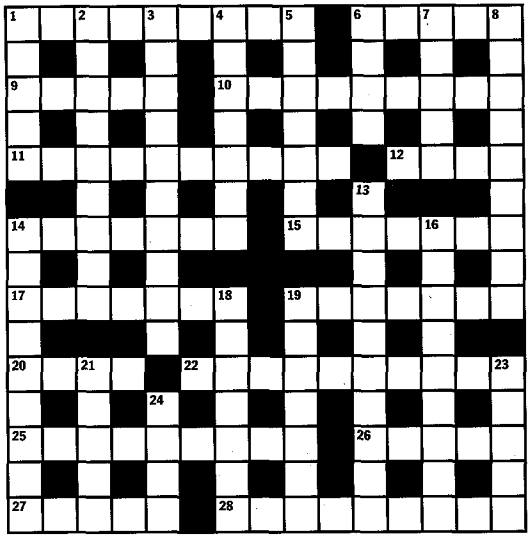
**Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY** should be sent to Competition Number 878, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by April 11. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the May 5 issue.

# The 'Guardian' Crossword



**ACROSS**

1 No longer is this a habit for regretting. (9)
6 Honour a member's appeal. (5)
9 Making clothing for men in India, one's after a breather. (5)
10 Taken on and taken off without reason. (9)
11 Excludes professional writers. (10)
12 The man will show cold anger if sent back. (4)
14 University is of course for studying. (7)
15 Cut once it's badly affected. (7)
17 Fixes sinks. (7)
19 Money the painter left inside. (7)
20 A type of grass fly. (4)
22 A crafty invader—far from obtuse. (5,5)
25 Golf club's story as told by the founder. (9)
26 Riled maybe when there's somebody wasting time. (5)
27 Flower material—but not for flower-arrangers! (5)
28 Kept close for security reasons, tots creep around. (3-6)

**DOWN**

1 Opals may be reset here. (5)
2 Cheats on the hard worker in agreement. (9)
3 Feature article about nippy little furry animal. (10)
4 Love dressing down in a manner of speaking. (7)
5 Careless shopper getting containers with holes in the bottom. (7)
6 Cuff cut short. (4)
7 He's always prepared to take part! (5)
8 Policemen turning in tucked into supper—healthful. (9)
13 Check ladies' organisation and cause outrage. (10)
14 Leisure should include exercise to develop self-control. (9)
16 Not appropriate for the guerrilla. (9)
18 The church official wanting credit is relaxed about it. (7)
19 Draw level? That's saucy! (7)
21 Waterside buttress. (5)
23 A winger may have some regrets. (5)
24 American journalist found employment. (4)

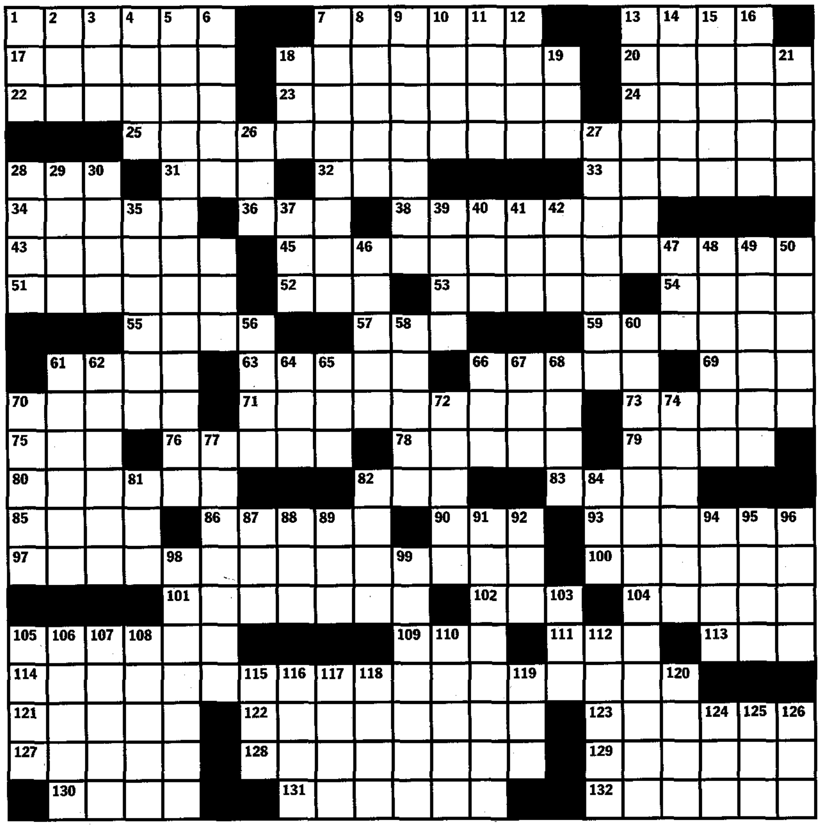
# 'Sunday School Bloopers': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

**ACROSS**

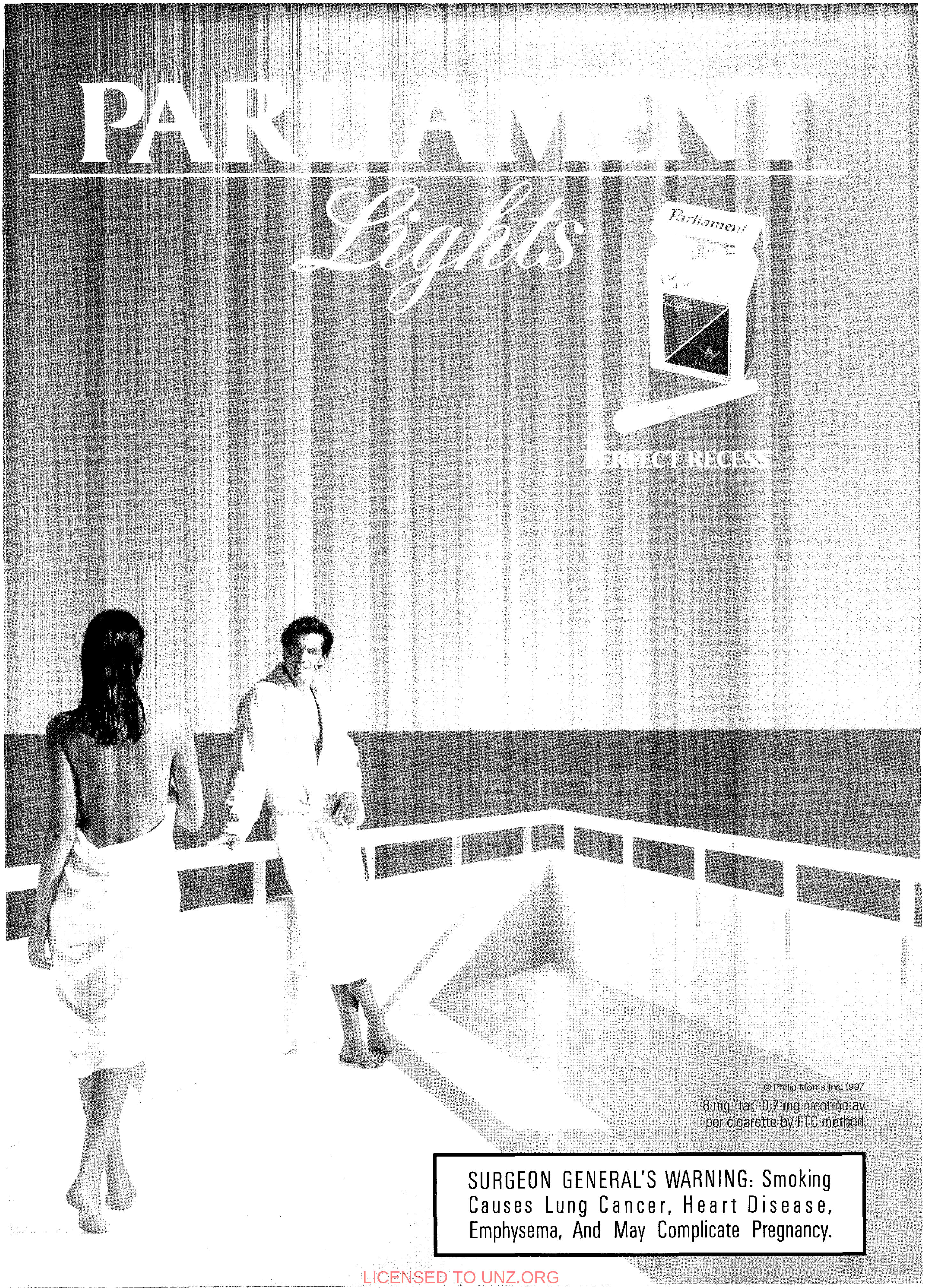
1 Gem features
7 Memorable Lombard
13 Friday and Sal
17 Hercule's creator
18 Aesop was one
20 Speechify
21 Having richer soil
22 Easter hat
23 Snobs
24 Piano adjuster
25 What St. Paul sent to Italy?
28 Jelly's kin
31 One of California's Santas
32 Soviet territorial div.
33 Hoopster's credit
34 Son of Abraham
36 "—— better to have loved . . ."
38 Inspiring wonderment
43 Talked like thith
45 Reporters' "forgive us"?
51 City on Puget Sound
52 Dos Passos trilogy
53 "—— Song Go Out of My Heart"
54 Apiece
55 Cry from the crow's nest
57 Belfry pest
59 Oscar film of 1982
61 Plug up the cracks
63 General Rommel
66 Razzed
69 Mafia bigwig
70 Kayak
71 Noah's wife?
73 Free-for-all
75 "What Kind of Fool ——?"
76 Set to go
78 Amtrak car
79 Enrages
80 Negligent
82 Not him
83 Part of U.A.W.
85 Of an epoch
86 Outdated
90 —— Na Na
93 Losing color
97 What tumbled down for old Joshua?
100 Keats's "—— Nightingale"
101 School payment
102 Beatty or Buntline
104 Utilities customers
105 National Leaguers
109 Co. VIP
111 Right-angle shape
113 Tourist's reference
114 Inflation advice?
121 Join forces
122 Property-title recipients
123 By means of words
127 Copy-machine chemical
128 Supervises
129 Beethoven's Third
130 Stop lights
131 Head nun
132 The S of CBS

**DOWN**

1 Terrif!
2 Give it —— (try it)
3 Is able to
4 Sicilian volcano
5 What cardiologists call blessed?
6 Wedding-gown material
7 Rhodes statue, once
8 Seed coverings
9 Dilapidated dwelling, slangily
10 Mixed bag
11 Marketer's need
12 Neighbor of Latvia: abbr.
13 Join the Navy
14 Calla lilies, e.g.
15 Oahu porch
16 British carbines
18 Encountered
19 ——-tung, now Zedong
21 Word with "while"
26 Warmed the bench
27 Wild tantrum
28 Leave at the altar
29 Far East
30 Gender abbr.
35 NASA moon program
37 Gambler's note
39 Court order
40 Sushi fish
41 Opposite of NNW
42 Brewery kiln: var.
44 Comic Aykroyd
46 Slain Israeli leader
47 Member of Cong.
48 Jockey's seat
49 Reverberates
50 Bootblack's query
56 ——-vu
58 Positive electrode
60 A "Thou shalt not"?
61 Shutterbug's possession
62 "Twenty Questions" category
64 Batting champ of the '70s, with 70-Down
65 Method
66 Prohibit
67 Comstock load
68 Gumbo ingredient
70 See 64-Down
72 Kind of aid or edition
74 Wears away
77 Take to one's heart
81 Mariah Carey's "—— Be There"
82 Super-sandwich
84 Debatable sky sighting
87 Pres. plane insignia
88 Three-chevron G.I.
89 Six, to Sophia
91 Persons being fêted
92 Pub quaff
94 Agenda unit
95 Myrna's "Thin Man" role
96 Gulp air
98 Warehousers
99 Fragrant burning substance
103 Alphabet sequence
105 Adjoin
106 Madrileño's title
107 Strong string
108 Evaluated
110 Sporting swords
112 Biographies
115 —— Schwarz (toy mart)
116 Edison's middle name
117 Beloved, in Bonn
118 Bosnian
119 C.I.A., formerly
120 Hit-show signs
124 Took the hook
125 Blackjack desirable
126 On the —— (fleeing)



**Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 94.**


PARLIAMENT
Lights
Parliament
Lights
PERFECT RECESS

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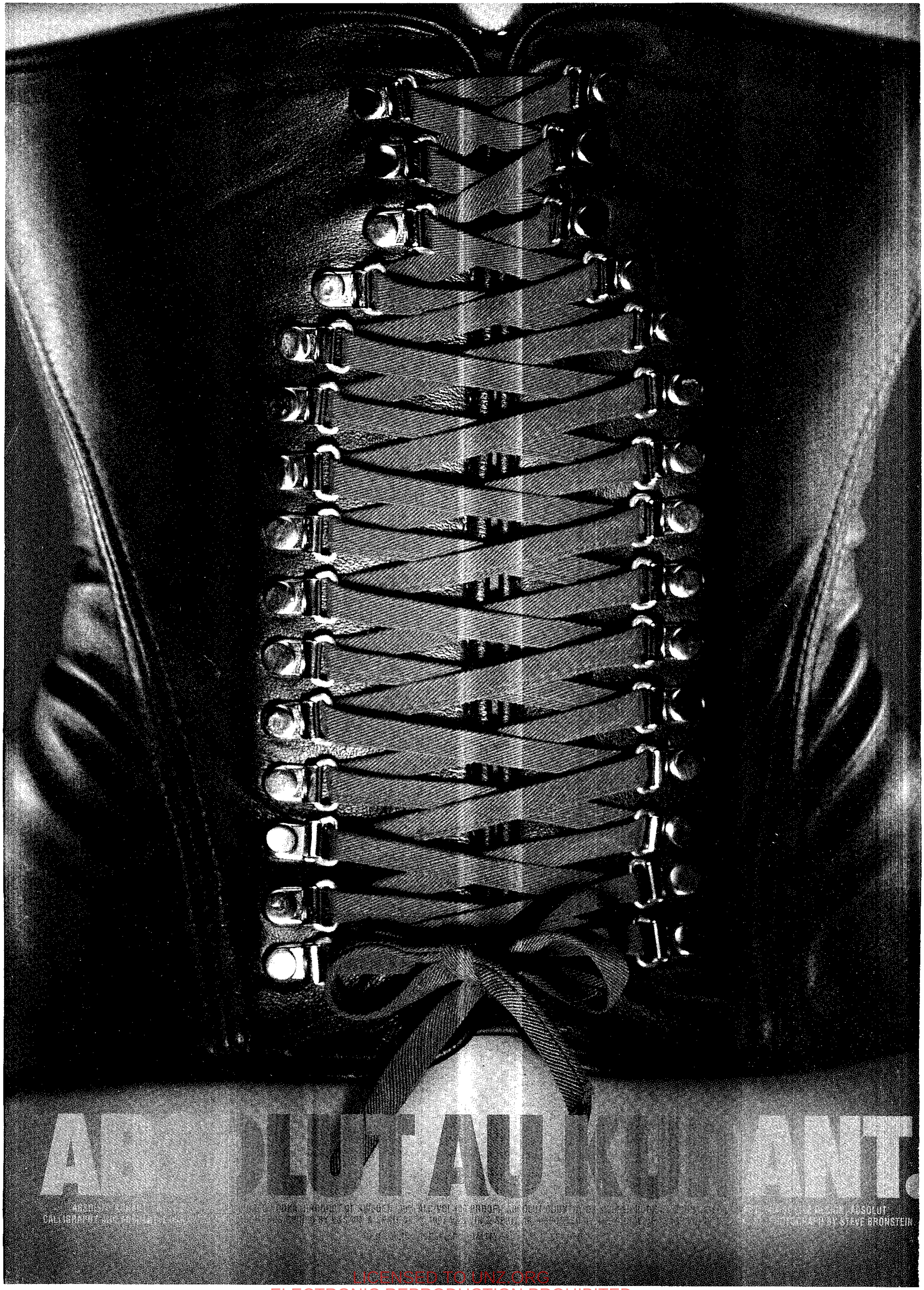
8 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.


ABSOLUT AU KOURANT.
ABSOLUT [illegible] VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALCOHOL/VOL (80 PROOF). [illegible] ABSOLUT
CALLIGRAPHY [illegible] PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE BRONSTEIN